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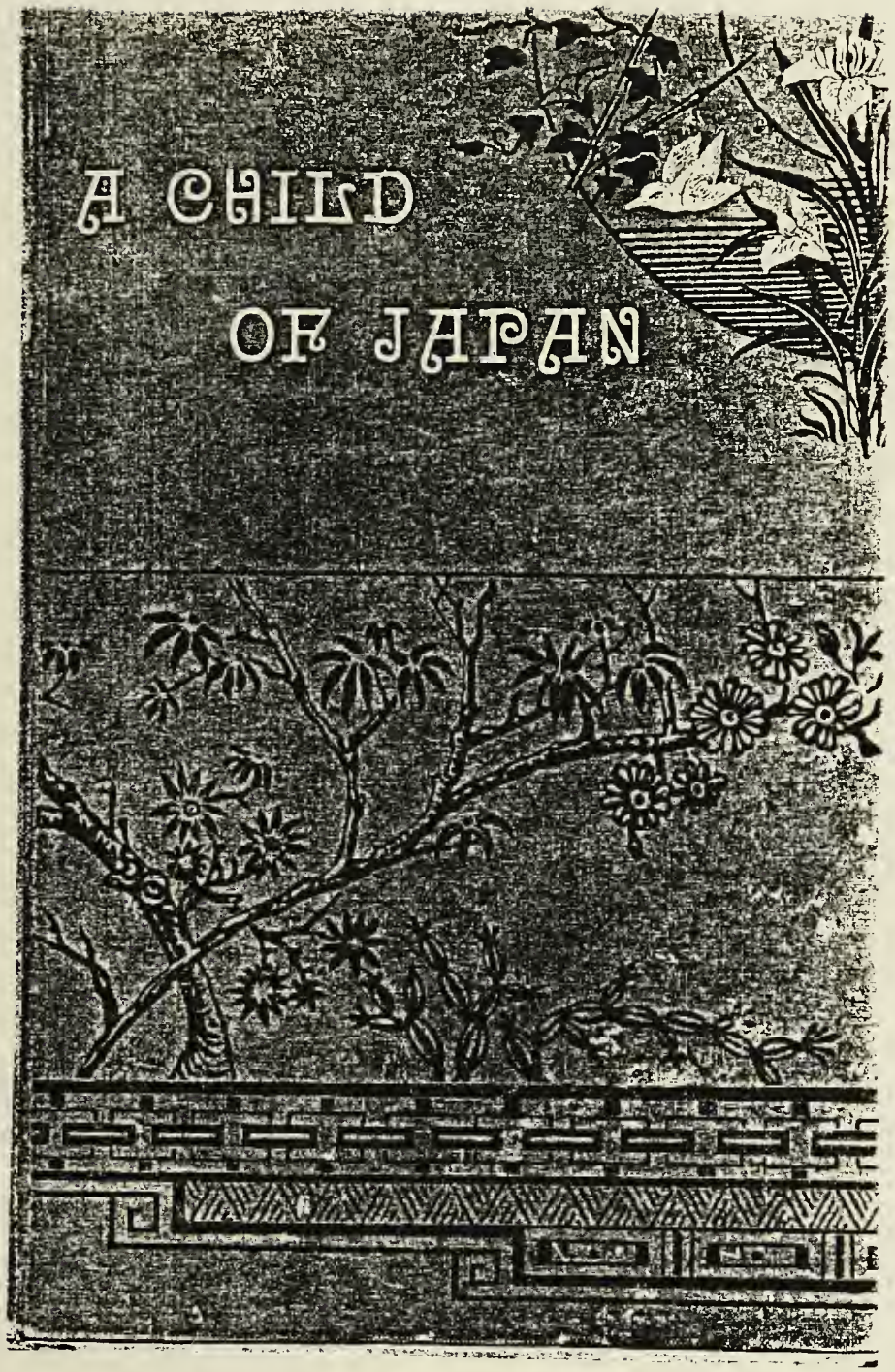

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A CHILD OF JAPAN

OR

THE STORY OF YONE SANTO

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"THE JAPANESE EXPEDITION TO FORMOSA," "JAPANESE EPISODES,"
"THE KAGOSIMA AFFAIR," ETC.

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A CHILD OF JAPAN.

I.

A MODERN CRUSADER.

"This is strange news we have about Yone Santo," said the elder Miss Philipson, breaking one of the pauses which were frequent, and seemed inevitable, at her Thursday secular receptions in the foreign quarter of Tokio, the capital of Japan.

"Strange indeed," said the younger Miss Philipson. "but we hope it will all be properly explained. Do we not, sister?"

"Certainly, we hope many things," responded the first speaker. "But, as I have said again and again, we are in Japan; nobody can deny that!"

It was unquestionably true. Nobody could gainsay the excellent lady's reiterated declarations that she and those around her were in Japan. This was a comprehensive formula by which she accounted for all the sorrows, evils, or irregularities of life,—as life was regarded by her. If the weather interfered with her favorite pursuits, or with the even tenor of her health, she was grimly content to remind herself that she was in Japan. If servants were deficient in intelligence or honesty, still she drew relief from the reflection that she was in Japan. Did tradesmen disappoint her, or the humble populace misunderstand the eloquence of her teaching in the native tongue, or impediments obstruct the course of her rigid missionary labors,

again and always no explanation was needed beyond the fact that she was in Japan. Like the elastic pavilion of the Arabian magician, it was sufficient for all conceivable emergencies. When once propounded, argument was unavailing, and debate became superfluous.

People had sometimes remarked that the merit of her cherished axiom was not so manifest when the elder Miss Philipson's fancies were of a less doleful description. When the sun shone with the sovereign splendor peculiar to the island empire, she was not so eager to proclaim herself a dweller therein. When the docile and patient spirit of her domestic retainers was amiably conspicuous; when, at holiday seasons, the politeness and geniality of the pleasure-seeking multitude were common themes of congratulation; when the progress of her little school was stimulated by the faithful studiousness and the unwearied application of the warm-hearted young creatures who profited by her rigorously administered instruction;—then she and her fellow-laborers might have been in Patagonia, or at the North Pole, for aught that was heard to the contrary from her guarded lips. In short, none of the occasional bright incidents of her lot was deemed attributable to the social or physical conditions of the country she chanced to inhabit. The shadows alone were due to the destiny that had established her "in Japan."

Another idiosyncrasy, not altogether confined to this lady, lent distinction to her character. No power of persuasion, no force of reasoning, could shake her profound conviction that in her quality of missionary she possessed attributes which would appear preternatural outside of her sphere, but which, she insisted, should be recognized by all as the inherent endowments of herself and her sisterhood. Knowledge, especially upon scriptural subjects, came to her by intuition. The study and observation of the majority who surrounded her went for nothing, because they were not missionaries. To intimate that the most recondite

erudition could be trusted in opposition to her hap-hazard notions upon any religious topic would excite her to wrath and scorn. If interrogated as to the authority for some of her startling propositions, she would answer—when in the humor to answer at all—that they were "borne in upon her;" which impressive utterance was expected to silence all contention, and to inspire unwavering faith. Nor was her assumption of infallibility confined to moral or intellectual considerations. She would not, perhaps, go to the length of saying that her pies and coffee were superior to those of her worldly-minded but eminently practical neighbor, the civil engineer's wife; but she honestly thought it was far better for her acquaintances to drink, in her company, the muddy fluid, and swallow the heavy paste, of her compounding, than to eat and consort with the skillful but "unawakened" housekeeper next door, who often forgot to ask a blessing on her fare. Miss Philipson never neglected to ask the blessing. Circumstances not infrequently afforded her the opportunity of invoking grace upon the same viands several times in succession, but it was not observed that her refections, even thrice sanctified, attained a first-class popularity. Nevertheless, under the influence of an instinct which she probably never analyzed, she was convinced that dyspepsia within her walls was preferable to good digestion elsewhere; and fully believed that if her visitors were afflicted with internal discomfort as the consequence of participation in her unsavory banquets, it would, in some mysterious way, "be made up to them hereafter."

Pursuing her theories to a natural conclusion, she had grown to look upon herself as legitimately exempt from many of the requirements which govern mankind in general, and as privileged to disregard observances upon the prompt and equitable recognition of which society is largely dependent. Remembering, possibly, the "courtesies," so called, which for special reasons are extended to the clergy in Western communities, she was disposed to affirm her

indisputable right to adjust her expenditures at a considerably lower rate than the average. That she should properly be required to pay, for example, the current charge for house rent, she could never be brought to understand; and why the native or foreign tradesmen declined to acknowledge her claim to a righteous discount, remained a problem insoluble by any process with which she was familiar. "They would find it set down to their account elsewhere," she was accustomed to declare, with solemn emphasis.

In her dealings with the simple Japanese, who, while they could not follow her train of reasoning, were incapable of formulating their remonstrances, she adopted the straightforward plan of meeting their demands according to her peculiar conception of what was due to herself as a spiritual messenger, as well as to them as pagan creditors; with the result that, on the last day of every month, something closely resembling a riot broke out in her back yard, while her front door was in a state of almost chronic siege by the proprietors of the jin-riki-shas which she honored with her patronage,—these discontented gentry unanimously averring that the lady had hired them with a thorough understanding of their terms, and with apparent acquiescence in them. Statements like these Miss Philipson did not think it necessary to deny; remarking, merely, that she invariably proffered payment sufficient for "a person in her position," and that if the "coolies" were not satisfied with what was tendered, they would get nothing. As a rule, they bowed to necessity; but they by no means made a virtue of it, for they "took it out,' so to speak, in jeers and revilings of no pleasant character, though expressed in a dialect with which, fortunately, Miss Philipson's missionary studies had not made her familiar.

It was observed, I may incidentally mention, that these urgent applicants seldom presented themselves upon Sundays. They had in past times unwittingly done so, only to find themselves severely rebuked for their impiety, and to

be turned away without further parley or hope of satisfaction. The lower class, in her neighborhood, appeared to be exceptionally well informed respecting the recurrence of the sacred day; allusions to which fact afforded Miss Philipson the liveliest gratification of which she was known to be capable.

II.

CRUSADERS IN COUNCIL.

The Philipson Thursdays were always distinguished by the introduction of deliberately chosen topics of discussion, which the visitors were expected to accept as "improving," with the same blind credulity that was demanded on behalf of the refreshments previously alluded to. On the afternoon with which this narrative opens, certain observations, more or less wholesome, had been exchanged with respect to the immediate consequences of an untrammeled education upon the young women of Japan. Having been called upon for a contribution to the debate, I had, somewhat languidly I fear, submitted a theory which seemed to me sufficiently justified by observation and experience, to the effect that while universal culture was undoubtedly a consummation earnestly to be desired, the transition from ignorance to enlightenment could not be accomplished without great hardship and suffering in many, not to say the majority, of instances; and by way of partial illustration, I related circumstances in the life of a young girl of unusual intelligence, who, after rapidly passing through such courses of instruction as were supplied by the best government schools in the capital, and becoming at least theoretically familiar with the gentler conditions of society in other lands, had been thrown back into the narrow grooves of an existence which was no longer suited to her, and in which happiness must be forever denied her.

Having concluded my brief demonstration, with a distinct consciousness of failing to arouse the slightest interest on the part of any of my hearers, excepting, perhaps, one of the younger and more recently arrived of Miss Philipson's staff, I was preparing to get myself quietly away when I was arrested by the allusion, before quoted, to Yone Santo. I was, indeed, especially struck by it, inasmuch as she, and no other, was the living original of the figure I had attempted to introduce in support of my theory. For a moment I fancied that the hostess had done me the honor to follow the train of my reminiscence, and now desired to proclaim her discovery; but this was an error.

"And what of Yone Santo?" I ventured to inquire.

"Ah, what, indeed?" was the response, lugubriously intoned.

"Nothing disagreeable, I trust,—and nothing wrong, I know," I retorted, with some feeling.

"That last is saying a great deal," rejoined Miss Philipson, "considering that we are in Japan."

"Nevertheless, I say it, and undertake to abide by it."

"Perhaps, Doctor Charwell, the young person would do as well without such earnest"—

"Such *very* earnest"—interjected the junior Miss Philipson.

"Yes, sister; such *very* earnest support from a—from one of the opposite"—

"From a *man!*" interposed a middle-aged fellow-worker in the missionary field; hard-voiced and stern-featured, and known as a zealous and indefatigable follower of one of the least agreeable branches of her calling.

"Miss Jackman puts it strongly," said Miss Philipson, with an unmirthful smile; "but I suppose plain speech is the best."

"To be sure it is," I replied; "and who, if not I, should speak plainly when Yone Santo's name is brought up? I have known her from childhood, known her well; and a

lovelier girl, a nobler, purer, truer nature, I have never encountered. Every woman that has met her ought to be glad to say as much; but if no woman is ready to tell the truth about her, I shall not be silent, you may be sure."

"Whenever I hear a Japanese woman held up in that way by a foreign man," said Miss Jackman, with stiff deliberation, "I feel that there is work for me to do. Who is this Yone Santo?"

The labor which Miss Jackman delighted in, and in which she was fond of declaring her efficacy, was what she called "reclaiming." For that purpose she had come to the East, and to that object she devoted herself with untiring assiduity. She was never unhappy except when occasions for the exercise of her self-imposed functions were wanting; and there were times when, in her excess of enthusiasm, she seemed almost to desire that the feminine population of all Japan might go astray, that she might leap to the rescue and "reclaim" them.

"Why," cried the young new-comer to whom I have incidentally referred, "isn't that the little lady who went shopping with me, when I first arrived, and interpreted so beautifully? I thought she was one of the dearest creatures I ever met. I fell quite in love with her."

"Miss Gibson," said the "reclaimer," with the air of one to whom a happy opportunity of tendering rebuke has fallen unawares, and is therefore doubly welcome, "it is my duty to tell you that your language is most improper; and if you had been here longer and knew the country better I should call it indecent. It is bad enough for men to talk so about these girls; but for ladies, and particularly for missionaries, I call it scandalous!"

Miss Gibson was too lately from America to have lost the freshness of her independence, and it was with an unlooked-for spirit that she answered her assailant.

"Excuse me, Miss Jackman," she exclaimed, "I believe I am not under your authority in any way. Miss Philipson

is the head of my mission. She made me acquainted with the young Japanese, and, as I said before, I thought her as sweet and charming as she could be, and so did all our party.'

"Yes, Marian," Miss Philipson admitted, rather awkwardly, "I did send her out with you and your friends, but that was some time ago, and we had not then heard"—

"Heard what, Miss Philipson?" I demanded. "Let us have it all, if you please.'

"Well, if you must know, Doctor Charwell, we had not heard of her goings-on with that young Bostonian who is spending so much money here, and mixing with all sorts of people."

"What, Arthur Milton?" said I, in great surprise. "Why, he knows her only through me."

"Likely enough,' remarked Miss Jackman, scenting another exquisite opportunity, and pouncing upon it with hawkish eagerness; "no doubt, Miss Philipson, Doctor Charwell understands all about it. Strange things seem to have been happening in my absence at the South."

But Miss Philipson had reasons, which I do not care to explain further than that they were connected with my professional position in our little community, for not overstraining my forbearance. She felt herself, as the head of a school, in some degree indebted to me, and was not unwilling to lend me a helping hand, nor to bear testimony in my favor, within reasonable and cautious limits.

"I am quite convinced of Doctor Charwell's sincerity, Miss Jackman," she said. "I should not think of associating him with any of Yone Santo's present misdeeds."

"It is an unpleasant thing to talk about," persisted Miss Jackman, defiantly; "but since you force it from me, I must say I have very little to learn about Doctor Charwell. I keep my eyes and ears open, and I know for a fact that he has been seen to stop young girls on the street, perfect strangers to him, and—and take their heads in his

hands. Yes, and put his face close to theirs, they do say. And I had a most promising pupil, last year, who was just beginning to walk in the true path. She fell in with Doctor Charwell, and since then I have seen nothing of her. You cannot deny it, sir; it was Ume Harada."

"Oh, Doctor!" ejaculated Miss Philipson, in woful accents; while a few others of the company seemed genuinely shocked, and the majority awaited the impending revelation with countenances expressive of joyous gloom.

"Exactly," I rejoined; "she was nearly blind."

"I don't know about that, and I don't care," Miss Jackman retorted.

"Pardon me," said I; "it may be that you do not care; but you certainly know, since you were warned that she was destroying the little sight she had left by reading badly printed books, in small type, at your ill-lighted evening class-room."

"It was the *Bible*, sir!" cried Miss Jackman, with a ring of triumph in her voice.

"More shame to those who use it in such a shape," I replied, growing absurdly angry as the controversy proceeded. "But never mind. The child can now see, almost as well as ever. Another month of your nightly 'darkness visible,' and the light of her life would have gone out."

"We are not ashamed of our poverty," Miss Jackman declared, rearing her crest again. "We give what light we can. And I shall now take steps to reclaim Ume Harada. She may not yet be wholly lost."

"Let us hope not," said I, pulling myself together, and making a better show of good-humor than I really felt; but you will leave that poor girl unmolested, Miss Jackman. She is one of *my* reclaimed, you see."

"I shall see her this very day," answered Miss Jackman.

"No, I really must protest. You are aware, Miss Philipson, and ladies and gentlemen all, that there are methods of checking injudicious enthusiasm, in extreme cases.

Miss Jackman already knows something about consular authority, I have been told, and I am confident that she would not care to confront it again. At any rate, it must be understood that the young girl is not to be persecuted into blindness. With respect to Yone Santo, my interest is much deeper"—

"Undoubtedly," interrupted the irrepressible Jackman, "and therefore the more need that she should be reclaimed, while there is time. That is, unless Doctor Charwell proposes to have legal or consular authority extended also to her."

"Madam," I replied, with restored equability of manner, but with anything but serenity of temper, "as I know her thoroughly, I have no fear of evil results from any acquaintance she may make. If I did not know her so well, I might suffer the sort of apprehension which, as my friend Kracken will tell you, always possesses American physicians in Italy when they see the native practitioners attempting to cure the miliare."

Kracken was one of the class of "medical missionaries," honest and well disposed, and the least disputatious of mortal men. He declined to satisfy Miss Jackman's curiosity as to the miliare, whereupon the lady, with undiminished courage, demanded that I should give the explanation myself.

"Don't ask," said Kracken, looking a little scared.

"Oh, but I will ask," insisted the undaunted reclaimer. "Having gone so far, Doctor Charwell is not to stop just when it suits his convenience."

"Very well, Miss Jackman; I will not disappoint you. It is believed by most medical men outside of Italy that the average physician of that country is capable of treating the miliare, and nothing else. Consequently, whenever summoned, no matter for what disease, he announces a case of his favorite fever, and straightway begins to talk so much about it, and to represent it in so many interesting lights,

that the patient soon shows signs of being contaminated. Then the admirable doctor goes to work with his conventional remedies—and sometimes the sufferer doesn't die."

Miss Jackman looked puzzled; Miss Philipson, vaguely alarmed. Kracken was horrified, and so was I, a little, when I found how far my anger had led me. To avoid further temptation, I hastily took leave of the hostess before my meaning had become generally apparent, and promptly retreated from the scene.

As I passed into the street, I observed, just before me, the young lady who had tried, with a few kind words, to stem the current of prejudice and ill-feeling. She had left the house by a side door, while I was last speaking.

"If you are not in too great haste, Miss Gibson," I called to her, "pray wait, and let me thank you for what you said about my little friend. It gratified me, and touched me."

"I said what I thought, Doctor Charwell," she answered; "but I ought to be less forward with my opinions. Those ladies are so much older, and—oh, dear, how could you be so bitter to that Miss Jackman?"

"What she said was very bitter to me. But no matter; I am surprised at my own roughness. I shall keep myself out of the way hereafter. Her objects of attack are mostly indifferent to me, and I did not imagine she could ever touch one of my tender spots. Nor did I believe that Yone Santo could be brought within the reach of human malice."

"It would be hard," said the warm-hearted neophyte, "to believe anything—anything unkind of that sweet little girl. I'm sure I should not know where to look for goodness, in this country, if such a face and such a voice can go with wickedness.'

"You cannot come to much harm, my good young lady," I responded, "by trusting to your instinct in these matters. At any rate, it is a better guide than rusty and corroded

prejudice. I will not prompt you to defy authority, but I give you a practical old man's earnest assurance that a life like Yone Santo's may teach lessons of courage, high principle, faithfulness to duty, and patience in adversity to any who will study it. Do not forget what I say. Try to know that gentle creature. You will find that if there is much to impart, there is also much to be learned, in association with these people."

On leaving this new acquaintance, I registered an internal vow that I would never again, no matter what the provocation, commit a folly like that from which I had just emerged,—by no means with consciousness of the highest credit to myself. Nor, in society, would I break silence upon any of the subjects which my respectable missionary friends were accustomed to discuss with a logic peculiar to their order and satisfactory to most of their adherents, but as unwholesome and indigestible to the laity as the products, similarly home-made, of Miss Philipson's kitchen. I may say on my own behalf, that it was only on rare occasions that I thus transgressed. It was my habit to take advantage of such opportunities for entertainment as presented themselves in our somewhat restricted community, and, among these, the Philipson reunions were far too enjoyable to be neglected. The superficial, one-sided, and utterly selfish views of life, education, religion, and humanity which were there propounded by well-intending but curiously unintelligent and illiterate professors of a narrow and microscopic Christianity were often irresistibly diverting in their unconscious humor. The sincerity of these same professors, their self-reliant faith, and their adamantine conceit kept them unaware that concealment of their spiritual nudity and squalor was desirable. Totally ignorant that indecency was not necessarily confined to physical exposure, and that intellectual nakedness might also have its repulsive features, they presented such spectacles as, I fear, only an abandoned cynicism could view without compassion. I was not, I trust, an abandoned cynic, and many a shock of honest shame thrilled through me as I witnessed these revelations of mental feebleness and incapacity on the part of men and women supposed to be entrusted with the noblest of human duties, and to be striving for a revival of the spirit which animated the other extremity of Asia nineteen hundred years ago. Their words and acts, however, were beyond my interference, and I saw no reason why I might not take my share of the amusement they afforded. But I had no wish for such experiences as I had that day gone through, and I forthwith resolved to encounter no more temptations of the kind. The arena of religious controversy, as it was understood by my missionary friends, should be disturbed by no further intrusions on my part.

III.

A CHILD OF JAPAN.

BETWEEN Yone Santo and myself a trustful and tender friendship had long existed, dating, indeed, from the first year of my sojourn in her native land. We were brought together by accident, through which alone, at that early period, was it possible for acquaintances to be formed by ladies of Japan, however youthful, on the one side, and masculine visitors from the distant West, however aged, on the other. I was passing a summer month at one of the popular bathing resorts near the main road of the empire, looking with eager eye for fresh novelties to enjoy, when, at the close of a sultry day, a little traveling procession entered the courtyard of the inn which was my temporary dwelling. Such miniature caravans were common at that epoch, for, after some years of uncertainty, it was finally understood by all that the sovereign had permanently established his court in the great Eastern capital,—therefore

newly named Tokio, instead of Yedo, as of old,—and the last of the feudal nobles, with their numerous retainers, were gathering to that centre in loyal acknowledgment of the restoration of imperial power, while, from all parts of the nation, families were flocking to the metropolitan headquarters of their provincial chiefs.

The group that came in view on the afternoon of which I speak was singular only in the circumstance that it was led by a young girl, apparently about ten years old,—the first I had seen in so prominent a position of authority. She walked lightly and briskly in advance of her norimono*, the ends of her long robe being tucked in her girdle, for the disencumberment of her feet. Beside her marched a kitten, preternatural in dignity and gravity, and wearing the air of subdued melancholy peculiar to the feline race in Japan,—which is interpreted by philosophic foreigners as a mute protest against the irrevocable fiat that deprives them of tails. A few yards behind strode a couple of male attendants, duly armed with the conventional two swords; and following these came a line of three or four other norimono, variously occupied, a servingman of humble grade bringing up the rear. The somewhat unusual appearance of a child at the head of the party was afterward explained by the information that mademoiselle represented, in Japanese usage, the master of the family. She was the sole daughter of a gentleman of Nagoya city,—Yamada Naonobu by name,—who had taken the journey in advance of a portion of his household. By right of birth, this daughter had precedence over aunts and certain other elderly relations, to whom, in domestic privacy, she was doubtless more submissive than an infant of European lineage would be, but over whom, on public occasions, she was expected to assert the nominal superiority which was her legitimate inheritance.

* Norimono; a cage-like box in which travelers were formerly borne, by stout porters, from place to place.

I learned, in course of time, that she had never before beheld a foreigner. I also learned that if her father had been present to relieve her from her burden of ceremony she would have rushed into seclusion, from the disquieting spectacle, as rapidly as her little legs could have carried her. But the sense of a stern duty sustained her, and she entered the spacious porch, in which I was sittting, with an unfaltering step; betraying no consciousness of the proximity of one of the awful invaders of her country, except by interposing between us the barrier of an expanded sun-umbrella. She disappeared, with her retinue, and I heard no more of the party until the next morning, when my interpreter casually mentioned that they proposed resting a few days, to give one of the ancient aunts, who was ailing, the benefit of the famous baths. Thus it happened that another illustration of the power of traditional training over natural instinct was presently afforded me; although I was then too ignorant to understand the conflict of opposing influences which passed before my eyes.

I was carelessly lounging in the tavern garden, when the little maid entered, unaware of human contiguity, and accompanied only by the staid and reserved kitten before mentioned, and a doll of uncertain age but well-preserved exterior. At sight of me she would have retired, after a hasty salutation, had I not, in such imperfect speech as I could then command, begged permission to inspect her protégés. By way of compensation, I offered her a collection of photographs, and, summoning my interpreter, engaged her in a conversation which, though formal and ceremonious, appeared to cause her no serious embarrassment. To every question of mine she responded graciously and freely, until one of her elderly relatives happened to come upon the scene; when my youthful colloquist was suddenly stricken dumb, refusing further share in the conversation, and mutely referring all subsequent interrogatories to her senior, who from that point took up the dialogue

with perfect courtesy and without apparent reluctance.

My immediate impression was that I had lighted upon an adept in pure feminine coquetry, the arts of which may be supposed intuitive in the tenderest ages and the most unfamiliar climes. Repeated examples of the little lady's willingness to confer with me, in a certain grave and precise fashion, when no other member of her family was at hand, and of her prompt relapse into silence on the approach of any of her elders, tended to confirm this conclusion. I am sorry to remember how long it was before I discovered the utter injustice of my suspicion. The mischief that has been done by the readiness of foreigners to leap to the same conviction is wholly beyond conjecture. The simple truth is that, among the well-bred classes in Japan, every child is taught that he or she must be prepared to take up the task of entertaining,—to "do the honors," in New England phrase,—in the absence of those who are more maturely qualified to perform that duty. Timidity, sensitiveness, even repulsion, must not stand in the way of this delicate obligation. Many a stranger has observed, during his first, or second, or third visit to a Japanese family, that the daughters of the house have shyly kept themselves aloof, murmuring indistinctly when addressed, and taking no part in the social proceedings beyond pouring a cup of tea, or offering candies and cakes. Calling again, and finding only these daughters at home,—whereas he had previously been received by the whole household,—he has been surprised by a complete abandonment of the reserve before displayed, and gratified, we may presume, by attentions which he had never expected from the incarnations of bashfulness he had encountered on other occasions. Little has he dreamed of the struggle of those poor girls to fulfill with composure and graciousness the behests of their system of hospitality. Still less, I regret to say, has it ordinarily been his habit to seek a reasonable and decorous explanation of the phenomenon. A

custom founded upon the truest refinement has been made the basis of theories which are never less than absurd, and are too often shameful,—although, as I regard it, the shame belongs exclusively to those whose imagination makes haste to misjudge what it imperfectly comprehends.

And so it happened that I fancied myself getting upon pleasant terms with a pretty damsel of ten years, whereas in truth I was subjecting her, whenever I encountered her alone, to nothing less than a species of moral torture. I was interested in her chiefly because she was the only very young girl whom I had found disposed to tolerate me at all. As a rule, children of her sex and age had shunned my amiable advances with indifference or aversion. I attributed the contrast of her demeanor to a superior intelligence, but it was really due to the superiority of her birth and culture. Until then I had not chanced to fall in with any of the Japanese gentry, and had no idea that the rules of her training forbade her to manifest the feelings which probably possessed her. But there is no doubt that her natural acuteness aided her in overcoming an instinct which was merely conventional. Circumstances presently placed us in fairly confidential relations with one another. Her aunt's illness grew serious, and my professional assistance was found effective to an unexpected extent. The malady was of a kind which yielded rapidly to a specified treatment, and the wonder of the unsophisticated Japanese was extreme. I observed that my little friend, in particular, watched all the proceedings with close intentness. Was it to learn, if possible, some part of the method to be pursued, in case of future need? Partly that, no doubt. Indeed, she afterward confided to me that her neko (kitten) suffered from rheumatism, the consequence of an infantile calamity, and she hoped to gather a few suggestions for her playfellow's relief and comfort. But, in a broader sense, she was a passionate seeker for knowledge in every form, and the evidence of what she considered my miraculous skill in

restoring her relative was sufficient to invest me, in her esteem, with marvelous attributes of wisdom and genius. A "sensei" (learned man) is always an object of respect in Japan, and this child was not only roused to admiration, but, in a vague way, hoped to obtain, by communion with me, some little addition to her own juvenile store of erudition. Finding me inclined to humor her, she attached herself to me with almost a blind devotion; poring over the small collection of books I had with me; building wild projects of a course of study then and there to be instituted; starting valorously upon explorations in the mazes of the alphabet; groping among labyrinthine numerals; and begging me, with timid wistfulness, always to be kind to her, and to help her in the hard struggle she would have to make to get an education in her new home at Tokio.

IV.

INFANTILE PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS.

SHALL I tell the story of Yone's kitten? Of the early adversity which brought upon it the premature aches and pains from which the young mistress would have studied to shield it? Of the persecution from which she had rescued it, thus rendering the little animal—as in the natural order of things—an object of unspeakable endearment to its preserver? Why not? It will serve, perhaps better than pages of stiff description, to exhibit in a clear light certain features of the child's character which were then developing, and which grew with her growth as she advanced toward maturity.

She was sitting in a snug corner of the garden, one afternoon, chatting confidentially to her cherished companions, when I ventured, through my interpreter, to join

in the conversation,—her original distrust of me having by this time almost melted away.*

"Which do you love better, Yone, the cat or the doll?"

"Ah, which do I?" she answered contemplatively, in the sweet, silvery voice which belongs to the children of Japan.

"Yes, which would you rather lose?"

"Truly, it would be a great sorrow to lose either."

"Now tell me, which will you give me for my own?"

No immediate response, except a look of perplexity and dismay, which gradually passed away as she gazed intently at me.

"Ah, the Doctor is jesting."

"Certainly I am jesting; nobody shall take away your treasures. But I wish to know why you are so fond of them."

"They are my children."

"To be sure; and you prefer the doll because she is older."

"Yes, she is older—but"—and here she sank into deep reflection, as if the problem presented difficulties hitherto undreamed of to her sense of maternal justice and impartiality.

"And then she never misbehaves," I added, desiring to stimulate the course of her ideas, which were sometimes delightfully quaint and fresh.

"But she does; she often behaves ill. Not very ill; just the same as neko-san."†

"What, exactly the same?"

* Persons conversant with the Japanese language need no reminder that its translation admits of a wide latitude. But in this, as in other similar cases, I have endeavored to reproduce, with all possible exactitude, in apposite English, the *thoughts* which were expressed in the Eastern tongue.

† It may amuse readers who are unfamiliar with Japan, as it always amuses travelers in the East, to learn that the Japanese suffix of courtesy which corresponds to our "Mr." or "Mrs." is applied to animals as habitually as to human beings. The dumb inmates of a household are invariably addressed as "Mr. Dog," "Mr. Cat," "Mr. Parrot," etc., until their proper individual designations are known, when they are called "Mr. Rover," "Mr. Tom," "Mr. Polly," or whatever the correct name may be.

"Exactly the same. Please understand, Doctor-san, how unhappy the neko will be if he hears he is naughtier than the doll. My doll must not be better than my kitten."

"You are very skillful to keep a strict balance, Yone; many foreign ladies would be glad to do as much with their children."

"Oh, Doctor-san, it is not real," she answered, nervously. "My doll—you know, my doll is nobody."

She made this acknowledgment in a cautious undertone, pointing stealthily at the little stuffed image, as if tenderly reluctant to wound its feelings. Then, as I waited for a more intelligible explanation, she began to cast furtive glances at the interpreter, intimating, so far as I could guess her meaning, that she was not unwilling to impart to me, privately, if it could be done, the secret of her disciplinary art, but doubted the propriety of taking into her confidence a third party, who possibly would laugh at her.

"Never mind, Yone," I said; "you need not tell me everything."

"I think I will tell you," she replied, with some hesitation. "My neko, you know, is real; he is alive. My doll—my doll"—

The lines came into her childish brow, as she sought for words to express what was plain enough within her mind, but which it puzzled her to put into language.

"My doll," she continued, "is neither good nor bad, if I must tell you the truth. She is only—my doll. But if I pretend she is good, then she is good; and if I pretend she is naughty, she is so. But it is different with my kitten. He is sometimes truly bad and disobedient. That is because he is so young. But he is very sorry, and, not to let him feel too much ashamed when I scold him, I scold my doll at the same time. She is just as bad as I choose to have her—and so—I make them always both alike. It isn't real, you must understand. It is—I beg you to excuse me; I cannot say it at all."

"You have said it very well, Yone. I see how it is now. I understand, too, why you cannot decide which you care for the more."

"Indeed," replied the child, pleased at being thus encouraged, and enjoying the opportunity of working out her little fable in seeming seriousness,—"indeed, it is difficult. Shall I tell you all? I know I am often very unjust to the doll, because, really, *really*, she never can do anything wrong, and she is scolded for nothing, and I pity her. But then she does not mind the scolding, being only a doll; while my kitten, who is real and alive, does mind the scolding, and so I am obliged to pity *him*. What do you think, Doctor-san? I will pretend they are both yours. There, they *are* yours. Now, which is your favorite?"

"Yes, I see; they are mine, and I am Yone Yamada. That is simple enough. Well, then, the question is, Which is my favorite? Let me think; how long have I had them; when did I first get them? That is important, and I have forgotten all about it."

The child's eyes sparkled, as if the sympathy and coöperation of a grown person in her innocent fancies were rare and strange to her experience.

"Oh, I can tell you," she said. "Your father gave you the doll, you know."

"Did he? Yes, he gave me the doll. But when was it? I cannot remember."

"Many years ago; why, you were too young to remember."

"Of course; and the kitten?"

Her countenance suddenly fell. Our little comedy had evidently brought us to a point which she had not foreseen, and had perhaps awakened unpleasant recollections.

"It does not matter, Yone," I said, hastily; "I can decide without that. Or, let us remember that it is all play."

Again she regarded me with one of the keen looks by which I was still occasionally reminded of her inward

doubts as to the perfect trustworthiness of the unfamiliar foreigner. Then casting her eyes upon the ground, and seeming to gather herself together for an unwonted effort, she said, falteringly,—

"No, it is not all play. I did not think; but I will tell you about the kitten."

"Indeed, you shall not," I answered. "Come, we will talk of something else."

"But I must, Doctor-san; it is right. I do ask you to hear me."

The decision in her countenance was remarkable, for so young a child. She was plainly resolved to relate something which, however painful, she considered it her duty to impart without reserve.

"It was in the third month," she began, "and, as my father was about to leave Nagoya, we were all going, one day, to kneel at the graves of our family, in the Soken burial-ground. We had nearly reached the gate, when I saw, on the other side of a moat, many boys, jumping, and shouting, and throwing things into the water. Then I looked closely, and saw a small kitten—this kitten—my kitten—climbing slowly up the steep stone side. The boys caught it, and threw it far away into the water again. Oh, Doctor-san, I did not think what I was doing. It was very wrong, but I ran across a bridge, screaming and screaming again. Some of the boys ran away, some threw stones worse than before; they would not heed me, and so I—I—the moat is not deep at all, and"—

"I see, my child; you went in and saved the poor kitten."

"It was wrong," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Wrong!" exclaimed I. "How can you say so?"

"I spoiled my dress, and could not go with the others to kneel before our graves."

"But wrong? Think again, Yone."

"I cried out in the street, and disobeyed my grandmother."

"But you saved the kitten's life. Consider. Would you not do the same again?"

She looked around her timorously, and, seeing that none of her own people were near, answered,—

"I—am—afraid—I would; but I am not a good girl."

I peered into her big dark eyes, to find if I could detect any sign of affectation or pretense, but there was none. Her self-depreciation was undoubtedly sincere.

"Tell me, Yone, do you think it wrong to do a kind thing?"

"No, oh no; but I ran away from my father."

"Were you not glad to get this pretty pet, all to yourself?"

"Truly, yes; but my best dress was torn and spoiled."

"What is that, compared with your beautiful kitten?"

"Nothing, to me; oh, nothing. But my grandmother said I did not respect our dead."

"Tell me what happened next, Yone."

"It was not much. Grandmother told me to throw the cat away, but I believe I cried very loud, and my father said I might take it home, and he would decide afterward. I went quickly back, and when they returned the neko was clean and almost dry. Grandmother was still much displeased, but my father was smiling and gentle. He had been talking with the good priest at Soken-ji, who asked where I was, and why I was not with them. When he heard the reason, he told my father that our dead fathers and mothers would not be angry with me for saving the kitten from being killed, instead of going to bow before their tombs. And the kind priest sent me a present."

"What was it, Yone?"

"I do not know; grandmother said I must not have it. I never saw it."

"Indeed! An interesting old lady, I should judge."

"Yes, she is very wise,—wiser than anybody. And she was willing, after all, that I should keep the kitten."

"Ah, that is better."

"At first she was not willing, but my father thought we might decide by the wishes of the greater number. We were five, all together, and he began by saying he believed we need not send the kitten away. That was *one* for me, and I was grateful to my good father. It seemed that perhaps he thought my aunts, or one of them, would follow him. But grandmother was very positive, and the aunts were both obliged to agree with her. Then my father said, 'Yone, we are only two against three. I am afraid the neko must go.' I said that if he went, so little and so weak, he would surely die. I know my father was sorry, for he answered, 'If we had only been two against two, or three against three, it would be different.' Then I kneeled to my father, and begged him to listen. I said, 'Oh, father, it is so hard to think of, that we must send the suffering, trembling creature out to die. Forgive your daughter if she dares to ask you who, of all that live and breathe now in this room, is the most concerned in your judgment; who must feel it the most deeply; who will suffer, or rejoice, the most.' 'Why, truly,' he said, 'that is easy to answer: it is the cat, and no other.' Then I bowed down again, and said, 'In that case, if it please you, we *are* three against three, for surely the cat has no wish to go, and it is just that his opinion should be taken with the rest.' My father laughed, and looked as if he would consent, but grandmother said quickly, 'No, no, the cat has no voice!' At that moment, suddenly, the poor animal, who was in my arms, began to cry out and make a great noise, and my father laughed more and more, and said that everything was settled; I might have my wish. Then he left us immediately, and grandmother did not object any more."

"Why, it was quite a miracle," said I, affecting great astonishment.

"What is a miracle?" asked Yone.

I explained as well as I could, at the same time highly eulogizing the kitten's instinct.

"No," said Yone, with cautious deliberation,—"no; I do not think it was a miracle."

"At any rate, it was a remarkable coincidence."

"What is *that?*" again demanded the child.

With somewhat greater difficulty,—the interpreter being here at a loss, and even the dictionaries affording us no guidance ("coincidence" being a word for which there was then no Japanese equivalent),—I made this also plain, causing her once more to ponder earnestly.

"I do not think," she presently observed, with an air of graver solemnity than she had yet displayed, although the story had been told throughout with the dolorousness of a penitential confession,—"I do not think that it was a remarkable co—co—co—"

"Never mind the foreign polysyllable, my young philologist. It was fortunate, at least, that your kitten took just that opportunity to make himself heard."

"Yes," she admitted, "it was fortunate—it was fortunate—and—I think I will not speak any more now, if you please."

Her voice was steady, but I could see tears gathering in her eyes. So, to shield her from observation, I sent my translator away, and, after addressing a few instructive remarks to the doll, withdrew myself to a distant corner, screening my little friend from my own scrutiny by means of a newspaper.

About a quarter of an hour after, she crept to my side, with her kitten under one arm, and—of all unexpected things—my copy of Hepburn's Dictionary under the other. Laying the volume, wide open, upon my knee, she pointed to a Japanese character which she had laboriously hunted

up,—evidently with the desire to escape the interpreter's intervention,—and lifted her woebegone face in pathetic appeal to my comprehension, softly repeating with her lips the word which she indicated with her finger. The translation was "To take between the ends of the fingers; to take a pinch." Having read this, I turned for further elucidation, which she supplied by transferring her hand from the book to her living burden, and nipping its flesh so vigorously as to call forth an eloquent wail of astonishment and remonstrance.

Nothing could be clearer. The timely feline outcry at the critical instant of the creature's fate was not a miracle, nor yet a strange coincidence. It was the natural effect of a lucky inspiration on the child's part,—that was all. Perceiving that she had made herself understood, she nodded her head several times, with a seriousness which checked my impulse to laugh at the disclosure; tried to fall on her knees, until I managed to convince her that such abasement was superfluous; and finally divining that she had not entirely forfeited my good-will by her revelation, took herself and her playmates away, still smiling mournfully, but certainly less dejected than she had been at any time since my untoward question as to the origin of her relations with the neko-san.

Who could resist these pretty and touching evidences of simplicity and candor? It was a pleasant study to trace the current of the child's ingenuous thoughts, and endeavor to accompany her through the various perplexities in which her mind had wandered. I failed entirely, as I afterward learned, in fathoming the actual depth of her emotions, but my inferences were at least in the right direction. In truth, her sensitive soul was painfully agitated by the struggles of timidity, apprehension, and harsh necessity created by her recollection of the kitten's rescue and its attendant incidents. That she must tell me all that had happened, having once opened the subject, she did not allow

herself to question; notwithstanding that the recital would fill her with an agony of mortification, possibly subject her to fresh penalties, and almost inevitably deprive her of my aid in her future studies. For she never doubted the strict justice of her grandmother's verdict, and fully anticipated that I would view her conduct with similar censure. She was not a good girl; she had committed grievous faults, which she was compelled to lay open to the inspection of one who, though kindly disposed toward her, was almost a stranger. The very goodness and generosity he had shown made it the more imperative that she should conceal nothing. To deceive him would be a darker shame than to suffer the consequences of her misdeeds. Hardest of all, she must tell her tale through the cold and unsympathetic medium of an interpreter. Nevertheless, it was her duty. It would be difficult to look me in the face, after the disclosure; but if she left me in ignorance, she could not look me in the face at all. Yet how to convey the terrible avowal of her culminating fraud,—the strategic pinch which her grandmother still refused to condone? No interpreter could be trusted with that guilty secret. Hence her reliance upon the dictionary, with the subsequent touch of pantomime. I was glad, in later years, to remember that I had not laughed at her, as was my impulse at the time. In her overwrought state, anything like mirth, however good-natured, would have cut her to the quick, and probably gone far to break up the confidence she had begun to extend to me.

It was long before Yone could bring herself to regard her act of natural tenderness and humanity in the proper light; and, during the whole of her girlhood, her faith in the righteousness of the aged relative's judgment remained unshaken. What child of her years, in Japan, would dream of doubting the infallibility of a parent or a grandparent? Any attempt to disturb her convictions on this point would have startled her beyond measure, and would have severely

strained, if not severed, the pleasant ties that held us together during that summer sojourn in the country. I left her in the enjoyment of an illusion which she never ceased to cherish until it was forcibly dispelled by the torturing experiences of her later life. It was a great concession, for her, to accept the indirect consolation I offered. Beyond that limit she did not desire to be comforted.

The subject was referred to only once again, in those days. She began the morning which followed her awful revelation by sedulously avoiding me. As I made no advances, she presently came shyly hovering, looking at me over her shoulder, or from places of imaginary concealment, such as the corners of the house, or clusters of bushes, or adjacent hedges. Next, she drew near, a picture of bashful diffidence, and waited for opportunities of attempting slight services, like brushing a fallen leaf from my table, or picking up a paper which the wind had blown away. The performance of these afforded her such satisfaction that, out of pure charity, I was constrained to drop a knife or a pencil, now and then, for the sole purpose of allowing her to replace them. When my interpreter came to join me, she disappeared with celerity; but finding that her flight attracted no notice, she instituted a series of irregular approaches, until, having reached a spot some two or three yards in front of me, she assumed a statue-like immobility, never stirring for half an hour, but keeping her big appealing eyes fixed upon me all the while, and speaking volumes without uttering a word.

"Bless the child," said I to myself, after I had endured it as long as possible; "she will throw me into a fit."

I closed my books, and leaned back, as if the morning's work were ended. Soon she stepped nearer, and intimated, humbly, that if I were at leisure she would like to ask a few questions about America. Everything was different from Japan, was it not? All the birds could sing, and the flowers all smelled sweet, and the cats had tails. Yes, she

knew that; and the children,—they were always good, of course. What, not better than in Japan? Then, if they sometimes did wrong, would their friends forgive them? All this tended one way, and I found means to convince her that she had not sunk irretrievably in my esteem; that I was in no degree less fond of her than before; and, in spite of her fears and anxieties on this last point, that I would keep my promise, in case we should meet in Tokio, and help her, if it were possible for me to do so, in the great object of her aspirations, the attainment of learning.

Only a little child, and perhaps, so far as I was concerned, only a pretty playfellow for a few idle days; but a child in whose future it was impossible not to feel a deep and genuine interest. I asked myself if the strange combination of shrinking humility and high ambition; naive simplicity and bright intelligence; timidity so extreme that neither her sex nor her youth could fairly account for it, yet above which she rose dauntlessly when sustained by her resolute sense of duty, and courage sufficient at the moment of need to conquer her girlish fear, and blind her to consequences which could be forgotten only in the heat of a noble impulse,—I asked myself if this conjunction of diverse qualities were the possible effect of an Eastern training, the result of the Japanese system of social and domestic culture, to be found whenever sought for; or if accident had brought me in contact with a child of exceptional endowments, upon whom artificial methods of education had thus far made little impression, and whose generous nature had been trammeled, rather than helped forward, by conventional practices. In any case, I earnestly desired to watch her course toward womanhood, and should have been glad to constitute myself her guide, if no better were at hand, during her years of study. I hoped that, at the least, I might enjoy the privilege of offering such aid and encouragement as should clear away what I then considered —with the ignorance of a novice in the land—the most formidable obstacles from the path she longed to pursue.

V.

DISCIPLINE AND DUTY.

BUT Tokio is a large city, a huge congeries of ill-connected, unnamed thoroughfares, in which the most determined search for casual friends might be defeated; and while I always looked forward to a renewal of acquaintance with the little lady, I was too busily occupied with important duties to allow myself time for possibly futile exploration. Neither she nor any of her party had known precisely where they would reside, and, though I had given them my own address, it appeared that they were in no eagerness to avail themselves of it. Had not her father belonged to the true and ancient gentry, the chances are that we should never have met again; but to one of that punctilious order, the necessity of sooner or later acknowledging a service rendered was as peremptory as a fixed law of nature.

Some weeks after my return to the capital, therefore, I was called upon by a gentleman of polished and engaging manners, whose errand was to thank me for saving his sister from otherwise inevitable death,—so he was pleased to put it,—and to feebly indicate the depth of his gratitude by depositing in the hands of my servant a small basket of eggs. I gave him such welcome as I could, offering him sundry refreshments, which he not only enjoyed in his own person, but several specimens of which he begged permission to carry away with him, for the gratification of his household. There was nothing unusual in this proceeding. It was quite in accord with Japanese etiquette. Nor was there much to be wondered at in his frank avowal that the cakes and sandwiches would be a rare and gladdening treat

to the ladies at home, old and young; for poverty entails no shame, in the estimation of these people, and though it would go very hard with a gentleman in difficulties before he could ask assistance, or even accept it, unless in the direst stress, he would know of no reason for concealing his situation, or refusing to discuss it with the careless gayety characteristic of an improvident race. With many pleasant expectations, I speedily returned the call, and was greeted with the seemingly cordial effusion which almost invariably accompanies Japanese hospitality, even when extended to a foreigner by those uncompromising believers in early principles who still nourish the distrust and suspicion which prevailed in their youth. Little Yone would have remained in the background, obedient to the usage hitherto explained, had I not drawn her forth, and especially questioned her with reference to the school prospects. Alas, they were dim enough, and her heart was heavy with the conviction that the hopes she had so happily cherished could never be realized. Education was costly, under the most moderate teachers, unless one could enter a government college; and to gain admission to one of these, great interest was needed. The worthy father explained that in the civil war, a few years earlier, the clan to which he belonged, that of Owari, had been on the losing side; and his daimio, though not directly involved in the struggle, was destitute of influence at the capital, and could give no help to an humble retainer, even in so small a matter as this.

"Yone will not repine," said the head of the Yamada household; "she knows we would indulge her if we could, but the little power we once had is gone, and food is more necessary than learning, after all, is it not, my child?"

"My father knows best," answered the girl, with a sigh in which the faintest breath of skepticism might have been thought to mingle, if such a thing as distrust of the paternal wisdom could have held a place in that loyal little

mind. As it was, the instinct of submission to authority forbade her to enter upon a calculation of the relative disadvantages of ignorance and starvation.

It was my privilege, however, to avert the disappointment to which she had begun to resign herself. The position which I had been called to Japan to hold gave me a temporary control over minor educational affairs, and without much difficulty I obtained permission for the child to enter the best of the national schools for her sex,—an establishment recently opened for the study of the English language, a knowledge of which might lead, in various ways, to future advancement. Wishing to enjoy a bit of dramatic effect, I disclosed nothing of my action until the matter was arranged, when I visited my protégée, and quietly handed her the certificate of admission. I had quick cause, however, to regret having planned a surprise the consequences of which I had not properly calculated. It was plain that I had been misled by the girl's self-imposed calmness, and had failed to discern the powerful springs of emotion that were hidden beneath her superficial composure. She read the document, at first, without understanding its meaning, or probably regarding it only as a barren form or blank, possessing no validity or purpose. But as she continued to gaze, its bearing upon her own fortune became visible, and, like a flash, she saw the realization of her dearest desire.

With a wild glance she turned to me for confirmation, and, reading it in my face, she suddenly grew pale, and trembled so violently that I ran in alarm to support her. She labored to maintain the outward equanimity which is cultivated by well-bred Japanese, but her girlish strength was overtaxed, and she began to gasp and sob convulsively, though without tears, as if overcome by an unexpected physical inability to fight against her frailty. For a moment I was as much frightened as her relations, ignorant of the cause of this agitation, were amazed; but she presently

clasped her slender arms about her delicate body, as if determined thus to impose tranquillity upon herself. She did, indeed, succeed in controlling her excitement in a marvelously short time, and, as soon as she could move without betraying further weakness, she lifted the precious paper to her forehead, and then, sinking upon her knees, bowed herself to the ground before me, in token of a thankfulness which she did not venture to convey in speech.

Unfortunately, Yone's sentiments were not shared by the majority of those around her. The father, who had a better perception of the benefits of foreign culture than, at that period, most of his class, and who, in his way, was an affectionate parent, was genuinely gratified at the opportunity thus opened, although beset by many misgivings as to the added expense that would fall upon the family. If Yone's mother had been alive, the child would assuredly have had one unfaltering advocate on her side, but of this source of comfort and support she had been deprived in her earliest infancy. Her aunts looked at the question chiefly from the standpoint of domestic economy, not only foreseeing the need of extra disbursements, but misliking, also, the prospect of a daily absence which would lessen the value of her home industry, and perhaps necessitate additional outlay in the form of wages for a servant. The grandmother, heartily coinciding in this latter view, was furthermore stimulated to opposition by a blind hostility to alien ideas of every description. Habits of thought, methods of education, the entire scheme of Western life, were all odious to her. And the influence of a grandmother is so potent in the discipline of a Japanese home that, but for the suddenness of my announcement and the immediate ratification of the plan by Yamada the sire, she might have found means to prevent its consummation entirely. In one sense, therefore, and possibly the most important one, my little coup de théâtre had been a happy inspiration.

Yamada, carried away by his daughter's pathetic demonstration, had distinctly given his sanction, and it was not then possible—as it would not have been in any case becoming, while I was present—for the women of the family to signify disapproval of a proffer which was obviously inspired by friendliness and sincerity of heart.

It was fortunate for Yone's aspirations, as well as for my peace of mind, that I was left in ignorance of their dissatisfaction. Years passed, indeed, before I learned the full extent of their objections, and of their power to make their displeasure felt. But I saw enough of what was in their minds to make me urge that, as the plan was of my contriving, with deep, far-reaching objects of my own, I could claim the right of assuming such costs as might be incurred,—for school dress, books, and other equipment. I should not have ventured to supply any deficiency caused by Yone's withdrawal from her domestic labors, even if I had comprehended that part of the difficulty, which I certainly did not. She, however, foresaw the impending trouble, and hastened (all unknown to me, be it understood) to avert internal dissension by pledging herself to perform her complete share of indoor service, in time which she would take from her ordinary rest by day and her sleep by night. This meant that she would make up the five or six hours required for attendance at school and for study by depriving herself of an equal period of sleep in the morning and relaxation at night. On these hard conditions, the aunts abstained from violent antagonism. The grandmother was never reconciled, and from that moment mercilessly devoted herself to burdening the unhappy child's life with weariness, grief, and pain.

The homes of the Japanese are not always the abodes of bliss that genial foreigners have desired to paint them. Absolute despotism is the law that rules in all of them, though the despotism may be in many cases tempered by natural amiability or a sense of honest duty. The masculine head of the family is the autocrat; but a large share of his power is delegated to any aged woman or women that may belong to the household. A grandmother, as in the present instance, may work her own will, so far as the adjustment of interior affairs is concerned, without likelihood of interference on any pretense. If Yone, in the years of her schooling, had ever ventured to remonstrate, or to appeal to her father against any hardship, she would have been looked upon as a vicious and lawless rebel, heedless of the authority to which she was subject by every precept of filial piety; and she would probably have been recommended, kindly but firmly, to remember that mute obedience is the unvarying principle upon which a child's existence should be modeled. But she would never have dreamed of taking such a step. She was as gentle and submissive as she was eager in her wish to gain knowledge. In her little humble heart, she felt that more had been granted her than she could ever repay, with all her exertion; and if her soul was wounded by the treatment she underwent, she did not murmur, but strove by renewed effort to conciliate the inflexible will which controlled her destiny.

She did not know, unless the knowledge came to her in later days, that she was struggling for an impossibility. It was her grandmother's set purpose to interrupt, by breaking down her strength and spirit, the course of study to which Yamada, in a moment of weakness, had given his consent. To the accomplishment of this end, the old woman bent all her energy and invention. Hoping to conquer easily, she became incensed at the child's power of passive resistance, and gradually proceeded from petty annoyances to harsh oppression, and finally to bitter and injurious persecution. It may be said, to explain if not to palliate her cruelty, that she was one of a generation reared in hatred to the foreigner; densely ignorant, as it was formerly the habit of Japanese to keep their women; a

fanatic in the faith of her country's moral and intellectual supremacy, as well as in the religion of her people; and proud, withal, of the very chains which bound her mind in narrow imprisonment. Moreover, there was no tie of true affection between her and the girl. Her son had married, not altogether to her fancy, a lady of social station superior to his own,—although he likewise might justly claim an aristocratic pedigree,—and the wife and mother-in-law had never been in harmony. The consciousness of inferiority to a junior has been, until recent times, the cause of innumerable hatreds and contests among the Japanese; and to the older and less favored woman the comeliness and intelligence of Yone's mother rendered her an object of odium. She was a fragile lady, too sensitive, in her delicacy and refinement, for the surroundings to which she was condemned, and after giving her husband and master two daughters, the younger of whom alone survived, she fell into the neglect which is the usual lot of Japanese wives who supply no male heir to the family name. So she faded out of existence, and Yone remained the only inmate of her father's home who represented any but the paternal line. He was fond of her,—more fond than disappointed Japanese fathers mostly are; but there was no warmth of affection for her among the women who reared her. Perhaps it was this lack of loving-kindness that turned her thoughts elsewhere, and awakened the yearning for a career to which she could attach herself with undivided devotion.

I have not set myself to relate the sorrows of Yone's childhood, and I pass them over with brief recital. Her tasks had been so various and so severe before entering the school that, had I known of them, and of the necessity for continuing them, I should have hesitated to satisfy her wishes. The grandmother, privileged by age and position, was exempt from toil of any kind. The two aunts occupied themselves with a reasonable share of the housework, and the lowest offices were performed by two menials, a

man and a maid. In Nagoya, their former residence, they had been better provided; but prices were higher in Tokio, while the income which sustained the house of Yamada under the old régime had totally disappeared with the disestablishment of the feudal system. Whilst searching for a livelihood, like thousands of his fellows, he could not maintain the luxuries of former times, and it was considered a proper concession to the household needs when, not long after Yone's admission to the school, the last remaining female servant was dismissed. Perhaps her father thought, if he thought at all of the matter, that the labors of the outgoing individual would be divided among all who remained; but, by the grandmother's decree, everything was thrust upon the child of eleven years, who was already heavily overweighted with drudgery.

At that period, she rose long before dawn, set the house in order for the day, cleaned the utensils (studying whenever her task allowed her to keep a book within view), lighted the fires, prepared the morning meal for all, arranged her grandmother's garments and assisted her to dress, served breakfast to her elders before taking her own, washed and set aside the dishes after the meal was ended, made ready for the dinner which was to be eaten in her absence, and then, donning the semi-masculine attire which girl students were expected to wear, started upon a run of four miles to the college. Walk she could not, with any chance of arriving in time; and as it was, she was so often late as to provoke reproaches, from which she never attempted to defend herself, lest she should seem to be, in her turn, reproaching others. Her high standing in the school, of which she speedily became one of the most promising pupils, alone saved her from harsher rebuke. In the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions she stole away into seclusion, unwilling that her companions should see the insufficient quantity and dubious quality of the food she was permitted to bring for her

luncheon, and also anxious to gain a few extra moments for study. The day's attendance over, she darted homeward again, there to cleanse the plates and implements which had intentionally been left, from the dinner, soiled and in disorder; to take in hand the family sewing; to make ready the evening meal; to set the house to rights for the night; and, finally,—not till then,—to give her worn and jaded mind to the lessons which she loved. Only so long as the family remained up was she allowed a light. For the half of each month, she afterward would say, this was not an irremediable deprivation; for the skies are clear in Japan, and the moon, less cold and distant than those whose name she bore, gave her the light which her kindred denied her.

While the child was thus oppressed with cares and travail beyond her strength, the grandmother executed her crowning stroke of policy by discharging the man-servant, imposing upon Yone all his work, and commanding her daughters to abstain from even the few tasks they had up to that time performed. This chanced to be in midwinter, and to all previous burdens were now superadded such rough and arduous labors as wood-splitting, drawing water from a distant aqueduct,—the relentless old woman going so far as to pretend that the flavor of the neighboring well was unpleasant to her taste,—sweeping the yard and keeping the garden in order, with others more degrading and intolerable. But no syllable of remonstrance escaped the victim of household tyranny. She clung to her studies, and silently fought against fatigue, exposure, cold, and imperfect nourishment, with a spirit as truly heroic as that which had won for the founder of her family his title to swords and crest, three hundred years before.

All this continued for not less than two years, at any moment of which a single word to me would have freed her from the worst of her misery; for the child's sweet patience and ardent gratitude had endeared her to me, and, had I

suspected the truth, I would have spared no effort to change the current of her afflicted life. But I never knew. Her strict fidelity to the standard of duty by which she had been taught, and to deviate from which she believed would alienate her foreign friend and protector, as well as her own people,—this unswerving constancy darkened her innocent life, and filled my after years with many a sorrowful memory.

VI.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

On one of my semi-official visits to the school, during a certain winter, I observed with gratification that Yone had outstripped all her classmates, and stood, without a rival, the leader of the sixty young girls under instruction. She was then close upon fourteen, while several of her companions were three or four years older. Speaking of her rapid advance, the teacher—a foreign lady, of excellent parts, but as shallow as most of her sex when dealing with the women of the East—remarked that the pleasure with which she watched this exceptional progress was qualified by her pupil's obstinate indifference to personal neatness, a fault from which the child made no effort to free herself, and for which she offered no excuse or explanation.

"Look at her hands," said the teacher,—"red, disfigured with grime. It is shocking, and I have told her so, repeatedly. But she has no reason to give for her carelessness, and merely says she 'will try,' 'will try,' which she never seems to do."

"But look at what her face tells, Mrs. Steele," I suggested, as the child gazed at us, her intelligent features shadowed with an expression of anxiety, as if she knew she was undergoing an unfavorable inspection.

"Oh, to be sure," was the reply; "but we cannot make

her face an example for the others, while her hands are a discredit to the school. I wish you would speak to her, Doctor Charwell; you have great influence with her."

"Come to me, Yone," I called.

She moved forward, her countenance betraying timidity and apprehension.

"Now tell me why it is that your hands are in this pitiful condition. Mrs. Steele is seriously displeased."

"I will try to keep them better," said Yone, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Try!" repeated the teacher. "Yes, you always say so, but they are forever the same."

"Is anything the matter with them?" I asked. "Do they pain you?"

'A little," she answered, still in a whisper.

"Come to my house, on your way home; I will give you some healing ointment. They certainly look very bad."

And so they did. I need not enlighten the reader as to the cause, though I had then no suspicion of it myself. Long years ago, it was, and yet those little hands, red, scarred, seamed with minute cracks, and torn with angry wounds in which the dirt had gathered,—they seem to rise before me now, with power to smite my heart.

"It is water and soap they most need," said Mrs. Steele, 'not ointment."

Yone was dumb.

"Can anything be more provoking?" continued the teacher. "She stands like a statue, and never gives back a word. It is the sullen way of the race, Doctor."

I knew it was not sullenness in Yone's case, and I had long before discovered that the tranquil, unresisting, and silent submission which aliens ascribed to a morose obduracy was often, if not always, rightly attributable to a widely different cause. To suffer uncomplainingly is a lesson which no Japanese girl grows to womanhood without learning, from sharp experience.

My protégée's English did not yet include the word "sullen," but she readily interpreted her teacher's accent and look.

"My clothes are clean," she faltered, with eyes cast down, and with fainter articulation than before.

"What sort of a plea is that?" said the offended schoolmistress. "If you can keep your dress tidy, you might surely do the same with your fingers."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Steele," I interposed, catching a glimpse of the child's idea, though not altogether sure of my ground. "Excuse me; I think she means that the care she takes of her gown ought to show us that there is a good reason, somewhere, for the bad condition of her hands."

A quick, responsive glance told me that I had rightly understood her.

"I don't pretend to fathom her," returned the teacher, coldly, and with a perceptible dissatisfaction that anybody should assume to penetrate her pupil's mind more accurately than herself. "But her uncleanliness stands seriously in the way of her promotion. She speaks English quite well enough to be made an assistant tutor, but I cannot set her above the other girls as a reward for her persistent negligence."

"Listen to that, Yone," said I. "Will you not try again, and harder?"

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing at us with grave inquiry, and then, with an effort that sent a vivid flush over her pale face, moved her lips as if in speech. But no sound came from them.

"What is it, Yone?" urged the teacher, briskly.

Her mouth trembled, and, this time, an incoherent murmur escaped her.

"What is it, Yone?" I repeated.

She turned to me, with an expression of pain which I had never before seen on her countenance, and, struggling with each word, said:—

"Are the assistants—paid—a little?"

Sagacious Mrs. Steele looked down upon her with mingled pity and contempt. I waited for what was to follow, seeing that Yone was still battling with her shyness and reserve.

"I think—if they are paid—a little—just very little—I think—I could then make my hands better."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the teacher. "At least, I never thought she was mercenary. There, that will do, Yone; you may leave us."

"And don't forget to come for the ointment," said I.

That same afternoon, Yone entered my office, breathless, excited, and in deep distress. She had been running, and at first spoke with difficulty; but she gradually grew calmer, and resumed her customary placid self-control.

I looked at her hands, and asked if she really thought it would be too difficult for her to satisfy the teacher.

"In the summer, I could," she answered, after a pause; "or if I could be assistant tutor—with—a little wages."

I knew, well enough, that there was no unworthy motive behind these words; a more unselfish creature never breathed. But in a tone which I meant to be bantering, and with the hope of giving her thoughts a merrier turn, I said:—

"Why, Yone, do you, too, want to make yourself rich?"

She dropped on her knees as if struck down by a blow, and for the second time in our long acquaintance the mask of composure and restraint fell from her.

"What shall I do? What shall I say?" she cried, throwing aside her imperfect English, and using her own language, with which, by this time, I was fairly acquainted. "Oh, no, no, no! Why should I wish to be rich? But think for me,—think what I feel, and what I must not say. The school-mistress despises me,—I can bear it. But if you despise me, I shall die. Are there not little girls in your country who would be glad to get some money, and who are good girls, and who cannot tell you why they want

it? Do you not understand? You do understand. You must understand. You have always known what Yone thinks. I should be a wicked child if I said one word to explain it. I do not mean to be wicked; but if you would only understand. Oh, how unhappy, how unhappy"—

Her voice died away, and once more her slight frame shook, as at her father's house, when she first knew of her admission to the school. But she shed no tears. I would have given much if she had, but such natural relief seldom came to this overburdened little soul. Knowing that my eyes were dimmer than her own, I lifted her in my arms, and said, with such steadiness as I could command:—

"I do understand, my child. I understand enough. Do not fear, Yone; I have perfect confidence in your goodness, and you need never say a word to me that you do not wish to. You have every right to want the money; and if you fail to get the position in the college, you shall let me give you all you need. That, indeed, will please me best."

She was already soothed and mistress of herself.

"You are always my kind friend," she said; "nobody has ever been so kind as you. But because you have helped me to what I most wanted in the world, am I to go on and get more from you? No, that would hurt me. If you can understand me, and not despise me, that is all I will ask."

"Be calm, my little Yone. I have a great affection for you, and I shall never despise you. And now, let me look at the hands. They are very painful, I dare say."

"Oh, I do not care for the pain," she replied; "it is the ugly look, and now I think I can change that. And I must not wait. I have been so long. I shall be so late."

She looked anxiously at the clock.

"I must get home before five," she added.

"That is impossible," I answered; "it is past four, and you have nearly four miles to go."

"I can do it," she insisted; "I often do. I must do it. Excuse me for hurrying. I *must!*"

"Then," said I, "I will drive you there. Be still; don't say no. I am going near your house, and you can wait and have the hands dressed.'

She yielded reluctantly, and I took her home; going in with her to explain that I was to blame for the delay, and, in a few words, endeavoring to impart to the family a share of the pride I felt in her progress and in the distinction that awaited her.

"Strange people," I thought, as I drove away. "One would imagine, if it were possible, that those estimable ladies, instead of being elated at the child's success, were as indifferent as if it concerned a stranger. The stoicism of the old school, no doubt. I must talk to her father."

In assuring Yone that I understood her, I had spoken in good faith, and in the conviction that I had really caught the clue to her feelings. But I was wrong. I thought her sole desire with respect to the money was to be able to contribute, as a child, to the scanty domestic revenues; and that she was stung by the teacher's imputation, which, however, she could not refute except at the risk of exposing the circumstances of her family with a freedom unbecoming to its youngest member. I was correct in so far as I judged her to be innocent of any venal thought, but all astray as to the use to which she contemplated devoting her possible income. Years of unkind treatment had at last forced upon her the painful certainty that no effort of hers could win the affection of her feminine relatives, and that she had only her father's careless attachment to rely upon. She felt she was tolerated, not loved, by her grandmother and aunts, and lived in constant fear lest her sole consolation—the privilege of school attendance—should be withdrawn. The only happiness she knew was in her studies, and she had long been aware of the determination to compel her, if possible, to renounce this solace. At times,

the pressure had been almost insupportable, and she saw approaching the period when she must of necessity yield; for she could not lay before her father a complaint against his mother, and to seek relief from her burdens in any other direction would have been to depart from all the traditions of her people.

Suddenly her hopes were revived by the possibility of earning money on her own account. It could be but a small sum,—five or six dollars a month, at the most; but with this she might pay the pittance of a man-servant, and thus relieve herself from the crushing and exhausting drudgeries which now threatened to undermine her strength, and leave her powerless to pursue the only cheering prospect of her life. There would be more than enough for this, and consequently, if her father would permit her, she might purchase a pair of mittens, and thus take a practical step toward restoring her offending members to their normal condition of neatness. Rough labor, not neglect, was the cause of their unwonted appearance. The performance of cruel tasks had bruised and lacerated her delicate skin; and the winter's cold had so discolored and swollen the wounded hands that no one would have known them for Yone Yamada's.

On reaching home, I made it my first business to write to Mrs. Steele that I had satisfied myself concerning her pupil's desire to earn money, and that, though I was not free to repeat the explanation, I could guarantee that her motive was irreproachable; furthermore, that it would be necessary to give her hands careful treatment for perhaps several weeks, at the end of which I hoped for a complete cure. All this, undoubtedly, was highly disingenuous. In strict truth, I had not a fact to stand upon; but I had abundant faith, and not a particle of fear that my faith would lead me into difficulty, in this case. Not to disguise the matter, I bore false witness in favor of my little friend without a blush or a twinge of conscience.

But the harsh destiny which has thus far decreed that the women of Japan shall not escape from the narrow grooves laid down for them was not to be so easily baffled. A double calamity fell upon the child. A formidable rebellion in the western provinces imposed upon the government the need of sudden retrenchment, and, by imperial edict, the foreign schools for girls were indefinitely suspended. Yone's studies were brought to an abrupt end, for she had passed beyond the stage where the native or missionary teachers could benefit her. The civil conflict proved so severe that, in addition to the standing army and the drilled police of the large cities, the old feudal retainers were called upon to reassemble in defense of the state. Among the vassals from Owari who responded to the call was Yamada, now so reduced that he gladly welcomed even this precarious resource. But the black cloud hung over the unfortunate gentleman, wherever he turned. He fell in some ignoble skirmish, denied the soldierly fame for which many, not more truly valorous than he, willingly exchanged their lives.

Just before this last blow came, a happier outlook seemed about to open before his daughter. In his absence, an arrangement had been made for Yone's entrance into Miss Philipson's establishment, as teacher and interpreter. In many respects, the engagement harmonized with the young girl's best feelings and sympathies. She found herself in a position where she could do good,—obvious, palpable, unmistakable good. The longing to help, to raise the less gifted or less fortunate to a higher level, which is a fine characteristic of the Japanese (though, I am sorry to say, commonly confined among the men to the uplifting of their own sex), was anxiously, almost yearningly, developed in Yone's nature. Her simplicity and inexperience were but slight hindrances to her determination to work, with or without good opportunity, for the intellectual advancement of the little charges entrusted to her. They were

there to learn, she believed, and there were many things she could teach them. Best of all, for her, she could love them. Not only them, but also those staid, prim, unsmiling ladies whom she was bound to respect as her employers, and who claimed her reverence as representatives of that wonderful Western world, where—according to the flattering conviction of her soul—learning and wisdom prevailed, where the light of civilization beamed upon all, and the birthright of whose people was justice and goodness. Stiff and austere as these forbidding sisters might appear, they could not be so cold and pitiless as the only kindred she now had left to her. She turned to them as a flower blighted by darkness turns to the faintest ray of sunshine.

Nor were they in the beginning wholly unresponsive. Few American women could be utterly insensible to such tender and beseeching, though timid and unconscious, appeals as those which this lonely and neglected child constantly put forth. They could not quite understand her, but in their ungenial fashion they approved and, as it were, sanctioned her. Necessarily, they looked down upon her. To look down upon the heathen was, in a great measure, what they had come to the East for. Equally as a matter of course, they persecuted her; assailing her with uncouth religious battering-rams of their own clumsy contriving; cramming her with indigestible creeds; striving to force upon her a faith which they were incompetent to inculcate, or even to explain, and which, though she might willingly have accepted the essential substance of it under wise and gentle guidance, she was too intelligent to subscribe to, without some rational comprehension of what she was doing. But they did not frown upon her. In some respects they were rather proud of her, with a queer, complacent notion that she was something of their own design and making-up, like a piece of human patchwork, destined to still further improvement under their dexterous manipulation. Poor Yone! No conception could have entered

the minds of those admirable ladies that the spirit of Christianity never shone so brightly in their household as when she dwelt therein, little pagan that she was. Their properly constituted souls were in no danger of contamination from such rank impiety as that would imply.

But, from the outset, their method of dealing with her was harmful. Probably unaware of the injury they were inflicting, and doubtless encouraged by her own ardent desire to meet every expectation, they pressed too many duties upon her; and she, rejoicing in nothing so much as in the fulfillment of her daily tasks, allowed herself no respite, until overstrained nature revolted, and her slender stock of strength forsook her. The fatigues of previous years were yet to be atoned for, and it became evident that in a long cessation of active labor and study lay her sole hope of recovery. It almost broke her heart to leave the place where she had found her nearest approach to happiness, and which had more closely resembled a home than any shelter she had known. In sadness and dejection she returned to her grandmother's dwelling. Her earnings in the mission school had reconciled her relatives to the association with foreigners, these being, since the father's death, their sole reliance for support. But now, having nothing to bestow, she fell again into contempt and neglect.

An opportunity of partial relief was opened to the grandmother. Her own family, in Nagoya, offered a refuge for her declining years, and expressed also a willingness to receive, if necessary, her two daughters. Believing that Yone was in the way of gaining her own livelihood, they did not extend the invitation to her, but rather intimated that she would be expected to remain in Tokio, and to contribute thence to the family resources. That this had become impossible the grandmother was well aware; but no idea of taking the helpless child with her crossed her mind. The sole aim now was to get rid of her as speedily and with as little discredit as possible.

VII.

AN UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT.

On one of the lovely mornings which make the Japanese spring a season of unrivaled brightness and beauty, Yone came to my office, with an aspect as dainty and charming, in her youthful womanhood, as the fairness of the growing year, but with too little of the elastic vigor which I would gladly have seen. She had news to communicate, of no trivial character.

"My grandmother wishes me to be secret," she began, "and I am willing, except for you. I could not promise to hide anything from my best friend. I shall very soon be married."

"Married!—you, Yone? Bless me, child, how old are you?"

She smiled, as Japanese girls always smile when doubts of their maturity are suggested.

"I am sixteen by our reckoning, nearly fifteen by yours. A grown-up woman, Doctor."

"A grown-up doll, you little witch! How dare you talk to me of marriage?"

"It is all true; my grandmother has consented."

"Oh, your grandmother, yes; but what have you to say, my child?"

"Why, nothing, Doctor; what should I say? All is arranged. They are going to Nagoya soon, and I shall be married before they start."

It was a scheme, then, to free themselves of an incumbrance. Well, perhaps it was better so. I had begun to take a clearer view than before of Yone's home surroundings, and saw a possible emancipation awaiting her.

"This is indeed news," I said, with an assumption of the gayety which the subject appeared to demand. "And who is the young gentleman? Have I met him? Come, I hope you can tell me a thousand good things about him."

"I do not know," she answered; "that is, I do not know much. But he is not young."

"Not young? Ah, well, we do not care so much for that, do we? So the gentleman is not young?"

"He is not"—she continued, with rising reluctance and embarrassment—"he is not a gentleman."

"Not a gentleman? I do not understand you, my dear."

She reflected a while, and then, with much hesitation, said,—

"My father is dead, and now my grandmother decides. I did think—I hoped—my mother had such good rank—Doctor, I cannot tell you. I have no right to feel as I do. My grandmother knows best. There is no time to lose, she says, and a husband has been chosen for me. He is not a samurai. He is a merchant,—a boat-builder. Santo is his name."

A merchant, and a mechanic! I knew how hard a shock it must be to her fine and, no doubt, exaggerated sense of what was due to her lineage, but at the moment I saw no course before me but to soothe her prejudices, if possible, and help her to look cheerfully at the future.

"You say it is decided, Yone; is it really so?"

"It is decided."

"And Santo,—he is a good man, I do not doubt. I will make his acquaintance. I will go to-morrow. What is he like, Yone?"

"I have not seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and—you are sure, my child, *sure* that it is decided?"

I was impelled to this last question by the increasing sorrowfulness of her countenance, hoping there might be a

means of escape from a dispensation which I now saw was repugnant to her.

"My grandmother has decided, and I obey her commands."

"Listen, Yone: you told me once about a school-fellow, a young girl who was to be married, and who was disinclined—who preferred"—

"Yes, that was Shizu Miura. She came from our province, soon after us. Her parents were very poor, and they meant her to be married; but her uncle adopted her, and then it was not necessary."

"So then, the adoption saved her?"

"Yes, Doctor; but do not think of such things. I see what is in your kind heart, but I have no uncles, rich or poor. I have nobody. I am alone,—all alone."

"Wait, wait; let me consider. Yone, tell me something. In jest, you understand,—only in jest; a mere freak of my imagination. Do you suppose—does it strike you"—

"What is the matter, Doctor? Are you in trouble, too?"

Undoubtedly I displayed some agitation, for a rather startling idea had occurred to me, of the value or the worthlessness of which I could form no estimate. Yone alone could enlighten me.

"No, no; I am only laughing. It is such a droll fancy. Do you imagine that any Japanese girl could take kindly to the notion of being adopted by a foreigner?"

"By a foreigner?"

"Yes; absurd, is it not? I know what you will say,—quite impossible."

"Doctor, forgive me; I cannot jest,—not to-day. I am not entirely happy."

"I see; but without a jest, then, I should be glad to know if such an adoption would be satisfactory to a Japanese girl—or boy. Yes, an adoption by a foreigner; by an American, for example,—an old American. Suppose we

say an old doctor. Come, now, what would you think?"

"Doctor, dear Doctor, do not laugh at me. I am a foolish child. I am not very well. It is so easy to make mistakes. I am ashamed to be so weak, but I cannot help it. Tell me truly what is in your mind."

She came and laid her hand upon my arm, and her soft, pleading eyes looked piteously into mine.

"Tell *me* first, Yone. Answer my question. Don't you see, my little girl, that it is all earnest, very earnest, unless you wish it otherwise?"

But I needed no answer in speech. The expression of her face, which for a moment might have imparted beauty to even a plain countenance, was more eloquent than any words she could have uttered. All pain and anxiety had vanished, and a look of serene content had taken their place. I sprang to my feet, exclaiming,—

"All sunshine now, Yone; no more clouds and storms. How simple it is, when we both understand. I see it all; and you"—

She, poor girl, saw nothing. A sudden change overcame her, and blinding tears streamed from her eyes. It was the strangest of coincidences, that this child, a type of Oriental self-restraint, and I, by profession and long habit the embodiment of rugged insensibility, should thus repeatedly belie our principles and training. This was the third time that the clash of unexpected circumstances had deprived her of the composure it was her duty to preserve, and rendered useless my armor of hardened worldly proof; leaving us both exposed to highly unbecoming human influences, when it was our plain business to expel nature, sympathy, sentiment, all but common sense, from our thoughts.

I sent her home, as soon as she was fit to go, to lay before her people the contemplated arrangement. Then, as the hours went by, feeling that the duty rested upon me of announcing the impending event to the circle of which I

was at least nominally a member, I sauntered forth to our informal agency for the diffusion of social intelligence. It was not a "Thursday," but I was reasonably sure of an audience any day in the week; and even if the esteemed sisters Philipson had chanced to be alone, I knew well that my trifle of news was safe to be spread over the foreign fraternity of Tokio before night, and well on its way to the contiguous colony at Yokohama.

VIII.

THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY.

On entering the Philipson drawing-room, I found it fairly filled, and would at once have proceeded to make known my purpose, had not the attention of the company been concentrated upon the head of the establishment, who appeared to be in the midst of a recital of more than common interest. She greeted me with an austere wave of the hand, and continued her remarks with scarcely a pause.

"We had already had a foreboding of evil, friends, and our minds were ill at ease. Only a few minutes before, just as sister Kezia began to conduct the interrogation in Genesis, I observed signs of inattention on the part of one of our smaller children, and, desiring to awaken her to the seriousness of her duties, I suddenly asked her who created the world. She answered—friends, it grieves me to declare it—she answered—Tell us, Kezia, what that child said when I inquired who created the world."

"Adam and Eve!" replied the younger Miss Philipson, in a sepulchral tone.

"Adam and Eve," repeated the elder, with stern emphasis; "A-dam and Eve! And no sooner had those words fallen from her sinful lips than four other, and I regret to say more advanced, girls broke into unseemly laughter."

"Only three, I think, Sophia," interposed the junior.

"Five girls broke into laughter," pursued the narrator, betraying no consciousness of the correction, except that conveyed by her augmentation of the number of delinquents. "Five sacrilegious giggles resounded through the schoolroom. But order was soon restored, and silence reigned. The lesson of the day was an exposition of the sin of disobedience, with a salutary review of the punishment inflicted by Omniscience upon our first parents. In the midst of the exercises we were thrown into confusion by the behavior of a scholar of whom we had thought well; in whom we had never before detected a stubborn and rebellious heart. When called upon to bear testimony to the all-wisdom of the chastisement, she hesitated, hid her face, and presently sobbed aloud; and when commanded to explain her extraordinary misconduct, she said she could not bear it, that it reminded her of the story of a cruel daimio who ruled in her province centuries ago, and who, on learning that a poor woman had stolen some fruit from his garden, not only condemned her and her husband and parents to a horrible death, but decreed that all their descendants should toil in bondage to the last generation. Judge, friends, what my feelings were as I listened to that misguided girl. I cannot hope to make you understand the shock that overcame me at that moment."

"For my part, my heart was in my mouth," said Miss Kezia.

"I will not," resumed Miss Sophia, "make use of expressions which might savor of extravagance, and which are repugnant to physiological probability, but I do not hesitate to affirm that the feeblest infant could have quelled me with a feather, and that my hair literally stood on end. The more so, as the girl asserted that she supposed the object of the Scriptural chronicle was the same as that with which the Japanese tradition is kept in memory,—or, as she intimated, to teach us the wickedness of tyranny, and to enable us to sympathize with unmerited suffering. And such

was the force of her vicious example that before she had concluded all the pupils in that class were weeping and wailing together. I think sister Kezia will bear me out in the statement that the whole class participated."

"Nearly all, I should perhaps say," was the guarded response of Kezia.

"The entire class burst into floods of tears and hysterical outcries," persisted the senior, with a glance which implied that she was prepared to multiply indefinitely the aggregate of evil doers, in case any further modification of her report were attempted. Indeed, as if not fully satisfied with the gleam of her sister's eye, in which she perhaps descried a latent tendency to insubordination, she added, apparently to indicate the inexhaustible extent of her resources, "I believe, moreover, that some of the others within hearing caught the demoralizing infection, and were likewise carried away. Finding it impossible to control them, we suspended the interrogations, and dismissed the pupils. We are now considering what course we shall pursue with the greater and lesser offenders. It is not a matter to be lightly dealt with. But we hope to be guided. My sister and I propose to wrestle strenuously, throughout this night."

As the company proffered sympathy and condolement, in terms which showed that the tale they had listened to had deeply stirred their sensibilities, I began to doubt whether the occasion was altogether propitious for my errand, and to wish it were possible to defer the disclosure to a more fitting opportunity; but on weighing the circumstances, I judged it expedient to declare myself without delay. I watched the countenance of the hostess from a distance, and took advantage of the first perceptible expression of complacency.

"I have something to tell you, Miss Philipson, about Yone Yamada," I said. "I hope it will please you."

"Dear child," she answered; "anything that is for her good will please us."

"For her *real* good, Sophia," added the younger sister.

It was contrary to the habit of this amiable couple to accept any statement, even from one another, without some species of qualification or protest, but the elder was accustomed to regard the right of emendation as belonging exclusively to herself, and was not slow, as has been seen, to resent invasions of her assumed prerogative. Upon the introduction of a new topic, however, the younger lady was tempted to indulge herself once again.

"Surely, for her *real* good," conceded the senior.

Harmless as this remark would have sounded to the uninitiated, it threw a chill over me, from the unusual and ominous coincidence of opinion which it conveyed. But it was useless to pause.

"You have heard of her father's death," I resumed, "but you do not know that her family—that is, her grandmother and aunts—propose returning at once to their own province, and withdrawing their protection from her."

"How dreadful!" said Miss Philipson the elder.

"Dreadful indeed," I responded; "and there seems to be no resource for her,—certainly no fitting resource,—unless she can be adopted by some suitable person. Now, unfortunately, she has not a relative in the world that we know of, except those who are resolved to disencumber themselves of her."

Various murmurs of commiseration ran around the room.

"Poor thing!"

"How hard!"

"How cruel!"

"Therefore"—said I, and then abruptly checked myself. The singular readiness of the elder lady, a moment before, to acquiesce in one of her sister's suggestions suddenly expanded, before my mind's eye, to portentous proportions; and although I had previously been utterly unconscious of a possible objection to my scheme, I was now seized with a vague apprehension that it might not be cordially received.

"Yes?" prompted the younger Miss Philipson, inquiringly.

"Therefore I have concluded to adopt her myself."

"Oh!"

The capabilities of an interjection have never, I am persuaded, been accurately estimated. Those of an "oh," I can confidently aver, are boundless. To compare its significance to that of volumes is to confess a total ignorance of its force and scope. This particular "oh," breathed forth simultaneously by a chorus of half a dozen feminine voices, was equivalent to whole libraries.

"That is my intention," I declared.

"But, excuse me, Doctor Charwell," said Miss Philipson, No. 1, with great precision of utterance; "I think—you will correct me if I am wrong—I think you spoke of her adoption by some *suitable* person."

"So I did, madam," I replied. "Can you suggest any person more suitable than her oldest foreign friend,—the only one, so far as I know, who is prepared to take upon him such a responsibility?"

"Responsibility indeed," sighed Miss P. No. 2.

"Oh, I know well enough it is no trivial undertaking," I said. "I am far from coveting it. Domestic invasions are not agreeable prospects to men of my age and confirmed habits, even when the invader is so little likely to be troublesome as in this case. If anybody more accustomed to the bringing up of children will assume the charge, I am ready to resign it on the instant."

No one spoke.

"You see how it is, Miss Philipson. The child must be provided for. Come, I thought you would be pleased to hear of anything for her good."

"For her *real* good," softly purred the second Miss P.

"Precisely, madam," I rejoined. "I presume it will be for her real good to be fed when she is hungry, and to have

a house to live in, and clothes to wear And it appears to me that I am a very suitable person to supply her with these necessities. I can afford it, and, though I foresee inconveniences, I am willing to make the trial, at any rate."

"Oh, Doctor, can you look at me with your inward eye, and say it is truly suitable?" asked the junior sister.

"I am a physician, madam," said I, somewhat testily, "and thus far my researches have not made me acquainted with anything in the nature of an inward eye. Nor do I know of the existence of such organs, except, possibly, in the fishes of the Mammoth Cave. But, looking at you with the only eyes I am conscious of possessing, I say it is eminently and superlatively suitable."

"Dear Doctor, such extravagance of language"—

"Permit me, Kezia," interrupted the elder; "let us make allowances. Do not forget that we are in Japan."

"The very thing," I urged; "this is the one country in the world where adoption is the commonest incident of life. There is scarcely a family without an adopted member. That makes it all the more suitable."

"But—dear me! the subject is so delicate. Consider the difference—the divergent—the opposite—the contrary — You understand me, of course."

"Indeed I do not, madam."

"I would say, then, the lack of identity in sex."

"Yes, indeed!" "Ah, truly!" were the whispered responses of the now excited listeners.

"Come, Miss Philipson," I argued, "let us be intelligible, if nothing else. You mean to insinuate that I ought not to adopt this child, because she is a young girl and I am an old man. That is your point, I take it."

"Oh, Doctor, how can you say 'insinuate'? That is the last thing I should dream of doing. Insinuation is the—is a— What does Shakespeare say? What is it, Kezia, about insinuation, and"—

"Never mind Shakespeare or any other poet!" I exclaimed, driven to downright vexation by these silly airs. "Pray keep to lucid prose where I am concerned. If difference of sex, as you choose to put it, has any weight in your mind, be good enough to reflect upon the difference of age."

"Why, Doctor, what posible idea can I have about a gentleman's age? Fancy such a thing!" and she tossed her antiquated head in a grotesque mummery of coquetry.

"Fancy has nothing to do with it, madam. In plain fact, I am more than three times as old as Yone. Old enough to be her father. Three times as old? Why, yes; nearly four times. Old enough, as marriages go in this country, to be her grandfather."

"Impossible, Doctor!"

"Oh, quite impossible!" echoed the unanimous body of auditors.

"Perfectly possible," said I, "as I will take the liberty to demonstrate. By the custom of the land, I might have been the father of her mother when I was twenty, or yet younger."

"Doctor, I beg of you"—

"At sixteen, her mother might have given birth to Yone."

"I insist, Doctor Charwell, I insist"—

"And Yone is herself close upon fifteen. Now I think of it, I might be a great-grandfather at this moment. We are in Japan, you know, Miss Philipson!"

The good lady fairly gasped with indignation.

"I never thought to hear such things said—in my own house—to my own face," she articulated.

"Why not, madam? I merely state that I am more than three times, and very nearly four times, as old as Yone Yamada. Does any one doubt the truth of it?"

My genial little friend Kracken, who had watched the proceedings with quivering but good-natured anxiety, here broke in:—

"Now, Charwell, you will make us all feel like mummies, talking about great-grandfathers in that free-and-easy style."

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Miss Philipson, roused to fresh activity. "I do not see how such allusions can possibly concern anybody present."

"Certainly not you, Miss Philipson," I remarked, in a tone of the deepest deference; "although it is altogether possible for me to be regarded as a grandfather, no one would ever dream of imputing grandchildren to you."

"I trust not, indeed, sir."

"I will go further, madam, and admit that nobody"—

"There, that will do," said kind-hearted Doctor Kracken, with a comical grin; "your apology is sufficient as it is. Now tell us, are they actually going to throw that poor girl off, without any provision, and leave her to utter neglect?"

"They decline to be burdened with her any longer."

"But is there no alternative?" asked Miss Philipson. "I think, Doctor, you said something about 'no *fitting* resource.' Of course you will correct me if I am in error."

"Your memory is excellent, madam," I answered, grimly enough. "There is no fitting resource."

"That would seem to imply that there is another resource of some description. Might I venture to inquire"—

"You shall know all that I know, Madam," I answered. "Her grandmother proposes to marry her to an old man, of low birth, and in a station of life which it would be a degradation to her to enter."

Again the exasperating monosyllable "Oh!" reverberated around the room; this time more densely impregnated with meaning than before.

"One moment, friends," said the mistress of the house. "I am of opinion that we are all laboring under a mistake. It cannot be that we have heard Doctor Charwell aright. I will not believe—no, not my own senses, without further confirmation. Doctor Charwell *cannot* intend us to understand that he contemplates preventing this innocent young woman from contracting an honorable alliance with one of her own countrymen, with the ulterior design of introducing her into his bachelor establishment—under the—well, under the designation of an adopted daughter."

"Put it that way, if you like," I replied; "that is just what I intend."

"But I *cannot*, really I *cannot*," resumed the persistent spinster, waving her hand as an indication that the others should keep silent. "I *cannot* trust these ears of mine, unless Doctor Charwell solemnly"—

"There, there, madam," said I, nearly at the end of my endurance; "I don't know, or care, whether your ears are entitled to confidence or not. They never came under my treatment. I have spoken, and you have had every chance to hear. The marriage they strive to force upon her is an outrage. She is a descendant of nobles, and he is of the scum."

"Is this our republican doctor?" asked one of the company.

"*She* is not a republican. She is a patrician, in an empire of castes. It is abhorrent, revolting, to her. The man is an ignorant mechanic, of sixty years and more."

"Disparity of age is no obstacle here," urged Miss Philipson. "We are in Japan, you must remember."

"So, then," I burst forth, "you would rather have this poor, delicate, refined child, not yet fifteen years old, shamefully sacrificed; her youth crushed out; her chance of happiness torn from her at the beginning of her life; bound down to the slavery of an uncongenial marriage; doomed to a misery which will be a thousand times intensified by the culture she has had, rather than see her sheltered, cared for, protected, by me, who know her noble and rare virtues, until she is sought in a becoming way by some person of her own grade, whose education and character shall entitle him to ask for such a prize. That is your preference, is it?"

"If you apply to me," said Miss Philipson, with undisturbed coolness, "I don't see how the question can be raised for a moment."

"And I dare say," I continued, "that you represent your party here."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"No room for argument."

"Not open to discussion."

These and similar responses came from all parts of the room.

"You see, Doctor Charwell," proceeded the undaunted hostess, "we have on one side a respectable family, who wish to settle the respectable daughter of their house by means of a respectable marriage; and on the other, we have —Oh, going so soon? *Good*-day, then. I can only say, Doctor, that if this project is carried out, we shall be happy to see *you* as before, especially at our Thursdays; but we must beg to be excused from receiving Miss Charwell."

"*Miss* Charwell!" cried I, aghast.

"Why, certainly," said this embodiment of exalted propriety, with the unerring aim of a first-class Parthian sharpshooter. "The least you can do, I suppose, is to let her call herself by your name. You would hardly expose the unfortunate creature"—

I waited for no more, but got myself away as I best could, half blind with rage, and invoking all sorts of swift retributive justice against these experienced wolves disguised as ancient lambs, as it then pleased me to denominate them.

Not for a moment did the thought of relinquishing my purpose occur to me. I had set myself to the work of guarding a life which had thus far been overshadowed by undeserved suffering, and so changing its course that a fair share of the world's brightness should hereafter belong to it; and I was not likely to be diverted from my intention by any scarecrows which an absurd conventionalism could

set up. Yone should be my daughter; and if the malignancy of persecution should threaten her peace in the new position, we would simply turn our backs upon Japan and the whole East, and remove to lands in which the proportion of Anglo-Saxon intolerance was not so disagreeably dominant. Among circles where theoretical humanity and charity were less aggressively proclaimed, I might easily find a more practical realization of those attributes.

IX.

THE LAST OF CHILDHOOD.

But there were other hostile influences which I had not taken into calculation. Stronger opposition than all the allied tribes of Philipsons could have brought together was directed against my plan. The grandmother, in her unreasoning hatred of the child whose mere existence had at last become an offense to her distorted sight, knew no dearer wish than to thwart and baffle Yone's hopes to the very end. This alone was sufficient to turn the old woman's mind against my proposal. Her inherent aversion to foreigners doubtless added to the antagonistic spirit. Under Japanese law, it was impossible to dispose of the child's future without the grandmother's sanction. The father's death left everything in the hands of this vindictive guardian. Unfamiliar as I was, and as most foreigners are to this day, with the rules governing the exercise of domestic authority, I was at first unwilling to believe that a young girl could thus be doomed to conjugal wretchedness by the simple word of a confessedly inimical relative; but it needed only a brief investigation to show that the case was absolutely beyond appeal.

Yone herself would not authorize or participate in resistance to a principle which all her race regard as one of the

foundations of their social system. She did not believe that her father, were he alive, would condemn her to such unhappiness; but now she was under the sway of her nearest of kin, whose rights over her were inviolable. In spite of all her distress, she bowed before the family traditions, and yielded to the obligations which morality and religious conviction imposed upon her. I could only look on, powerless to assist or control her. The few suggestions which I offered, in the hope of stimulating her to direct rebellion, wounded her so that I had no heart to persevere in them. There was only one path of duty, she said, and those who now cared for her would soon cease to esteem her if she deserted it.

When my proposition was first laid before the Yamada household, it was received in silence, according to Japanese usage, time being always required for deliberation upon an important topic, even though nothing is likely to be brought out that can affect the ultimate decision. During the few days that passed before the judgment was pronounced, while Yone believed she would be transferred to my protection, she admitted me to her confidence with a freedom never before, and I think never afterward, accorded. Assuming that she would soon be responsible to me alone, she relieved her overcharged feelings by relating many details of her past experience, which I should not have learned but for the impending change in her circumstances; and of which, indeed, I heard only enough, from her, to cause me to institute inquiries on my own account. Had I not pursued these with considerable diligence, I should have remained unaware of more than a faint reflection of the wrongs she had suffered.

She thought there could be no great disloyalty in anticipating, by a day or two, the time when she might unfold the outlines of her history, and explain to one who, she knew, would listen with sympathy, some of the reasons why her new prospects afforded her such glowing satisfaction. But she reproached herself, later, for having too frankly spoken her mind respecting the marriage planned for her by the grandmother, and for acknowledging her eager wish to escape from that humiliation. She had never deviated from the moderation and gentleness which habitually governed her speech; but when it became certain that no rescue was possible, and that the union was inevitable, she regretted that she had divulged a single thought which might be remembered as rebellious or impatient of her lot.

As the time approached when she would be called upon to leave all the associations of girlhood behind her, the childlike simplicity of her nature seemed to renew itself in various ways. With many a blush, she gave me to understand that it had cost her a struggle to renounce the never forgotten and, till now, never neglected doll which had been the only intimate companion of her solitary infancy. With regard to her cat, the consolation of her more advanced youth,—now arrived at a stately and dignified maturity,—she decided to invoke my good offices. In proffering this priceless gift, she was evidently disturbed by the fear that mankind at large might not value her pet so highly as she herself did; and was not entirely free from the suspicion that what she deemed a precious prize might prove to another an unwelcome incumbrance. She was, moreover, embarrassed by the necessity of concealing her reason for parting from her four-footed friend; which was, in fact, a vivid apprehension of possible ill-treatment for him in the new home which awaited her. To reveal this cause of anxiety was not compatible with her sense of propriety; but as it was not difficult to divine, I at once averred that the only unfulfilled desire of my heart was to possess a cat of my own, and not any haphazard selection from cats in general, but precisely the sort of animal which Yone had rescued from aquatic perdition in Nagoya, and brought to years of discretion with prudent nurture and suitable training.

In a case of such extremity, she was not disposed to probe my sincerity too deeply, and with little delay the transfer was formally effected,—not without ceremonies and exercises which afforded me the liveliest amusement. What bond of intelligence had been established between the creature and its affectionate mistress, and to what extent the interchange of ideas had become practicable, no man could say; but it pleased Yone to assume, with a fraction of seriousness in her jest, that she could hold intelligible conversations with the neko, and that he was by no means insensible to the spell of moral suasion. It is certain that the pair would often sit face to face and hold dialogues in a fashion to impress an attentive bystander with new and enlarged ideas respecting the animal's intellectual qualities. Yone would open the debate, and the cat would respond in accents of which I never believed one of his race capable. On this occasion, Master Tom was placed upon a chair, and informed, gently but gravely, of the altered future before him. As if regarding the announcement as a foolish fiction, unworthy of serious notice, he simply moved his lips slightly, in the direction of a mew, but without emitting a sound,—a common expedient of his when not interested in the topic under consideration. Being addressed with more earnestness, he endeavored to take possession of his mistress's lap, purring melodiously, and sending out entreaty in measured cadences. Finding himself repulsed, and compelled to listen to a more determined statement of the situation, he appeared to assume the attitude of a cat under the influence of extreme astonishment, reversing his ears, and wailing with increased energy. From this stage he proceeded to more vehement demonstrations; uttering prolonged and piercing screams, with his mouth stretched open to its widest capacity, as Yone reminded him, in resolute terms, of the principles of docility and obedience in which he had been reared, and by which it was his duty to be guided at this critical epoch. Nothing could be more

comical. Even Yone's melancholy yielded for a moment to the mirthful provocation.

All this will be taken at its proper value, as a fanciful interpretation of the feline dialect; but an incident which followed showed that the girl had acquired, in some inscrutable manner, a curious mastery over the animal's usually wayward will. When about to take leave, her familiar prepared to accompany her, as a matter of course, but was put in a corner, with stern rebuke. Quite regardless of this unaccustomed severity, the creature insisted on following his mistress, and when I tried forcibly to detain him, shrieked at me with such wild vociferation of abuse that I began to doubt the practicability of the transfer. As a last resource, I fastened a little dog-collar about his neck, and tied him to a chair; but this had the effect of rousing him to such fury as Japanese cats seldom exhibit,—possibly because, having no tails to distend, they lack the chief accessory to an extreme display of frenzy. Here, however, was a notable exception to the rule. He broke the cord, upset the chair, tore off the collar, and abandoned himself to the wildest exaltation of declamatory emotion, until Yone, who had been watching the experiment through a window, returned, and announced that she would employ an unfailing device.

"You shall see," she said. "I shall work upon his self-esteem. I shall flatter him, and puff him with vanity and pride."

Then, replacing the collar, and again fastening the cord securely, she commenced an impressive appeal.

"Listen, Pussinole," (Pussinole was a name bestowed in the days of her early English,—a twisted version of Old Pussy, which designation had been applied in her hearing): "you must respect the good doctor's collar. It is a beautiful collar, and no cat ever had so wonderful an ornament before. It is a great honor for you, Pussinole, and every cat in Tokio will be envious. Why, it is like a king's

necklace. You must keep it carefully, and not injure it. *How* beautiful he looks in it, does he not, Doctor? Come and tell him he is now the handsomest cat in the world,"—and so following, for a couple of minutes or more, at the end of which she rose, saying, "He will be quiet now, and give you no more trouble."

To my amazement, the creature did not stir, and, while appearing not altogether content, pursued his mistress only with his eyes. I could not conceal my surprise.

"How did you do it?" I asked, turning over in my mind the possibilities of animal magnetism and similar enchantments. "Do you really believe the cat understands you?"

"Oh, Doctor, Pussinole and I cannot let you into all our secrets. No, indeed. You had better tell me what you think."

"I think you are a witch, of course; I always thought so."

"Truly, Doctor, I do not know what to say. I am not so silly as to suppose my cat knows the meaning of my words. Still, there is something not easy to explain. He is familiar with the tones of my speech, at any rate. I have always talked to him as I would to a friend. For many years I have hardly had any other person to talk to, at home; only my little cat. He *must* comprehend something, for you see how he answers. And he is very glad to be praised. He will do anything, if you compliment and admire him; I am sure of that. So there is nothing marvelous about it."

Marvelous or not, it was true that the animal made no further effort to escape, and allowed the restraining collar to remain unmolested. In course of time, a certain intimacy grew up between us; but his most ecstatic manifestations of affection were reserved for Yone, upon whom, whenever she visited him, he lavished every endearment of which a cat is capable; purring, chuckling, "chortling," closing and outstretching his claws, rubbing his head

against her as if he would wear away the fur, and entering into animated conversation upon the slightest encouragement. But neither with me nor with any other human acquaintance would he ever exchange a word, on any subject. The power of engaging him in oral discourse belonged to Yone alone.

X.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

THE marriage took place in the autumn of 1878, and this fair and fragile blossom of Japanese womanhood, not only gifted with the delicate grace which distinguishes the daughters of the higher Japanese gentry, but also endowed with the rare charm of an awakened and enfranchised intelligence, to which few among them have even yet attained, —this gentle body and sensitive soul were delivered over to the mastery of a coarse-minded, rough-mannered, ignorant workman; a boat-builder, whom chance had thrown in the way of the heartless relatives, and whose sole motive in agreeing to the transaction was a desire to obtain undisputed control over one of the class which in his youth and middle age had ruled the land, and kept the populace, to which he belonged, in an ignoble and degraded subjugation. Times had changed since the advent of the foreigner, and the humble laborer could now not merely hold his own, but might assert, at times, a degree of ascendency over the fallen members of the once-omnipotent aristocracy. By industry and moderate skill in his craft, this boat-builder had made himself sure of a sufficient income; and it suited his humor, in his declining years, to set up a well-born wife in his plebeian dwelling.

His character, like that of many in his station, seemed to a casual observer almost colorless. Not this nor the next generation of laboring men can lift themselves, as a body,

from the posture of dependence and servility which was natural to them while feudalism lasted in Japan. This man, Santo Yorikichi by name, knew that the shackles had been taken from his limbs, and it gratified him to exercise his newly acquired liberty in vague and purposeless directions. But, at his age, he could not get his spirit out of the ancient bondage, and it was plain that he would never learn the full value of his opportunities. He was illiterate to a degree rarely encountered among his countrymen, the rudest of whom receive at least some sort of elementary instruction, and was almost grotesquely uncouth in appearance. To the world generally he was good-natured, honest, peaceable and dull. His frolicking days were past, and he had long ceased to look upon amusement in any form as a necessity of life. In his own home, where I sought him before the marriage, and where I found him waited upon by a couple of obsequious concubines and two or three active servants, he was autocratic, selfish, wholly indifferent to the feelings of those around him, and ready to rule his minions with cold-blooded tolerance, or with an equally cold-blooded tyranny, as his convenience or the whim of the moment might dictate.

When I first visited him, and opened negotiations for a pleasure-boat of his construction, he exhibited the animation appropriate to the prospect of a bargain. I spoke of his impending marriage, at which he evinced some surprise, but presently recovered himself, and put on an expression, the rigid stolidity of which I never saw equaled. I asked him, point-blank, if he should object to his wife's continued intercourse with her foreign friends, at which he grunted; not wholly in disapproval, it appeared, but because the idea was one which had not before occurred to him, and he was unprepared with a reply. I then suggested—this being an ingenious conception of my own, with which I had not acquainted Yone—that his future consort had it in her power to render good service, under certain circumstances, as an

interpreter; and that I hoped an arrangement might be made by which she could go forth, at intervals, and practice that vocation. My idea was to relieve her, if possible, from the wearying monotony of constant confinement at home, to which most Japanese wives of humbler grade are subjected,—not so much to insure their fidelity as from a general carelessness as to their wishes, their comfort, their health, or anything pertaining to their physical or mental welfare.

When I paused, Santo Yorikichi grunted. I intimated that the labors of a translator were justly entitled to remuneration, whereat again he emitted the sound which he was evidently accustomed to employ as an effective part of speech, but to which no significance could be assigned by a stranger. I then feebly hinted that if she could not be spared from the premises, it might be so managed that those in need of her assistance should call at Mr. Boat-Builder's establishment, at such times as would be to him agreeable. This time the guttural response appeared to come from such a well-like depth of abstraction and vacuity that I could attempt no more, and returned to the ostensible object of my errand. Then his eye kindled again with the light of prospective traffic, and conversation became once more articulate and intelligible.

I feared that my efforts had been wasted, and that I should find myself burdened with the cost of a wherry, without the equivalent I especially wished to secure; but I was wrong. Before my departure,—the conditions and price of the craft being satisfactorily adjusted,—Santo turned to me with a listless air, grunted thrice, and unloaded his mind. As to a wife, yes, he was about to give himself one. He had never happened to meet her, but the fact was as I had stated. Also, she had several foreign friends. That he had heard. He did not object to foreigners. He believed they called him uncomplimentary names, sometimes, but as he could not understand them, that did not matter

—much. In fact, it would not matter at all, if they did not occasionally ramble, more or less tipsy, into his boat-yard, mistaking it for a neighboring tea-garden of hilarious repute, and order his women about. On the other hand, foreigners were good customers of his, and they always paid well. Not that his charges were ever excessive, he hastened to add; only, so to speak—yes—and a grunt. Well, though he was not adverse to foreigners, on the whole, he had a poor opinion of the learning they had brought into the country. It was bad enough to puzzle the minds of men with it, and uproot the everlasting principles of things; but to bedevil women in the same way, that was simply—grunt. If his wife brought any foreign learning into his house, she would have to keep it all inside her own body. The only possible use for it would be when some imperfectly educated person, with lingual faculties restricted to German, or English, or American, or such fantastic tongues, should approach him in the way of business; then it might be desirable to have a wife who could supply the deficiency. Curiously enough, he had never thought of that before. But then he had not thought much of anything connected with his impending nuptials. As to her running about Tokio, translating for people here and there, it would be entirely impossible for him to entertain such a notion. That was to say, he could not have entertained it if I had not also referred to compensation. This consideration naturally removed some of the objections which he, as a sober-minded Japanese workingman, would otherwise be bound to take into calculation. His wife's learning would make a mighty poor show in the boat-yard, but if it were marketable elsewhere, no doubt something might be done. But the money must be paid into his hands, not into hers, to be trifled away in books and other playthings; and as he was a person of independent means, under no necessity of adding to his income by the method proposed, the emolument must be on a large and liberal scale. He

must—grunt—looking at what was due to his position as a man of substance—grunt—yes, surely, he could not afford to be content with—grunt, grunt, grunt—less than ten sen (at that time about seven cents) a day.

I was so rejoiced at this unlooked for success in securing to Yone a fair opportunity for relaxation, and also for pursuing her studies,—which latter could easily be managed under the promised permission to interpret,—that my thrifty boat-builder at once saw he had failed to take the highest advantage of the situation. He began to grumble that he ought to have stipulated for twelve sen a day, or possibly fifteen; and I should doubtless have acceded to anything, in or out of reason, had I not feared worse consequences than the loss of an insignificant trifle of money. If his first demand had been twenty times what it was, I should not have refused. Indeed, it was far beyond my hope to arrive at any definite agreement in that original interview. But I composed my countenance, and insisted that hands should be clapped, and the contract ratified on the spot. Otherwise, I hinted, I might recede from my pledge with regard to the boat; for, as I remarked with severe dignity, though with questionable logic, a man who in an ordinary bargain will not stick to terms of his own making cannot possibly construct a boat that will not capsize as soon as it is launched. So, it was then and there set down in writing—not by the builder himself, who was unready with his pencil, but by his foreman—that from and after the date of her espousal, Yone, the wife of Santo Yorikichi, should be allowed to serve as an interpreter to Edward Charwell, or to others whom he might designate, during one complete and undivided day of each week, in consideration of the sum of ten sen, to be paid for each day of such service by the said Edward Charwell to the said Santo Yorikichi. To this the requisite seals were affixed, and I retired in better spirits than I had been able to muster for many a day.

It was necessary to convey a warning to Yone, lest she should betray too much satisfaction on hearing from Santo of the profitable use he had discovered for her. This was done in a letter, which carefully smoothed away the scruples she might have labored under; for she had an uncomfortably tender conscience with respect to concealments or deceptions of even the most innocent character. I did not see her before the wedding, nor was I permitted to be present at the ceremony,—or, rather, at that which in Japan passes for a marriage ceremony. So positive were her relatives in their determination to break up her foreign associations that when a select party of the Philipson sisterhood went in state to offer their congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, and to express their content that the dear girl had safely weathered all the perils which environ Japanese girlhood in general, and the unspeakable peril of a dubious entanglement with that headstrong Doctor Charwell in particular,—so decided were the grandmother and aunts in their views that they temporarily stepped outside of the limits prescribed by conventional politeness, and astonished the good missionary ladies by a demonstration of such unmistakable malevolence that the most brazen effrontery was powerless against it. Probably the use of my name was an error, and the reference to my dark designs was misunderstood by those to whom it was addressed; for the elder Miss Philipson could not resist the temptation to reject Yone's assistance, and to conduct the conversation in that remarkable jargon which she evolved from her internal consciousness, and denominated Japanese,—partially encouraged thereto, it may be, by the admission of philologists that it could not possibly be mistaken for any other tongue.

"I spoke to them with the greatest distinctness," she subsequently observed, in describing the scene, "knowing that they were natives of a distant province, where the dialect is no doubt corrupted. But one cannot be expected to

be equally at ease in *all* the patois of this heterogeneous country, and so I failed to make them—that is to say, they failed to comprehend me. I am disposed to believe they are very proper persons, for I am sure they made every effort to understand, until I mentioned, as in duty bound, the name of Doctor Charwell. Then, in their righteous indignation at his plots and schemes, they were unable to control themselves, and they broke forth with a volubility that quite confused me. We must make allowance for the feelings of a grandmother"—

"And an aunt," insinuated Miss Kezia.

"And an aunt, sister," assented the senior, not much liking the interruption. "*Two* aunts," I believe there were," she added, with the familiar Philipson disinclination to accept any statement without tacking an amendment or variation to it. "If they were not leaving so soon for the region where their singular dialect prevails, I should follow up the opening. Sister Kezia had an idea that we might do well to attend the wedding, and give our countenance to the affair; but I am not so sure that we are justified in upholding, by our presence, these unconsecrated heathen unions."

Sister Kezia winced, as if feeling too heavy a burden thrown unfairly on her shoulders; for, in truth, the design of "countenancing" the ceremony had originated solely with Miss Sophia, and had been abandoned in consequence of the unpromising demeanor of the Yamada household. The younger lady drew herself up, and seemed about to deliver a protest, but was promptly repressed by the dominating spirit of the establishment.

"No, dear Kezia, no," she said, "I do not find it borne in upon me to go. I think, friends, that in these matters we are bound to obey the inward monitor. My sister is at liberty to follow the dictates of her own conscience, and I

should not think of opposing her desires; but for my part, it seems to me that we can hardly be too mindful that we are in Japan. That is a fact which should never be lost sight of."

XI.

TRANQUIL DAYS.

All things fairly considered, Yone's lot promised to be less unhappy than I, in my anxious solicitude, had apprehended. It might have been infinitely worse, though, unhappily, there was no assurance that it would not become intolerable at any time; for Japanese wives are as utterly dependent upon the will of their husbands as any slaves on earth are subservient to their masters. The ill-regulated conjugal system is a blot which has yet to be effaced from the social record of the country. The happiness, comfort, even the life and death, of a wife may hang upon the caprice of the man to whom she has been given in wedlock.

Santo was a rough sort of animal, with even less education than the average of his order, destitute of the first rudiment of refinement, troubled with no definite ideas respecting morality, despotic in his temper, gifted with small capacity for affection, incredulous of the existence of feminine delicacy or susceptibility, and possessed of an inordinate vanity,—though upon what grounds his self-approval was based he would probably have been unable to explain. On the other hand, he was not reputed violent or brutal, nor rancorous in speech, except when vexed by opposition. He exacted no unreasonable service from his family or other subordinates; allowed those about him a healthful measure of physical relaxation; and having no sordid or miserly love of lucre, though fond of accumulating money for the consequence it gave him, there was

nothing meagre in his provision for the material wants of his household. At least my poor girl would not languish for lack of proper nourishment, nor droop under labors to which her strength was not commensurate.

Soon after the marriage an event occurred which had the effect of enabling her to secure all the possible advantages of her position. Working in his yard, upon the very boat which I had ordered from him, her husband one day dealt himself, with an adze, a heavy blow upon the foot, the result of which was to keep him on his back for a fortnight, in no little pain, but not in peril of any sort. Accidents of the kind were not uncommon, though they generally fell to the share of the inferior workmen. Santo's peevish irritability, under the smart of the wound and the inevitable spell of compulsory idleness, was at first outrageous. For a time, he would not bear the sight of Yone near him, and descanted oracularly upon the uselessness of a learned baby at a wounded man's bedside; but she presently found means of proving that her patience and gentleness, not to speak of her intelligent sensitiveness to suffering, were of greater value than the more experienced but less sympathetic qualifications of his clumsy-fingered pair of mistresses,—whom, I should mention, it had not occurred to him, any more than it would have occurred to any ordinary Japanese, to dismiss at the advent of his legitimate bride. There was a virtue, till then unknown to him, in her light and dexterous touch. The "hand of little employment" had "the daintier sense," and it was not long before it pleased the master to discard entirely the attentions of his wonted companions, not at all to their dissatisfaction, and throw the whole duty of nursing him upon his wife.

After all, it was incomparably less exhausting than the toil to which she had been condemned by her grandparent. Santo had started upon his wedded life with an undefined purpose of "breaking in" his aristocratic spouse; of bring-

ing her down to his own level in short order, and convincing her that the might of marital authority was to be the only recognized power in his house. But he discovered, rather to his astonishment, that he had no material to work upon. The girl was as docile from the beginning as he could have expected to make her by months of the proposed treatment. This, however, might be a trick of feminine craft, to lure him from his scheme of discipline, and beguile him into habits of indulgence. While these doubts were moving in his mind, not actively by any means, but in a heavy, drowsy fashion, he laid himself low, and gave his sluggish reason an opportunity of acting in the right direction.

The extent of Yone's influence over him was shown in his totally unexpected consent to submit the injured foot to foreign surgical treatment. Her first attempts at persuasion were pushed aside, with grunts of withering scorn and spite. But when I called, one day, professedly to inquire about my boat, she described so cleverly some of the results of my practice in similar cases—simple enough in point of fact, but marvelous, I presume, in the unaccustomed eyes of the Japanese—that he grudgingly yielded. But only as an experiment, he declared. If the foot did not improve within twenty-four hours, he should, with all courtesy and respect to me, return to his own time-honored specifics. In any case, he could not ruin himself by paying such fees as the foreign physicians always charged. I argued with him that, as the accident had happened while he was working on my account, it was my duty, by all the settled principles of European and American justice, to cure him without any fee at all. He wagged his ugly head with an air of simious sagacity, and said that foreign morality was established on a more honorable basis than he had supposed; and Yone, believing that I told the truth, lifted her flushed face with an expression of relief such as I would willingly have purchased at the cost of a dozen fibs of the same pattern, or worse.

It was not difficult to set him on his legs with very little delay, and after his recovery he did not resume the subordinating processes which he had previously thought expedient. He manifested no gratitude for the care which had been lavished upon him; that was a matter of course, although he had not thought it was in the girl to do so well. If anybody had suggested to him that it might not be amiss to reward her with a word of acknowledgment, he would simply have stared, and grunted. But, without the slightest direct intention on his part, probably with no consciousness of deviating from his normal course, he certainly did make a new distinction between her and the two women who lived with him in a meaner capacity. Perhaps it was the outgrowth of a feeling similar to that which would be called forth by some workman's development of special skill. She had done a job better than others had done it before her. But I never looked very deeply into the matter, nor am I sure that there was anything to analyze. It was satisfactory, so far as it went.

Yone's life would soon have fallen into a dreary routine but for the privilege I had fortunately procured for her. One day in every week she was free to go forth and earn a ridiculous mite,—though her husband did not know how ridiculous it was,—by discharging nominal duties which, I am free to confess, had not much the appearance of systematic translation. For half an hour, or it might be double that time, she would diligently turn certain passages of my lectures into Japanese, or convert a few pages of native history, science, or philosophy into English. Then she would be dismissed to take a wholesome walk, to visit friends, to idle as industriously as she might; always returning before evening to get the books required for the study with which she was for the time occupied. Of the harmlessness of these mild prevarications she allowed herself to be convinced; and, indeed, I think she fully realized that the dead weight of such an existence as that to which she was

doomed would have utterly paralyzed her mind but for the relief provided for her. Every Saturday morning the gentle little woman, who ought to have been kept a child for years to come, appeared with her package of books, on the top of which was always a pretty bunch of flowers for my desk, prepared to repeat on her knees, as a Japanese may do without abasement, her grateful, tremulous formula of thanks to me for having saved her life, she thought, her reason, she was sure. No protest, however stern; no request, however earnest; no pretense of displeasure could ever induce her to forego that touching refrain.

While seeking for the means to make her weekly day of leisure a happy one, I lighted upon the discovery that she had resumed her friendly relations with the Philipsons. There was no room for lingering resentment in that forgiving heart. She begged me not to be offended. They had been kind to her once; they meant, in their manner, to be kind to her always. If they had not understood her, it was so easy to excuse them; and since my anger had been only on her account, would I not make her glad by excusing them, too? That, in various forms, was her constant plea. Well, well; of what use was it to tell her they were not worthy of the affection she awarded them? Her humility was as frank and genuine as her bounteous magnanimity. It was not for me to gainsay her, nor to check the outflow of her pure goodness. And so, in her simplicity, she suffered herself to be preached at, pestered, and often saddened by these querulous and discontented old maids, who never dreamed that a light too fine for their dull vision made their sombre house radiant with love and charity whenever she visited it. The only kindred spirits there who felt, without caring to comprehend, her influence were the little children,—especially the invalids, to whom her coming brought a peace like the tranquil beauty of a fairer sphere. These were the friends who never doubted, never pained her. They clung to her when their fading power of recognition extended to no others. Once, a dying girl, whom she had sorrowfully left at nightfall, said to her nurse,—

"Yone has gone away. It is all dark without her. Please put me near the window; then the stars will shine upon me, as she does always."

XII.

THE GATHERING OF A STORM.

ARTHUR MILTON was a pleasant, bright-faced young American, who, in the early Spring of 1879, came to Japan with a party of travelers of the class somewhat disrespectfully and not very wittily designated "globe-trotters," for no apparent reason, except that their route of exploration embraces the whole circuit of the earth, instead of being confined to a limited section thereof. What there is about this to justify the application of an epithet intended to be offensive, I have never been able to understand. The group of wanderers to which I refer numbered perhaps half a dozen, and included the mother and sister of Milton, both widows, and other near relations. They brought letters to me and to the Philipsons, in Tokio, and one of the methods employed to render their sojourn agreeable was to send Yone about with them on occasional raids among the silk-shops, bric-a-brac warehouses, and other repositories alluring to casual visitors. It was upon one of these expeditions that she met Miss Gibson, the young delegate from a United States mission, who had crossed the ocean with the Milton party, and had naturally accompanied them in some of their sight-seeing rambles.

When the period arrived for the circumambulators to proceed on their westward course, the young gentleman I have mentioned announced that he found the limitation of time they had assigned to Japan entirely inadequate. He thought that months, not weeks, should be devoted to this interest-

ing land, and regretted that the programme had been so disproportionately laid out. While agreeing with him as to the fascinations of Japan, his friends ventured to suggest that as they had not yet become acquainted with the countries still to be examined, they were hardly in a position to judge of their attractiveness, or lack of attractiveness, as compared with what they had already seen. But he was determined to act upon his own impulses, and declared himself confident that a few weeks could be advantageously taken from China, Siam, Java, and India, and more profitably employed in adding to his stock of information regarding this delightful and romantic next-door neighbor to his own nation. He wanted to discover for himself how these people had managed to perform their tremendous leap from the Middle Ages plump into the heart of the nineteenth century, without dislocating their brains or even losing their balance; alighting, in fact, as squarely and safely on their feet as if vaulting over half a dozen centuries, and bursting through the interposing barriers of custom, tradition, and fixed national policy, were as easy as the commonest trick of the circus. He would remain awhile, and join his companions at a further point of their course.

There was nothing remarkable in this. Nine-tenths of the visitors to Japan overpass their allotted time; half of them prolong their stay for years, and not a few settle themselves virtually forever, content to accept this captivating island empire as the pleasantest haven that the world affords. I had known a score of enthusiastic New Englanders who had thus yielded to the various allurements held out to them. Arthur Milton followed the usual routine: proposing to master the language in a few weeks; projecting scientific and social investigations on the broadest scale; evolving elaborate strategetic combinations for the overthrow of insolent foreign domination and the immediate revision of the treaties; pursuing all the bright

fancies which are sure to be awakened in ardent and amiable minds, when first brought in contact with the evidences of a national development unparalleled in history. He was not wholly a visionary. He was ready enough to laugh, with a friend, at his own high-flown conceptions, but not less prompt to defend them with unmistakable sincerity, if attacked by any of the narrow trading or "colonial" theorists. He really wanted to put his shoulder to the same wheel which so many have striven to lift out of the mire, and, like others before him, was resolutely convinced that nothing but a clear, vigorous statement of Japan's needs and ill-treatment was needed to make the whole Western world properly ashamed of itself, and to secure atonement for the past and justice for the future.

I took kindly to the lad. Knowing, by disagreeable experience, how little was likely to result from any enterprise that he could set on foot, I had no very deep faith that his energy would long withstand the rebuffs and disappointments which await all those who attempt to redress the wrongs endured by Eastern nations. But he was at least for the moment sincere, and there was a glowing warmth in his tone and manner which proved that his feelings were strongly aroused, and that he was determined to speak and to be heard, while the spirit was upon him, however transitory his fervor might be. I tried to set him upon the right track, helped him to what information he needed, encouraged him by listening patiently whenever he came to lay before me this or that plan of diplomatic or revolutionary action, and abstained from expressing a single doubt as to his perseverence or lasting devotion.

Until the afternoon when Miss Philipson launched her extraordinary imputation, the idea of associating him or his doings in any particular way with Yone Santo had never occurred to me. That she had met the young man more than once, I was well aware; for I had myself been the means of attaching her to several excursions in which he, with his

mother and sister, took part, and I had once conducted him to her husband's house, in order that he might deliver a friendly souvenir left for her by those ladies. I remembered, too, that he had spoken, on a later occasion, of having obtained from her some information on social subjects, of which he had been in need. But nothing of that sort could cause me the least uneasiness. If I had heard that he visited her every day in the week, it would have concerned me only to the extent of wondering whether her rough husband might not object to such intrusions upon his privacy. I knew my protégée too well to be disturbed by any disagreeable reflections on her account.

Nevertheless, when Milton next called upon me, I thought it not amiss to make a few inquiries.

"When did you last see Yone Santo?" I asked, as soon as our ordinary political conversation began to flag.

"Yone Santo? Let me think," he answered, hesitatingly; "when did I see her? Was it yesterday?'

I could not avoid noticing the awkward and indirect manner of his reply.

"That is what I am asking you," I said. "You probably know whether you saw her yesterday, or not. Certainly, I don't."

"Yes, to be sure," he responded, still with a suggestion of reluctance in his tone. "I think it was yesterday,—yesterday morning."

"Indeed," I remarked; "she seldom goes out, except of a Saturday, and the morning is a busy time at Santo's place."

"Yes,' he rejoined, with greater readiness; "I was there on business. The old man is going to make me a boat."

"Oh, if you want a boat," said I, "you could not do better than go to him. He is a capital workman, though not always a model of good manners. He made my little wherry, over the way."

"Just so," returned Milton. "I heard of your giving him that job."

The words were as simple as possible, but in the accent with which they were spoken there seemed to be a shade of irony, or perhaps of derision. Whatever it might have been, the sound was strange, and did not altogether please me.

"You could have had my boat, at any time," I suggested. "It was hardly worth while to get one built, unless you mean to remain here much longer than you first intended."

"The cost is nothing," he said; "and besides, I wanted an excuse for going there as often as I liked."

"Ah, then you go there often."

"Every day, or so. He amuses me immensely, and I like to talk to the girl."

"Which girl?" I asked. "None of Santo's servants can do much in the way of conversation, I should imagine."

"Oh, come, Doctor," he answered, laughing good-humoredly, "you know whom I mean."

"Milton," said I, "when did you last hear from your traveling party?"

"Two days ago," he replied, a little surprised at the sudden change of theme.

"The mails are regular?"

"I suppose so; my people were just leaving Peking."

"Your mother was well?"

"Quite well; never better, I should judge."

"Rough travel does not disagree with your family, then?"

"Oh, no; we are a hardy lot."

"To be sure; and how was the girl?'

He looked at me inquiringly.

"The girl? I hardly understand you."

"Oh, yes, you do," I asserted, with an air which could not well fail to give offense. "How was she?"

A red flush passed over his face.

"The only *girl* in the party, Doctor Charwell, is my sister, Mrs. Seaford, a widow, as you probably know. May I inquire what you mean?"

"My young friend," said I, getting up from my seat, and walking about the room, "you are annoyed at my expression. You are quite justified. I beg your pardon most earnestly. I perceive that a careless word like that might make no end of mischief. There, I entreat you over and again to excuse me. It is the luckiest thing in the world that there were no listeners."

"Why, of course, Doctor, it's all right. You need not make so much of it. Say no more."

"That depends," said I.

"What depends, he asked, "and how?"

"It depends upon whether you have or have not anything to say, in your turn."

"Upon my word, Doctor, I haven't an idea of what you mean."

"You shall have, Milton. Your sister, Mrs. Seaford, has the claim of every gentlewoman to be always spoken of with courtesy. The same right belongs to Yone Santo, my friend."

He stared a moment, and then broke out, excitedly,—

"What, sir! Do you mean to institute a comparison"—

I interrupted him sharply.

"Restrain yourself. I expect you, as a simple act of justice,—or, if you like better, I will ask you as a favor to me,—to reflect upon this matter before saying what is in your mind. A moment's delay will do you no harm. I will be with you again immediately."

I left him in my office, while I went to another part of the house. When I returned, five minutes later, he was gone, greatly to my disappointment. But in less than half an hour he reappeared, looking a little abashed and confused, but smiling with the grace and frankness which were his especial charms.

"Doctor Charwell, listen to me," he began, as he crossed the threshold. "I have a speech to make, and I must not be interrupted. In the first place you were all right, and I

was all wrong,—that goes without saying. But that is not enough. The truth is, there is no snare so cunning as common custom. You fall into it without stopping to think. Now, everybody out here speaks of these people as 'Japs,'—and so have I, like the other idiots. I wonder how I should relish hearing myself called a 'Yank'! In the same way, I suppose, every Japanese woman, high or low, is a 'girl.' But this is no excuse for me. Here have I been putting myself forward for the past month as a defender and champion of this country and its inhabitants; and yet I can't keep my tongue from insulting them. So much for general principles. Now for particulars. In this matter of your friend, I acknowledge that I was doubly to blame. I was going to say, when you stopped me, that I couldn't stand any comparison being made between my sister and a Japanese. Now, however, I see that if we are bound to be more stringent in one case than in the other, it should be when Japanese ladies are alluded to. For they, unless a good fellow like you happens to be at hand, have nobody to stand up for them. It's cowardly, as well as mean, to slight them by carelessness of speech. If anybody puts an affront upon one of our women,—well, my sister, for example,—it isn't necessary that I should be there; a dozen hands will be ready to set the matter right. You may bet as heavily as you like, Doctor, that you will never hear me talk about a Japanese 'girl' again; that is, in any sense that could possibly be unpleasant."

I let him run his course, because, as I have said, I liked the young fellow, and was glad to hear how he had reasoned the matter to a fair conclusion. But it was evident that he supposed my reproof to have been tendered on what he called "general principles," and did not understand the nature and extent of my interest in Yone; with which, indeed, nothing had yet occurred to acquaint him. I deemed it better, while the subject was fresh in our thoughts, to let

him know that I looked upon myself in a measure as her guardian; and that I had deeper reason for sensitiveness with respect to her than with the majority of Japanese young women.

"And so you find it agreeable to visit the Santos' place?" said I, tentatively.

"Indeed I do," he promptly answered. "That clever little lady can tell me more in ten minutes, about the topics which I am looking into, than I can draw from a professed expert in a day. And I suppose there is no harm in saying it is a deal pleasanter to get information from such a charming source than from a set of old humbugs who have no sympathy with my investigations, and who, I believe, have to hunt up one day what they communicate to me the next."

"And what has Santo to say to your making yourself at home there? He has not the reputation of being amiable to strangers."

"He doesn't seem to object; and the boat furnishes a sufficient excuse for frequent calls, as you know very well yourself."

"Milton," I said, "let us have a clearer understanding of this business. I may make a mistake, but I think you have twice put on a satirical tone in referring to my motive in getting a boat from Santo. Now I tell you frankly that I had a motive which did not appear on the surface"—

"Precisely," interrupted he, pertly.

"My dear fellow," said I, "this is no contest of wit. I have no spirit for anything of that kind. I throw myself on your good feeling, in which I have great faith, and beg you to believe that I am serious, deeply serious, in all I have to say upon this matter. Now, being forewarned, you will not wound me, I am sure. I did order the boat, for a special purpose. It was long ago, before Yone's wedding, you will kindly understand. I knew the marriage was inevitable, and I desired to gather some direct knowledge of

the man upon whose character and habits her future comfort must largely depend. And now I shall tell you why."

I then related, as succinctly as I could, the course of Yone's joyless life, bringing the history no nearer, however, than the date when the marriage was forced upon her, and suppressing all mention of my futile attempt to arrange the difficulty by adopting the child.

I had no reason to complain of an inattentive listener. He was, indeed, more moved than I had expected, but there was something superficial in his declarations of sympathy, and many of his observations caused me to think he regarded the whole business as a drama of undoubted pathos, yet one in which he was not wholly disinclined to enact some part. For the moment, however, I had no choice but to trust to his higher instincts; and I closed the subject by saying that while I could not suppose he would share my feelings, I did rely upon him to abstain from doing anything that might add to the young girl's troubles. This seemed to surprise him, but with no other response than a warm though vague assurance of discreet behavior, he hastily took leave.

XIII.

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT.

THROUGH the remainder of the day, a restless spirit possessed me, and in the evening I sought the never-failing recreation of a sail upon the Sumida. I started with no definite object, but the wind carried me up the stream, past the islands, and beyond the thick mazes of streets and canals which stretch for miles along the river-banks. Presently I found myself opposite the boat-builder's domicile, in which a light was still shining, although the hour was late, as hours are counted among the Japanese. Dropping my sail, I drifted shoreward, not

precisely conscious of anxiety, but desirous rather to assure myself that no ground for anxiety existed. The night was still and sultry; yet, as I drew near Santo's little pier, the voice of Milton, talking carelessly and cheerfully, sent a sharp chill through me. As I passed the extremity of the tiny garden, making no sign of recognition, I was evidently mistaken for a visitor to Nakamura-ya, the adjoining popular "tea-house," and no attention was paid to my movements. Should I openly proclaim my presence? The conventional theories as to the ignominy of eavesdropping rushed through my mind, and vanished straightway, leaving no appreciable impression. What? fetter myself with chivalrous fancies and affectations, when the promise given me a few hours earlier had been thus shamelessly broken? Not quite so childish. Since accident had brought me to the situation, I felt no more compunction in discovering what mischief might be afoot than any man would feel in using all means of rescuing an unwitting prey from a venomous snake.

It was not long, nevertheless, before the step which I thus hastily decided upon taking proved to be a most unwise one, at least in so far as its effect upon myself was concerned. It brought me a half hour of torment such as I never thought I could be called to undergo. But I gave no heed, in my impulsive determination, to any consequences except those upon which Yone's safety seemed to depend. A fence, projecting into the river, separated Santo's premises from the tea-house grounds, and I drew my boat close to its farther side, within the broad shadow which it cast upon the surface of the water. This was the only spot not brilliantly lighted by the moon, and the concealment was doubly desirable, for the reason that the favorite place of resort was filled with guests, whose loud speech revealed that some of them were foreigners. I had certainly no wish to be observed, even by strangers, under the peculiar circumstances, and I held myself close to the convenient barrier, invisible to all, but able to discern

everything around me. Through the apertures of the roughly laid boards I saw Yone and her untimely visitor, sitting upon a bench near the shore. At a little distance, a dim figure was perceptible, partly outstretched upon the ground, and partly propped against a tree. This, I assumed, was Santo; and although his silence indicated that he was probably asleep, his mere presence afforded me an unspeakable satisfaction.

The conversation, which had been interrupted by my approach, was soon resumed.

"How lovely the night is!" said Milton. "Sometimes I think there are no moonlights like these in your country."

"Many persons say so, and I am glad to believe it," was the answer, in Yone's tranquil and tender accents.

"It is like fairyland," he said. "'*In such a night as this*'"—

He left the quotation unfinished, and after a little hesitation, Yone added, timidly, "'*When the sweet wind*'"—

"Why," interrupted Milton, in surprise, "do you know those lines?"

"I know them well," she replied; "once I tried to translate them. They are like music, and if I close my eyes I can see wonderful things, when I repeat them. It is strange that such language should come from deceitful mouths."

"Deceitful! What do you mean?"

"Their words were beautiful, but faithfulness was not in their hearts."

"Poor Jessica! I won't attempt to defend Lorenzo, but pretty Jessica,—she couldn't help herself, you know."

"She deserted her father."

"Oh, that is your way of looking at it. So you don't like Jessica's behavior?"

"Her father trusted her, and she betrayed him. It is not possible to like a woman who would do that. But what she said was like a charm."

"Would you not be glad to see the places they spoke of?"

"Have you seen them?"

"I have been near them, at any rate. Have you never thought of going to find them?"

"I did, once; it was only for a few days."

"Why should you not think of it again? I wish we could explore those enchanted regions, and search together for Shakespeare's foot-prints."

"Search for—You are going beyond what I have learned. I do not know that name."

"Shakespeare? He is the author of the play from which we quoted."

"I remember now. I have not read many foreign books, and I thought only of the story, and the persons in it. I will not forget again."

"I promise that you shall not, if you will go with me."

"You are very merry, Mr. Milton. I must be contented with my own little country."

There was not much in this to make me uneasy, but I already began to regret that I had not broken in upon them at the moment of my arrival, and put an end to the dialogue. Still, for Yone's sake, I would stay and learn a little more.

"Do not speak so sadly; we all have our troubles," said Milton, in a tone which conveyed but a slight conception of what trouble meant,—"all of us, and young old."

"You do not understand me," she answered. "I am not sad. My troubles are gone. I have one best friend who has taken them away. I have no wish to think of them, now."

"Who is that friend, Yone?"

"You know him. The good Doctor Charwell."

"Oh, yes, I know him. He is an excellent fellow, but I did not think he was so powerful. What, can he remove everybody's troubles, then?"

"He has cured mine."

"What, all?'

"If I had any, I would go to him, and then I should suffer no more."

"You have great confidence in him!" exclaimed Milton, somewhat pettishly. "And so, if you should ever be weary of this hard life and dull home of yours, I suppose you would look to him for relief."

It needed strong resolution to keep me quiet at this point, for I was persuaded that the young man had a more vicious purpose than was disclosed in his words. But I kept myself under control, confident that Yone's unsuspecting simplicity would be the most effective foil to his advances.

"My life is not hard, Mr. Milton, and my home is not dull. Doctor Charwell knows that; and truly, it is his good friendship that helps me to enjoy so much. Oh, no; my life is very easy now, and my husband is very kind. When my neighbors are ill he lets me go to them freely, and I think by and by he will permit me to have a little school, all for myself."

"Wonderful privileges, Yone!"

"That is true, although you do not seem to speak in earnest. Not many wives in my country are allowed so much. It is different, I know, in yours."

"Yes, you may well say that. In Boston, now, we would find better work for these pretty hands than nursing the pauper neighborhood, and teaching the young rabble hereabout."

"Better work? I do not think Doctor Charwell would say so."

"Doctor Charwell, indeed! My dear Yone, I don't believe he knows whether these little hands are coarse or delicate, rough or smooth; still less what they are fit for."

A ripple of mirth showed how lightly she valued the implied flattery.

"Do you think rough hands are a misfortune?" she asked.

"A great misfortune for a girl like you."

"Well, then, there is *one* trouble which the doctor did remove. They were rough indeed, a year ago. But I did not call that a trouble. That is nothing. I think of the sore places in my heart that he has known how to heal. Nobody else could do that."

He made no immediate answer, but a moment later I heard him say, in a much lower tone,—

"Yes, they are smooth, now, and soft as down,—this one, at least. Is the other like it? Let me see.'

My patience was exhausted. Reaching for an oar, I prepared to push the boat around the intervening wood-work, and put an end to the knavish work; but before I could move from my position, a throng of merry-makers issued from the tea-house, and ran noisily down a pathway toward the river-side. To my consternation, I saw that it was composed of residents in the foreign district of Tokio, to all of whom both Yone and I were well known, while most of them had heard of Milton, if they had not met him. I could not venture upon a movement which would expose me to their view, and inevitably direct their attention to the occupants of the neighboring garden. If they should get a glimpse of the scene, their tongues would be wagging, the next day, all over the settlement. Though in a fever of indignation, I was compelled to govern myself, and to continue silent while the colloquy proceeded.

"Surely my hands are both alike," said Yone; "but it is not comfortable for me when you hold them."

"Only one, then, Yone."

"No, Mr. Milton, there is no meaning in it."

"You are very severe with me, but I suppose that is the privilege of beauty here, as in other lands."

"You do forget that it is not pleasant for me to hear you speak in that way. I have asked you not to do it, many times before."

"I forget nothing that you say to me, but it is hard if I may not tell you what I think. You know it is the truth."

"That I do not know. Indeed, we do not give so many thoughts as foreigners to what our appearance is like. It does not seem to me that this can be the truth. I am sorry to be rude, but I am sure it is not true. You are making a jest of me, Mr. Milton."

"Every word I utter is earnest and sincere. I never thought you would doubt that."

"Then I shall beg you, as a favor, not to repeat these things."

"I will only insist, then, that you are severe. I wonder if you are as severe with everybody. I dare say Doctor Charwell might tell you you are a beauty, without offense.'

"Doctor Charwell may say anything."

"And why not I, Yone?"

She made no reply. I was exasperated at the inaction which the delay of the pleasure-party imposed upon me, and waited only for their departure to leap on shore and drag the young scamp away. But now I could not even stir, much less call out, they were so near.

"Tell me, my little girl, why not?" repeated Milton, more urgently.

"I cannot tell you," she returned, in a somewhat changed voice. "Indeed, I do not know. I am very ignorant of many things."

"Among others, I may mention my first name. You evidently do not know that."

"Oh, yes, I know it."

"Then why do you not use it? I call you 'Yone;' you should call me 'Arthur.'"

"You know that is impossible."

"Why, you will do nothing to please me. I would do anything for you."

"Ah, you are a learned gentleman; you know what is right, and will not make mistakes. There is nothing strange if you call me 'Yone.' Women, with us, are never known by their family names. Those belong to Japanese

men only. But among foreigners—No, no, Mr. Milton; I have studied a little. Your young ladies do not speak so familiarly to gentlemen, unless they are relations, or at least very intimate friends."

"Very well, let us be intimate friends

"Now you are jesting again.'

"Listen, Yone; do you call Doctor Charwell by his first name?"

"I do not."

"Not even when you are alone with him?"

"Why, no, indeed; how can any difference be?"

"Ah, you think there cannot 'any difference be.' But if he should ask you?"

"Ah, then—if he told me, I should do it."

"You are submissive enough to him, I see."

"I should know it would be right."

'And your—your husband?"

"Well?"

"You call him by his first—that is, his second name?"*

"Oh, no!"

"What, not your husband?"

"No, never!"

"How singular! But—you will excuse all my questions, Yone; you know I am trying to learn a great deal about the Japanese customs in a short time. Let me ask you if all the wives are so reserved in speaking to their husbands."

"That is better. I mean it is much easier to answer about all in general—everybody in Japan—than when you question me about myself. Well, it is different in different houses. When the persons are both young, I suppose they use what with your countrymen is the first name; or, in any case, after they have long been married, they probably use it. I do not know very well about these things, myself.

* In Japan, as most readers are probably aware, the name of the family precedes the distinguishing name of each member thereof.

I have lived much alone. Others could explain i more exactly."

"But you know enough to decide how to address your husband."

"That is very simple. A young wife must not be too —must not 'take liberties,' I think you say, with a husband much older than herself. I show the respect which I owe by speaking only his family name. That is more suitable to him, and more"—

"More agreeable to you, no doubt," said Milton, as she suddenly paused.

"It is proper that it should be so," she answered; "and now, shall we not talk of something else?"

"One moment, Yone; only a moment more. This is curious. It seems there is a choice in your mind between your husband and the worthy doctor. You would willingly call Charwell by the friendlier name, but it is not agreeable to do the same with your husband."

"You confuse me, Mr. Milton. It is easy for you to do that. I have told you that I am not clever. I cannot answer any of your questions now, but you have given me many things to ask Doctor Charwell about."

"Doctor Charwell forever! I declare, Yone, I believe you are in love with the man."

"That, indeed, I am," she answered, composedly. "I always have been, since I was a little girl. But you are laughing at me. Why do you laugh? Do you make sport of me with strange phrases? Oh, that is very unfair," and she lightly laughed, herself. "I never heard that phrase before. But I will always tell you I love Doctor Charwell. I cannot love him too much."

"Indeed! And what does your husband say to that?"

"Why, nothing; what should he say?"

"He is aware of it?"

"Of course he is. Everybody who knows Yamada Yone," she added, with an unusual ring in her clear tones,

"surely knows that. Her life would be all dreariness and gloom but for the goodness of that one friend, and her heart must be false and base before she forgets the love that belongs to him. Are you *trying*, Mr. Milton, to speak in a way which I do not understand?"

The revelers had by this time entered their boats, but they were in no haste to depart, and while they lingered I was chained to my dark corner, though the detention tortured me. Santo's heavy breathing reminded me of his presence, which was in some sense a relief, and assisted me to hold myself in check.

Milton's next words were in a more subdued and humble strain:—

"Forgive me, Yone; I would not vex you for the world. It is right that you should cling to your old friend, and I honor your fidelity. But I can't help feeling envious,—just a little; that is natural, you know. Do not think ill of me. Give me your hand before I go."

"You have had my hand, already."

"If you deny me, I shall know you are displeased. Why, what is it, to clasp hands? With us it means only a greeting or a farewell, but to refuse is a mark of real dislike."

"You shall not suppose that,—no, indeed. And I do not believe you would mislead me. It would be very easy, but not—but not very brave. You shall take my hand, and I will trust you, for I have heard that you are good to all the people of my country."

"Thank you, Yone; I"— His voice faltered, and I hoped his treacherous soul was shaken by this evidence of her frank and confiding innocence.

"Your hand trembles," she said; "are you not well?"

"Yes, yes, I am quite well. Don't move; keep as you are,—one second, only."

Once more there was a pause; and when Yone spoke again, it was with a sternness so strangely at variance with her usual placidity as to make it manifest that she had cause for deep resentment.

"You have done a foolish thing, Mr. Milton,—foolish and wrong. It is to your shame. You would never have done it if we were not alone and in the dark. Yet I am glad there is no one to see. I do not wish it known that any man could treat me with scorn. Now I shall arouse my husband, and you will go."

I felt as if the blood would burst from my veins, and nothing but the overwhelming certainty of the malignant scandal that would follow an exposure could have stayed my hand an instant. Why had I yielded to the mad impulse that tempted me to wait and prove the villainy with which my poor child was to be assailed? But the loiterers were starting at last; a minute more, and I should be free.

"Yone, you hurt me terribly," said Milton, with intense vehemence, though speaking scarcely above a whisper. "I will go, if I must, but I pray you to hear one last word. There was no scorn in what I did. It is an act of reverence; I swear it is. A man of honor may put his lips to an empress's hand. It is the token of his loyalty and devotion. I am telling you what every American and European knows to be the truth. Ask whom you like. Ask Doctor Charwell."

"It is not needful. No one shall teach me falsehoods, Mr. Milton. There was no reverence in what you did. I know that I am not an empress. I do not know that you are a man of honor."

"If you could see all that is in my heart, you would not hate me, Yone."

"I do not hate you. You have no right to say it."

"Then listen to me; you shall listen; I will not go until I have told you the whole. Don't be afraid; I would not harm you to save my life a thousand times over. But I must be heard."

"I am not at all afraid; that is not my feeling. But now I am very sure that you are ill."

"By Heaven, I *am* ill, and no living being but you can

help me! Don't you see, Yone? Can't you pity me?"

"I can pity, but it is folly to say that I can help you. I wish Doctor Charwell were here.'

The tea-house boats shot from the shore in a body, their occupants shouting and singing gayly, as they swept down the stream. My time had come.

"He is here!" I cried, swinging myself around the partition, and bursting through the network of willows which fringed the low bank.

XIV.

SHORT AND SHARP.

YONE sprang up from the bench on which she had been sitting, and came hastily to the water's edge. Milton also rose, and advanced less rapidly. Santo, startled from his drowsy torpor, lifted himself with a series of jerks, and stood by the tree which had supported him.

"I was wishing for you," said Yone. "Mr. Milton is not—not himself, I think you say."

"I have come for him," I answered; "he is not fit to be here. Your hand, Milton."

He gave it mechanically, half unconscious of what he was doing; and before another word was spoken, he had taken an involuntary header into my boat, where he lay crouched and tangled among the thwarts, in most unheroic guise.

"Oh, be careful," said Yone; "I am sure that is dangerous."

"No danger now," I replied; "he is in my charge."

"But I fear he is ill," she persisted. "I pray you to take heed."

"I shall do what is necessary," I said, curtly; "have no concern." Then, changing my speech to French, in order to be understood by my captive alone, and struggling masterfully to deliver myself with apparent lightness and ease, I added, "You will go with me without opening your mouth to these people, or I will drag you back to the shore, send Yone away, and not only repeat every word you have spoken, but also explain your damnable meaning, from beginning to end, to old Santo. Choose, quickly."

"I'll go," he muttered; "but let loose my wrist, unless you mean to break it with your infernal surgical sleight of hand."

In fact, I had a grip of iron, in those days, and an athletic skill which I seldom knowingly used. Releasing Milton, I remarked to Santo, who still stood on the bank, dreamily wondering, that my countryman had broken an engagement with me, and compelled me to look sharply after him. I asked him to toss me Milton's hat, made rapid excuses for our abrupt departure, and with the least possible delay began pulling vigorously down the stream, wholly regardless of the conclusions that might be drawn from my behavior.

Under the shadow of the O-hashi (Great Bridge), I rested on my oars. Milton had picked himself together, and sat motionless in the stern.

"Now, sir," I began, "I will hear whatever you have to say."

"I have nothing to say, that I know of," he answered, sullenly.

"That will not do," said I; "several things must be said and settled between us, this night."

"I'll say, then, for one thing," he responded, "that you are not to imagine you frighten me by any of this fantastic performance. I was taken by surprise when you appeared, and I submitted in order to spare Yone."

"To spare her!" I retorted. "Ay, that was obvious. You had been sparing her, all along."

"Oh, I see; a listener!" he scoffed.

"Yes, sir," said I, "a listener,"— just that; and never likely to be better contented with myself than when listen-

ing under such conditions and with such a purpose in view. So none of that cheap sarcasm, if you please."

"I don't know what you may have heard, but"—

"It does not matter," I interposed. "I had a surfeit long before I could get at you."

"You saw that Santo was there," he observed, after a short silence.

"Yes; and I saw the intelligent part he took in the proceedings. I have no high opinion of Japanese husbands generally, and no especial admiration for Santo as a particular specimen; but I can tell you he would have pounded your skull to splinters with the rudder of your own decoy yacht, if he had suspected your infamous devices,—if you had not barred his comprehension by your despicable use of a language he does not understand. Nor my poor hunted child, neither," I added, presently. "Her honest studies, thank God, have taught her none of the meaning of such foulness as you have tried to poison her with to-night. Poor girl, poor girl! To think that her first revelation of deceit and treachery should reach her through me, after all!"

I broke off with a gasp of pain and fury, and again betook myself to driving the boat madly through the water. Regaining some part of my self-possession, I waited a second time, under the lower bridge, and resumed the dialogue in a less excited key, if not in milder words.

"There is no reason in wasting our breath, Mr. Milton; you have broken faith with me, and I shall be extremely short in my measures with you. Within this week, that is to say by the next steamer which goes westward, you will leave Japan. Or, you may take your choice as to direction, but here you shall not stay."

"A likely matter!" he replied, jeeringly.

"A certain matter," I responded with emphasis. "In token of which, I will go with you to-morrow to Yokohama, while you engage your passage."

"And if"—

"And if you refuse, I will not only disgrace you, (for I begin to doubt your sensitiveness to that sort of treatment), but I will beat you as such a cowardly cur should be beaten; not one day, but every day, and in the public streets, until you go elsewhere to heal your broken bones. Oh, yes, sir; and all who see shall know for what villainy you are punished."

"This is very lively language," said Milton, speaking in a manner curiously at variance with his usual buoyancy and heartiness; "but it will do no harm to you or your object if you listen to me for a moment. As to your threats, if I know myself at all, they do not move me one particle. I don't know whether you have the power to execute them, to begin with,"—

"Stop, sir," I interjected; "you are perfectly aware that I am incapable of a vain boast on a theme like this. It is true that I am speaking in great exasperation, and at a later hour I may see cause to modify my plans with regard to you; but there is no more doubt in *your* mind than in *mine* that I can accomplish all I choose to warn you of."

"Well, it does'nt strike me as formidable. If I really feel myself in bodily peril," he pursued, with a sneer, "I dare say I can provide myself with some contrivance to keep you at a reasonable distance."

"Since you show your hand so plainly," I rejoined, "I will use my present opportunity. I shall take you straightway to my house, and keep watch over you, as I would over any other vicious and cunning wild beast, until to-morrow. Then the order for your passage shall go to Yokohama by telegraph. This programme is quite as easy as the other,—perhaps easier."

"You had better hear me to the end," he answered. "I don't propose to go to your house to-night, and you will not get me there unless you have some clever device for killing me first. What I do propose is this. I will—I will—well, I have undoubtedly broken the pledge I gave you this day,

and what I feel about that you are not likely ever to know." His voice fell gloomily, and for a moment he was silent. After a brief pause he continued; "We will drop promises, then. My statement is that I shall voluntarily be at your house to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, or earlier, if you choose. This subject can then be taken up again, on any basis that suits you. To that I consent, and to nothing else. That is all I have to say, and all I undertake to perform, for the present."

A hundred feverish thoughts raced through my brain, as I propelled the boat toward Tsukiji, the foreign district of Tokio, at more moderate speed than before. I was not wholly unconscious of the wildness of my recent speech, nor of the violence of my menaces. But I was nevertheless, at the moment, as ready to carry them through as I was unquestionably able, so far as physical strength was concerned. It was an accident, to which I had never given much consideration, that I possessed far more than the average muscular force; and in my bitter rage against this smooth-faced rogue, it seemed as if it had been given me only to bruise and maim, or perhaps to crush him out of existence, if he ventured to resist the orders I should lay upon him. As the moments flew by, however, other considerations began to fill my mind. The fierce desire for an immediate revenge gradually gave way to more prudent reflections as to what was most important for Yone's welfare. Was it my part to create or to magnify a new and cruel scandal? This was precisely what I had striven to avoid, by keeping myself from observation by the party at Nakamura-ya. Rapidly adjusting these views, I adopted, not without misgiving at the time, what I am now well assured was the wiser conclusion. By acceding to Milton's proposal, I should run no risk of his escaping me. I could keep as strict a guard upon him, for my purpose, in his own house as in my own. As we drew near the landing steps, I said:—

"Very well, Mr. Milton, I agree to your suggestion. I shall expect you not later than eight, to-morrow."

But it appeared that his ideas had also undergone a change, for he answered, as he stepped ashore,—

"I shall be there, Doctor Charwell, unless, indeed, you prefer a more prompt discussion. I see an advantage in that, which did not occur to me when you spoke before. It is not late. If you are as little inclined to sleep as I am, and are disposed to give an hour, at once, to the matter in hand, I will go with you, and let you hear my determination as it now shapes itself before me."

I was surprised, but by no means ill-satisfied. Signifying my assent, I led the way to my quarters, a few paces distant.

XV.

FAIR PROMISE.

SEATED on my veranda, overlooking the broad bay of Yedo, I waited to hear the motive of this new demonstration.

"I will say once more," Milton began, "and say it for the last time, that, so far as I can judge myself, your threats of abusive treatment have no weight with me. But there are arguments at work in my own mind which do indeed affect me. Until this night, although I ought to have known, I did not fully know in what direction I was tending, nor with what insane speed. No I do know. No harm, fortunately, has yet been done, and within a week I shall quit Japan, without again seeing Yone Santo."

He was a strange compound of weakness and impulsive vigor, of honorable and ignoble propensities. Listening to him now, marking the fervor, the apparent frankness, and the unmistakable feeling with which he spoke, no unprepared hearer could have distrusted him. For myself, I do

not doubt that at the moment he was thoroughly sincere. But it would have been a lamentable folly, knowing his utter instability, to leave him in a condition of such merely superficial and probably transitory regret. His impressions might change entirely in a day; and I had—or believed I had—ample evidence of the worthlessness of his pledges.

"Much harm *has* been done, sir," I said, in reply to one part of his observation.

"None whatever," he responded, "thanks to Yone's innocence,—not to my honesty. When I reached home, after leaving you this afternoon, I found a note from her, written at Santo's dictation, and asking for instruction about a detail of the boat. I first thought of going there to-morrow. But the evening was so bright that I determined upon an after-dinner walk to the building-yard. If you had asked me, I should have said it was mainly, if not solely, with a view to answering Santo's inquiries."

"And it would not have been true."

"It would have been true then, for, as I remember, that was certainly my conviction. Now, of course, I recognize that it was little better than a pretext, imposed by myself upon myself. But I had no foreshadowing of what would occur. The opportunity was unusual, and the temptation was great. Having settled the business question, old Santo himself proposed going into the garden; and after seeing Yone and myself seated on the bench, he straightway dropped asleep. I think we might have been there half an hour when you appeared. How much you heard I do not know. It was the first time I had ever addressed her in a way—in a way likely to do harm. I had been friendly, and, I admit, affectionate before,—too much so, perhaps,—but I had never tried to pervert her notions of right and wrong. As you probably know, I failed completely,—and I thank God for it. I was surprised in the beginning, then vexed, at her total lack of comprehension. I could not help wondering if it was genuine, but I soon saw I might as well

have endeavored to make her understand a new language as tried to sully her thoughts with a suspicion of evil."

"Why do you tell me this?" I demanded.

"Because, whether I succeed or not, I wish to try and repair some of the damage I have done,—the only damage, I may say,—which is the uneasiness I have caused you."

"That may rest. But it is not the only damage. The unfamiliar words and ideas you have planted in Yone's mind will not pass out of her recollection, as if she were a girl of mean intelligence. You have laid a foundation upon which her imagination will build, until she becomes acquainted with the existence of many things yet unknown to her. It was against such a risk that I would have guarded her, at any cost."

"But surely, Doctor Charwell, I may say—Heaven knows, without a thought of offense—that a girl of her peculiar beauty would be sure, sooner or later, to be enlightened."

"You know little of this country, sir. She might live to old age, and never hear a whisper of such venomous stuff as you have attempted to pour into her ears to-night. That does not happen to be the style of ill-treatment which the Japanese apply to women of a decent class. It was reserved for foreigners to institute the pastime of woman-hunting in this part of the world. And a noble revelry they make of it! They remind me of that princely Nimrod, the Count de Chambord, who used to have his deer driven so close that he could look into their eyes, and then, as he slaughtered them right and left, he called it sport. The pursuit of Japanese women by foreigners is the same sort of manly diversion. They bring down their game, not because they are expert or daring, but because their victims are all unconscious of the danger that threatens them. You and others fall in with a pretty and attractive girl, and ply her with seductive words she has never heard before,—words which she did not know *could* be spoken to her, and the sound of which awakens emotions she had never dreamed

of. She becomes alive to possibilities far outside of her accustomed sphere, and to the possession of faculties as strange to her as sunlight to the blind. Think how narrow are the limits of a Japanese woman's happiness! Maternity is the single deep and absorbing joy she can know. If she gets a husband who treats her with reasonable kindness, she may become moderately attached to him; but conjugal love is a sentiment she never feels, and never dares to feel. If she finds it stealing upon her, she knows her sole hope is to crush it out, lest she suffer the more keenly when the inevitable day of neglect and cruelty comes. As for the proud delight of courtship, the little span of bliss when the weaker becomes the stronger, when the expectant bride is the ruler and her lover the willing slave, no glimpse of such ecstasy ever dawns upon girlhood in Japan. Of all the women in the land, not one knows what it means. But you are not to suppose them any more destitute of tender sensibilities than our own daughters and sisters. The loving instincts of their sex are not called into life here,—that is all. But what is to happen when one of them listens to professions, against the danger of which *our* young women are guarded by parental vigilance or conventional education? Why should the untaught Japanese doubt the sincerity of what she hears? She knows no reason why any man alive—least of all, any foreigner—should take pains to flatter or delude her by false avowals. What is *she*, to assume that it is worth any man's while to beguile her with deceitful protestations? Who would so foolishly waste time on *her*? Strange as it seems, it must be real and true. She has never before been told she possessed beauty, or grace, or other charms; certainly not as she is now told. Her thoughts have never been turned into those channels. In the ordinary course of her life they never would be. But now she is confronted by a foreigner, a being upon whom she looks as a moral and intellectual superior, who flutters her little soul with caresses which she does not

know how to reject, and which open to her a rare new world of poetry and romance. Then comes her dream of happy love, which lasts a month, two months, more commonly a week, and from which she awakes with her poor fond heart broken,—broken as ruthlessly as the tie which she believed, because she had been told, would endure forever. That's the proud game of the woman-hunter in Japan. That is the game which you, Mr. Milton, start out to play with a trusting, unsuspecting child, confident that, in the unequal contest, your practiced weapons will swiftly beat down her weak defenses, and destroy her."

"I won't admit," said Milton, without a trace of the anger or impatience I had looked for,—"I won't admit that any injury can come of it, though I have no intention of exculpating myself. I will say, whether you credit it or not, that there was no premeditation. The grievous story you told me earlier in the day was fresh in my mind, and I was filled with pity for the poor girl. Pity—that is to say,—well, you shall have the truth without disguise,—it was *not* all pity. She has had a hold upon me, for weeks, which I could not break away from. Not that she knew anything about it. All she has heard amiss from me she has heard to-night. It cannot hurt her. She is not one of the ignorant and unguarded class you speak of. She is well educated; her training has been ample. She is far above danger from so small a mischance as this."

"Not so. Her education has not prepared her for experiences of this kind. Warnings against the snares of unscrupulous foreigners could hardly be taught in the schools for Japanese girls. Unhappily, her culture, though far from what it should be, has advanced sufficiently to render her keenly susceptible to severe misfortune. She is one of the few whose minds have been too rapidly and maturely developed for the position they are constrained to hold Without foreign cultivation of any kind, she might have passed through life, even as the wife of a rude mechanic,

and never felt the worst of the griefs and humiliations she has now to endure. Left unaware that the conditions of her existence were a perpetual degradation, she would have known little of the shame which now oppresses her. Fortunately, her scholarship yields her some compensations, and her own beautiful nature sustains her in patience. But there is one misery from which neither her studies nor her high character can protect her, and which, if it falls upon her, will be increased a thousand-fold by the very acuteness of her intelligence. She has no knowledge yet—at least I trust not—as to what her own heart is capable of. All I can wish for her is a composed and tranquil passage, without heavy sorrows, over the course marked out for her. But if her stronger affections are ever awakened by such wiles as a reckless libertine may employ, and if she learns what passionate love means, then her peace is gone, her future is a hopeless misery. And if you, Arthur Milton, set yourself to an undertaking so cowardly and base as to draw this good and noble girl away from the life to which she has resigned herself, only to leave her presently to everlasting despair, you are a monster of whom, I tell you plainly, I think the Almighty might well be helped to rid the world with the least possible loss of time.

"I have said I shall go away from Japan," answered Milton, "and I mean to go. I cannot bring myself to share your apprehensions, but I will act as if I did. I consent to be governed by your extravagant theories, but it will never be apparent to me that a young woman's whole life need be made wretched by a bit of harmless flirtation."

"Flirtation! I tell you again that girls of Yone's stamp know nothing of such a word. They either believe or disbelieve what is said to them. You do not require to be told whether your language and tone were calculated to delude her into a false conviction of your sincerity. You are well aware that if she had continued to listen understandingly, she would have taken your declarations in all honesty. She is not the girl to yield to them in any way affecting her good name,—never suppose that,—but she might have been touched by a spell which would endanger her peace of mind. I trust to God she has escaped it. She cannot know what a happy love is; it is too late for that. After all she has gone through, she had better die at once than learn what love in any form but that of friendship means."

"Of course you know, Doctor Charwell," said Milton, after a few moments' thought, "that I could bring a score of opinions to set against yours. I have met more than one man, with as much experience as you have had, who would scream with glee at the notion of a Japanese girl breaking her heart on any pretense. Plenty of the 'old residents' are quite as emphatic on their side of the question as you are on yours."

"Yes, you have fallen in with some of those hardened brutes—leaders of rational public opinion, they call themselves—who strive to establish a belief in the general profligacy of Japanese women, in order to lessen the scandal of their personal iniquities. I know the set, and what their evidence is worth; and so do you, I'll warrant, though you choose to quote them as entitled to credence. But I tell you that if you listen long to those cold-blooded reptiles, you will soon wish to forget you ever had a mother or sister."

"Bad as they may be," replied Milton, "they have facts to support them. They do get possession of Japanese women without much difficulty, and generally with the connivance or approval of their fathers or brothers."

"That is a different matter. I make no attempt to defend such Japanese *men* as condemn their wives and daughters to shameful lives. The best contrived tortures of a couple of centuries ago would be too good for them. I speak only of the women. They are victims, not willful sinners. They are brought up to believe that the highest virtue is

blind obedience to parental decrees. They accept their doom as a martyrdom, and surrender themselves to a contamination which, they assume, the dire need of their elders renders inevitable. It is often the saddest of sacrifices, yet foreigners, knowing this to be true, inhumanly pretend that the vicious course is adopted with satisfaction, if not with eagerness. Worse than all, the foreign women who come here with maxims of Christian charity in their mouths, ostensibly to aid in the work of civilization,—these women, almost without exception, join in the defamatory outcry, and, from the moment of their arrival, act upon the absurd theory that they are dealing with a race of human beings among whom chastity, modesty, and delicacy are unknown. They treat their charges, not as if a single one of them possessed the naturally clean instincts of girlhood, but as if they must be all put through some humiliating process of moral purification before being admitted to companionship with these over-righteous messengers of social enlightenment. And the result? But we are straying far from the track, Mr. Milton. Our subject is particular, not general. Your departure, I understand, will take place"—

"Within a week, as you shall see," he answered.

I thanked him, but with an effort, for indeed nothing would have completely satisfied me except, probably, his immediate withdrawal, even at that impracticable hour,—on foot, if necessary,—to Yokohama, and his prompt embarkation from that port early in the morning. I had obtained, however, as much as I could expect; and with that partially consolatory reflection I retired, to pass the night in conjectures as to the steps required for my ill-guarded child's welfare in future, mingled with deep regrets that, among the whole body of European and American residents settled in Japan, I could not bethink me of one true, large-hearted woman to whom I might confide the

story of Yone's life, and whose generous sympathy would supply the help which my sex and my rougher nature alike disqualified me from offering. Not one!

XVI.

TREACHERY.

As I sat alone, the next morning, still musing, with many misgivings, over the difficult situation, I was startled by the abrupt entrance of Milton, in vehement haste and much disorder, and so agitated as to be for some moments incapable of speech. He flung himself into a chair, and gazed at me intently, essaying at intervals to articulate, but repeatedly failing. I carried him a glass of spirits, part of which he drank, exclaiming, afterward, in a husky voice,—

"I wish to God it was poison!"

"You don't wish anything of the sort," I replied; "and I hoped, from our understanding of last night, that there would be no more occasion for these mock heroics. What has happened?"

He left the chair he had taken on first entering, and seated himself in another, close beside my table.

"We can be alone, I hope," he said.

"Certainly;" and I locked the office doors. Returning near him, and examining him attentively, I saw that he was in an unnatural state of excitement, from which I could not but draw alarming forebodings.

"Come, what has happened?" I again demanded.

"Worse—yes, much worse—than I could have believed," he panted, in response.

"Speak plainly, man!" I cried. "To begin with, you have seen Yone."

"But I did not go to her," he protested, eagerly. "It was the purest accident."

"There, there, I" answered, "leave off excusing yourself and your misdeeds. What has happened to Yone?"

"Nothing,—nothing serious, I hope—I believe. I have just left her, at the bridge near the Custom House. I think she will soon be coming to see you. I—I wanted to see you first."

"Naturally," said I, giving full vent to my contempt, and concerning myself in no degree about his feelings, now that I felt assured Yone was safe,—"naturally enough; you wanted me to hear your own story before getting the absolute truth from her."

"In any case," he proceeded, "you had best listen to me, at present. You can learn what you wish to learn from her, afterward. She has gone to the school, and may be here in a few moments. God knows I don't want to see her again,—not now, if ever. I want to get over what I have to do, and be gone. No, sir, you have no conception of my motive in coming. I have broken faith, and disgraced myself; and I choose that you shall hear of it from me, rather than from one whose kind heart would lead her to soften—to conceal—my miserable"—

He broke off abruptly, and so livid a pallor overspread his countenance that I forebore further reproaches. Presently he resumed:—

"I was at work the best part of last night, packing and making ready, and by to-morrow I should have been prepared to start for Yokohama. I had not the remotest idea of seeing Yone again. But my cursed fortune brought us face to face, as I was walking about Tsukiji, early this morning. She was on her way to see you. Her curiosity, at least, was excited by what happened last night, and she was looking forward to an explanation, I suppose."

"No doubt I could have given her one that would have done no harm," I answered.

"But I could not," he rejoined, excitedly. "There was nothing for me to tell but the truth. I could have avoided her,—I tried to; but to be with her, beside her, again—Good God, Charwell, don't you know what temptation means? I lost all thought of everything,—everything but her and myself. I forgot I had ever made a promise. I forgot that we could ever be separated. We walked together for an hour,—perhaps two hours."

"And what did you tell her?"

"All—all that I ought not to have told her. But she acted very nobly, Charwell; you must not have a single doubt about her. She was all you could have wished. But for myself"—

"Ay, keep to yourself, young man, and don't you offend decency by undertaking to vindicate Yone Santo. We shall have the devils from hell, next, avouching the purity of the saints."

"You may say and do to me what you please, Doctor Charwell. Take a pistol and fire it in my face, if you like. I deserve that and more."

"If you have nothing in your head but theatrical shams," said I, "you had better go. You seem to have done your worst in every way. You have lied like a scoundrel, and you have sown unending sorrow in a gentle, harmless breast. I thank God I never before knew so foul a coward and villain, and I trust I never may see your like again. Now go!"

"You strike me when I am down."

"Not I. I would, heavily enough, if it could do any good. But you had better get out of my sight. I see another visitor approaching. Not by that door; come this side. You can find your way through the house, and go out by the rear entrance."

He went, with hesitating steps, and paused once, as if he would have spoken again; but I would endure nothing more from him, and closed with violence the door through which he disappeared. Then, with a choking sensation, I turned

to admit the child who grew dearer and dearer to me as each bitter stroke of fate befell her.

I had urgent cause to exercise all the self-control that remained to me, as I took her hand and led her to a seat. A single night, or, more probably, the last few hours, had wrought a change in her which only the the most hardened in worldliness or professional self-righteousness could see unmoved. The fair, open brow was clouded, and marked with lines of pain. The soft, engaging smile, seldom brightly joyous, but always infinitely winning and endearing, had disappeared; and her lips were pressed closely together, as if to hold in restraint the expression of an unwonted grief. The rich, dark eyes, which usually shone undimmed in frank and trustful sincerity, were cast down, under the influence of an emotion which she dreaded to betray. As I saw her slender form yielding to the physical weakness which the suffering of her earlier life had fastened upon her, I felt as if some dire fatality must have interwoven itself with the unhappy girl's destiny, to overcome which no human skill could avail. All that my care had done to remedy the injuries inflicted upon her in childhood—little enough it was, I knew too well—was now, I feared, undone at a blow. It seemed impossible that she could still retain sufficient strength to carry her through another term of tribulation.

"Thank you, good Doctor," she said, presently lifting her face. "You did not look for me to-day. I asked permission to come to Tsukiji before the usual time, because something had made me anxious. You are always very kind, and I am sure you will help Yone a little."

"Yone has no need to ask that,' I answered. "I hope it is nothing too serious for us to dispose of easily."

"I do not know," she sighed. "I think it is serious, and I am afraid it cannot be easily mended. It hurts me a little to tell, and if I might ask for a good deal of time I should be easier. But if you are occupied I shall wait, or come another day."

"No, my child, I am not occupied," I replied, feeling at the moment that I would be willing to make it my sole business for weeks and months to come, if I could hope to heal the wound I feared she had received.

"It ought not to be difficult for me to speak to you of anything," she resumed. "I do not quite understand it, —so old a friend. Yet it is hard to begin. You will not be angry,—I know that."

"Never, Yone, never; and being an old friend, I may be able to make it easier than you think."

She glanced at me with some surprise, and I continued, clasping her right hand in a vague desire to impart to her some of my own strength:—

"Now let me save you the trouble of beginning. It is about Mr. Milton."

Again she gave me a startled look, and then bowed her head in assent, without speaking.

"You came because of what occurred near your house, on the river, last night; but since you reached Tsukiji something more important has happened, and *that* is what I must hear about."

She now gazed full in my face.

"You have seen him," she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, I have seen him. Do not tremble so. He has not told me much, and you need not tell me any more than you wish to. I am quite sure that everything you have done is right."

"You know, perhaps, that Arthur has given me"—

"Wait, Yone; why do you call him Arthur?"

"He asked me to do so last night, but then I was unwilling. He begged me again, very earnestly, this morning, and the things he said to me made me believe that it would not be wrong."

"There is no wrong about it, so far as you are concerned; but for the present it is better for you to speak of him as you always have done."

"I am sorry for that," she murmured, dejectedly.

"Why, Yone, does it please you,—do you wish to call him Arthur?"

"No, it is not that," she answered; "but he told me it was right. I am grieved that he did so. I trusted him."

"And he deceived you. But that fault is his, not yours, my child," said I, failing to seize at once the fact that already her concern was chiefly for him, and for his repute as an honest counselor.

"He wished me to call him Arthur, because, he said, he loved me."

"No doubt, no doubt; but now, you see, since he deceived you in a small matter, it would be unwise to believe him in a larger one."

"But I did believe him," she exclaimed; "I could not help but to believe him! Why should he trouble to tell me such a thing only for falsehood? No one would do that. There is no reason in it. I do believe him."

"Yone, my poor girl, what can I say to you? You must not believe him."

"Doctor," she replied, softly, but very firmly, and looking steadily into my eyes, while the delicate color of her face deepened painfully, — "Doctor, I *wish* to believe him."

"Go on, then, Yone; let me hear all you have to tell. I will speak afterward."

She passed her disengaged hand across her forehead, and, struggling to command herself, answered thus:—

"Last evening, by the river, he began to say things which were quite new to me. At first I did not listen attentively, and understood only a little part. Soon it seemed that he was making jests, for both of us to laugh at; but suddenly he spoke and acted in a way that gave me great surprise,—yes, and pain. Then, just before you joined us, he talked so wildly that I believed some trouble had disturbed his reason, and I was deeply alarmed for him. I

saw that you were displeased. I had been displeased, too, but I could not bear to ask myself why. As I sat alone, beneath the stars, and recalled what had happened, strange thoughts came upon me. They were not wise,—I knew they were not wise, but I did not put them away. Doctor, I shall keep nothing from you: I could not compel myself to drive them away. They were with me through the night."

Her lips trembled, and she paused, again pressing her hand to her brow.

"And then"—I presently suggested.

"To-day he was more clear. I met him beyond Tsukiji, as I was coming to your house. He wished me to walk with him a little, and then he said he had loved me since he first saw me, though he had never before dared to tell it. I asked him why he had not dared, but he did not explain. Yet I know he was in earnest. His voice shook while he spoke. His cheeks were sometimes so pale as to frighten me, and sometimes like burning flames. He implored me to love him, too. He said I must go with him"—

"What—where?" I hastily demanded.

"Away, far from Japan. And that is the most serious question I have to ask you, Doctor. He told me it would be right for me to go; that if I loved him one half as well as he loved me, I ought to go, and be always with him. Oh, Doctor, you can tell me,—was it true? Is it right? Would the good men and women in your own country say it was right for me to go? That is what I *must* know."

"Yone, do you really wish me to tell you how you should answer him?"

"No, no, dear Doctor, you do not understand," she responded, in great agitation and distress; "you need not tell me that. I did answer him. But what I wish to know is if he spoke—if his words were true, when he told me that he was right to ask me, and that I should be right to go."

"Tell me first, Yone, what your answer was."

"Ah, that will pain me to repeat, for I was obliged to hurt his feelings. But I must not hide it from you. I showed him, as kindly as I could, how far distant such a thought must be from my mind. I showed him that, though I could not suppose he would mislead me about what men and women might do or say in Western countries, it was my duty not to think of them, but of the rules which we in Japan learn from our elders. Only a worthless woman, I had been taught, would leave her home at a stranger's commandment. And though Yone, the last of the daughters of Yamada, was a poor unlearned girl, no wickedness or shame should ever be spoken of her, or give her ancestors reason to look at her from above with scornful faces. It was severe, Doctor, yet I did not wish to be severe; my meaning was only to be truthful and just; and he—Mr. Milton—saw that, I am sure, for he made no sign of anger."

With a long and deep breath of thankfulness I drew her toward me, and softly kissed her forehead. What! Had I allowed the faintest shadowy outline of a doubt as to the dear girl's integrity to darken my mind, even for the briefest moment? I turned away my head, utterly subdued.

"Why, Doctor, have I said anything to afflict you? The tears are in your eyes. What shall happen when our strong doctor has tears in his eyes? You have something still harder for me to hear, I am afraid. But I must know it all. Tell me, I do beg you, did he speak the truth?"

"I can do no good, my dear, by concealing my thoughts, or making light of Mr. Milton's conduct. You have to learn a rough lesson, which I hoped you might never need to be taught. That man has no truth in him. Everything about him is false. He has, I believe, an easy and indolent fancy for you, because you are a girl of much beauty, and your beauty is of a kind he never saw before. But if he loved you with honest and manly sincerity, he would never have approached you as he did. For it is not true, in any country on the earth, that a man is permitted to talk to a woman as he talked to you, unless he can honorably make her his wife. He has been a villain from first to last. He meant to persuade you to join him in a disgraceful flight, in spite of my watchfulness. He swore to me, last night, that he would never see you again,—that he would leave the country without doing more harm. He is a perjured caitiff!"

She lifted her hand with a gesture of entreaty.

"Do not use such bitter words," she said, faintly. "I feel that you are right. He is not good; but it wounds me to hear he has acted with so much unkindness, all at once. I hoped—oh, I did hope you could tell me that what he said was in some manner true; that in foreign lands there were unguilty ways of following the course he urged to me. It would have made no change in my mind, nor in my action. I must do what is right in my own eyes, and be led by the teaching of our own good men. But if you could have made me sure that he did not try to blind me by wicked lies, I should be so much less unhappy. I cannot bear to think such things of him,—such wicked, cruel things."

Again the generous spirit was troubled more by the disclosure of his craft and falsehood than by the sorrow he had inflicted upon herself. But it was impossible for her to check or disguise, by any effort, the intensity of her own suffering. She pressed her hands convulsively to her breast, in the endeavor to control an anguish alike new and poignant.

"He has done his infamous work, my poor Yone,—I see he has,—and done it swiftly."

"So swiftly, yes. All in a day; all in one little hour."

A tapping at the door of an inner room interrupted us. Supposing a servant to be there, I opened it without hesitation, but found no one on the other side. Looking about, however, I presently, to my amazement, saw Milton

in an opposite corner, endeavoring to escape other observation than mine. He beckoned, and I went to him at once.

"There is no way of getting out of this house of yours," he said, in a whisper. "The doors at the back are locked, and if I go by the side I shall be seen as I pass the windows of the room where you are. Help me away, somehow."

"You have been here ever since?" I asked.

"I have," he answered.

"And have heard"—

"I have heard every word. My God! What an ordeal, and what a revelation!"

"Come this way," said I, intending to show him a passage by which he might depart unnoticed. But, as we turned, we saw Yone standing at the door. Her quick ear had caught our subdued tones, and had probably recognized Milton's voice.

"No, do not go," she said, with a firmness I could not have expected. "I beg you, Doctor, to permit him to stay. It is well that Mr. Milton should know what I have heard from you, since he left me at the bridge, not long ago."

The control of events was slipping out of my hands. Certainly, at this moment, I did not feel that I could interfere.

"Come back, then," I said, "since she wishes it so."

XVII.

THE STRUGGLE OF A NOBLE SOUL.

"You need not tell me what you have heard," Milton began, as soon as he entered the room, addressing himself directly to Yone, and in response to her last remark. "I know it all. I was close at hand. You have been told I am a traitor, a liar, and a perjurer. Oh, yes," and he forced a laugh, "I know the whole of it."

"Ah," I interposed, "you heard what *I* said, and that, I see, galled your pride; but I should like to know which of your senses was touched when you heard what this brave-hearted girl said."

"Do not speak of it,—not now," he answered, in humbler accents. Then, turning again to Yone, he added, "It was all true, all that part of it. You do not know, you cannot know, how horrible it is for me to say it, but it must come out. I *have* betrayed you; I *have* spoken falsely. For this I cannot defend myself. I cannot even ask you to forgive me. But you have been made to believe one thing which is *not* true. Neither Doctor Charwell nor any man has the right to say I do not love you"—

"Stop there!" I cried.

"Why shall I?" he persisted. "Let me tell the one excuse for my perfidy, poor as you choose to think it. I swear to you, Yone, that my whole heart"—

I sprang toward him with, I imagine, a warning light in my eyes, from which he saw the madness of continuing in that strain; but before I could act upon the impulse to hurl him forth into the street, Yone's mild voice once more arrested me:—

"Be not violent, dear Doctor, and do him no harm, I beseech you. He cannot hurt me any more; that is ended. And it is right he should know what my feelings are. No, Arthur Milton, I do not believe that you love me. It is not true that you have ever loved me. You have caused me to love you, and that I cannot help,—not for many years, and perhaps not while I am alive. But if I love you, I do not respect you, and one single small word from my kindest friend and father, here, means more to me than all that you can avow. You have been drawn to me by what has pleased you in my foolish Japanese face. It would have been more happy for me if my miserable body had been scarred by the pestilence which disfigured so many thousands in my infancy. I was told that I had

a fortunate escape. I now see that the scourge would have been a blessing. It would have saved me from your cruelty, Arthur Milton, which is worse to bear than disease, or —or death.'

Her voice sank as she uttered these words, to which Milton attempted no reply, only writhing and cringing, as if each sentence stung him like a lash.

"I do not understand it," she continued; "I do not seek to understand why you came to crush and to destroy, if you could, a simple woman who never thought harm of you, but who believed you were as good as your speech was gentle, and as honest as the face you wear. I shall never ask how a man like you could make it his sport to throw me into sorrow and shame."

"Don't say that, Yone," I exclaimed. "Not shame, my poor child, not shame. Sorrow enough, and too much, dear girl, but not a touch of shame. I never held you in such honor as I do this day."

"Doctor, you do not know the whole," she replied; "I had not time to tell you. Others do not think like you. I visited the school before I came here."

For a short space I did not comprehend the full meaning of this statement. Then suddenly it rushed upon me.

"Good Heaven, Yone," I cried, "you have not done so thoughtless a thing as to tell those people what has happened!"

"Most of it I have told to the two older ladies," she answered, calmly.

"You have made an unfortunate mistake, my child," said I.

"I fear so now," she admitted. "But I could not know I hoped, although they were not always mild in their speech, that they were still my friends. And this grief, Doctor," she continued, paying little heed to Milton, who sat apart, "was new to me. I felt it was a grief belonging to women,—for women to understand and tell me how to heal. I did believe it was my duty to ask for help from some kind and generous ladies"—

"Not there, my dear; you could not find help in that place."

"Also there is something else," she proceeded, in a lower tone than before. "You have seen the little scrolls hanging from their walls, with beautiful words taken from the book of their faith. They have long been wrtten in my mind, but I never had such thoughts about them as came to me this morning. One, more than all others: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' With those words of invitation shining on their walls, it was my true hope that even if they could not welcome me as friends, they would aid me in faithful obedience to the religion they profess. Even if I had done wrong, by their rules they were bound to give me help. But I have done no wrong to any one. I told them the truth: that Milton, their countryman, had tried to make me forget the teachings of honor and uprightness; that I had closed my eyes upon him forever, notwithstanding that my heart was full of tenderness for him; and I begged them to show me how that sacred promise of their prophet could give me ease in this great pain."

"This, also, I have driven her to!" cried Milton, when Yone paused, gathering strength to proceed. "Is there no remedy, Charwell, — is there no way out of this misery?"

"They turned away from me," she resumed. "They said I was a wicked girl. And that is false!" She rose suddenly from her seat, and a flash of indignation, the first I had ever known to be kindled within her, shot from her eyes. "Yamada's daughter has many faults,—it does not become her to deny them; but *wicked* she never was. Doctor, you will protect me from such disgrace. You cannot fail me. You always know me, and you will trust me."

A confused outburst of execrations fell from Milton's

lips, but little notice of what he said was taken by Yone, who pursued intently her own train of thought:—

"Many, oh, many times they have urged me to join their religion, and more than once I have reflected on it,—not because of what I heard from their lips, but for what I read in some of their books. I think, to-day, if they had not hidden their faces from me, and wounded me in my sorrow,—wounded me in spite of those solemn pledges in a holy name with which they cover their walls,—to-day, if they had offered me the charity of the wise and gracious Christ in whose ways they tell us that they walk, I might have willingly, and perhaps gratefully, consented to their wish. But they are not what I thought them. Now I will look to the God of my fathers, whose priests are not learned, but are pitiful and kind. They cannot give me rest,—I know that; but they can make my life active in useful labor, and help me to forget a part of my own burden in lightening the burdens of others; and that is the best I can hope for, in many dreary years to come."

Parts of this touching lament were uncomprehended by Milton, as she had spoken alternately in English and in Japanese; and she seemed at times almost unaware that she had listeners. As she concluded, she moved toward the door, unheeding the young man's renewed appeal,—

"Yone, wait; let us see if something may not yet be done. Charwell, in Heaven's name, stop her."

"Not against her will," I answered. "Do you wish to go now, Yone? Are you strong enough?"

"I wish to go," she feebly responded.

"Then I will go with you. Say nothing to hinder me. Obey your doctor; you are not well enough to be alone. You, Mr. Milton, will, I hope, be here two hours hence. I have something of serious moment to say to you, quite different from anything you have yet heard."

"What!" he said, eagerly, "do you mean there is still a hope?"

"I mean to give you one more chance; look to it that you appreciate its importance and its value."

I found a spacious jin-riki-sha, and insisted on sitting beside her as she was drawn homeward. As we passed the little church which the ladies of the seminary were accustomed to attend, we encountered the Philipson twain, promenading. Their heads twirled around as if simultaneously moved by machinery, and their faces remained averted until we were at a distance. Yone grew a little paler than before, but gave no other sign of having observed the slight.

"Yes, you will have to look elsewhere for your religion," I said, to give her ideas a more active turn.

"They could never tell me what I wish to know," she replied; "I see that now. And I never shall enter their house again, unless great sickness or trouble is there. Or, if you mean to speak of the church itself, I do not think I should have gone to it often. I have never been there without discomfort. It is not pleasant to hear gentlemen and ladies, whose purpose I am sure is kind, telling strange things in a language which nobody can understand. I have always been sorry for them. The younger girls, with naughty mischief, would go to laugh at them, because, in spite of their earnestness, they had not really learned to speak Japanese. They would declare to us, before beginning, that their Lord would smooth away all differences of tongues and make everything plain; but in truth very few of them said anything we could comprehend. No, no; it was not by listening to them that I could have been relieved from trouble. I should have hoped to find what I needed by myself, with a little friendly help. One might almost be satisfied with those comforting legends which the ladies hang about their rooms. But though I wish to say no ill of any person, I think the words have meanings which those two stern sisters do not take into their souls."

After this, she was silent until we had nearly reached her dwelling, when she spoke again:—

"Doctor, he said he could not ask me to forgive him,—Mr. Milton, I mean. I did not heed him then, and I could not answer. I wish you would promise me to tell him that he has no need to ask. I shall forgive him. But he must not know it until he is going away,—just at the end. Nothing must happen that may lead him back to see me again. Only when you take leave of him, you can say that Yone will strive to forgive him, with all her — with all her strength."

XVIII.

THE LAST HOPE.

RETURNING to my home, two hours later, I found Milton awaiting me.

"You are punctual," I said.

"I have been here ever since. I was determined to wait for you, though I have twice been nearly driven away by one of those extraordinary missionary women, who seemed disposed to take absolute possession of the premises. She made me half wild by her attempts to drag me into conversation."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Jackman I think she said the name was."

My heart sank. I could not comfort myself with a doubt as to the object of her call.

"Here she is again!" exclaimed Milton, impatiently. "I hope she has no business with you.'

"None whatever If she comes in, I will do my best to get rid of her, you may be sure."

The unwelcome visitor entered in breathless haste, and, without waiting for forms of salutation, began to interrogate.

"Have you heard the news, Doctor Charwell? It concerns you."

I was staggered by her audacity.

"What news?" I asked, thrown off my guard. Recovering instantly, however, I added, "I have heard no news, and if you will excuse me, Miss Jackman, I am too much occupied to listen to any, now. I have an engagement with this gentleman."

She had not failed to observe my momentary confusion.

"I think you must have heard something," she said; "but if not, it is plainly my duty to inform you."

"I told you, Miss Jackman, that I have an engagement with this gentleman."

She gazed at him curiously and intently, pinching her lips together in an aguish smile.

"Perhaps this gentleman is Mr. Milton, of Boston," she observed, with extreme pungency of utterance.

I made no reply.

"Am I right, sir?" she continued, pertinaciously, addressing herself this time directly to Milton.

"That is my name, madam," he answered, shortly.

She glowed with exultation over the opportunity that had unexpectedly fallen to her. Now her proposed projectile would strike a double target.

"I am not sure," she proceeded, seating herself with stiff deliberation, "but that I have a call to deliver myself even in the presence of this very individual. The matter may be important for him to hear. A word in season is never misplaced."

Milton looked at her with surprise. He had no acquaintance with the robust and vigorous "reclaimer," and was utterly at a loss to understand the purpose of her remarks. I knew to what they tended, and endeavored to frustrate her malice by announcing an event which had been officially communicated to me the same morning, and thus introducing a theme which, I believed, would serve as

a counter-irritant, and divert her fulminant energies into a new channel.

"Ah!' I cried, "of course I know your news! Speaking of delivering yourself gives me the cue. It is true: an imperial infant was born last night. I can't imagine how you heard of it.'

The device was successful. A certain feature of the emperor's domestic system, sanctioned by immemorial usage, but not amenable to the canons of Western morality, had always been an object of this lady's most impassioned denunciation. She sped madly off upon the tempting tangent.

"Who—who—who"—she gasped.

"Who is the mother?" I responded, catching the meaning of her incoherent appeal. "Not the empress, I regret to say."

"Abominable!" she burst out, stamping her foot. "If *I* were the empress"—

"Ah, if you were!" I answered, quietly, by no means insensible to the humor of the suggestion, but unable, oppressed as I was by anxious cares, to derive any entertainment from it. My sole desire was to keep her ideas fixed upon this new and harmless topic. "As it is," I said, "the young prince will enjoy the customary privileges of his paternity, and probably succeed to the throne. The dignitaries go to court to-day to offer congratulations."

She rose, trembling with wrathful agitation.

"It is a court of shame and infamy," she railed; "it is a lost and abandoned court!"

"Not wholly, let us trust," I remonstrated. "There may yet be time for you to reclaim it, if you start at once."

She shot a vicious glance at me, and for an instant appeared undetermined whether to remain and pursue her original design, or rush to the dissemination of the later and more momentous intelligence. The fear of being forestalled decided her, and she darted forth to unburden herself of the interesting fact and of the presumably righteous indignation with which it inspired her.

Excepting for his restlessness at the delay she had caused, Milton had regarded her demonstrations with indifference, being ignorant of her motive in intruding. I, on the contrary, was filled with dismay, for it was evident that she had come from the Philipsons, and had taken upon herself the congenial task of circulating their version of my poor child's sorrowful tale. Her reason for including me in the round of visitation was undoubtedly that she hoped to glean additional matter for redistribution. Milton's presence would have been no check, but would rather have instigated her to especially offensive manifestations; and it was a satisfaction to have warded off the explosion which would certainly have followed the disclosure of her errand. The expedient I used was simply the one which first presented itself, but it was vividly recalled at a later period by circumstances which impressed it indelibly upon my memory.

The moment she disappeared I locked the office doors and drew the window curtains together.

"We will not be interrupted again by anybody," I remarked.

"I thank you, Doctor Charwell."

Then, attacking the subject which had been weighing upon him, he said,—

"Your last words, when you took Yone away, gave me something like hope. I trust you intended them to do so."

Since my return he had not stirred from his position at one end of a table in an obscure corner of the room. I seated myself facing him, at the opposite side.

"It wholly depends upon yourself, Mr. Milton," I replied. "If you have manlier qualities than you have shown in the last few days; if the events of this morning have given you more correct ideas of justice and duty than you held before; to put it plainly, if you are worth the effort I may be

induced to make, then I don't deny that there is something like hope."

"Do you think, Doctor Charwell, that any human being could go through what I have, see what I have seen, hear what I have heard, without becoming a changed man?"

"I don't know, I don't know. My chief concern must be for Yone. At least, I suppose you know *her* better than you did. You will not pretend to question her goodness and nobleness now."

"God knows I do not."

"Her beauty needs no praise; and her cleverness and intelligence are not far behind it. She is not perfection. Persons of my age do not look for that in men or women. But she is as near to it as any being I ever saw. Now, the question is, Shall I attempt a thing most distasteful to myself, the wisdom of which I more than half distrust, but which will enable you to thoroughly comprehend and profit by the girl's rare virtues; or shall I take the safer course of sending you away, and allowing time to heal her bruises?"

"I am bound to go if you exact it; but is it not possible to find a way that may be better for her?"

"You can be sure, young man, that I have no other object in view. I understood you to say that you would do anything in your power to repair the injury you have caused."

"I did; and so I will, gladly, eagerly. Only show me that it is possible.'

"I can make it possible. Or, not to be too positive, I do not doubt my ability to do so. But let there be no mistakes. You are to remember that I attempt it only by reason of my affection for Yone. If you second me heartily, and do your best to make her happy again, I will more than forgive you. And yet"—

"You hesitate, because you still distrust me," broke in Milton. "I have given you cause. If I did not feel this, you know I could not have undergone so patiently what

you have said to me. But let me have the chance, and this time I will prove my title to confidence. There! I will offer you no more pledges. Try me and you shall see.'

The haggard look already began to pass from his face, and his eyes brightened, apparently with good promise and sincere hopefulness. But this, again, might be only a transient phase of his variable, shifting nature.

"After all," I said, "if my plan fails, it will be only another downward step on your part. Yone will not hear of it. Now, Mr. Milton, be good enough to tell me exactly what you proposed doing, if she had been the woman you thought her, and you had succeeded in getting her away."

It was an unexpected question, and he answered with some confusion:—

"If I had succeeded—I meant—perhaps I had no fixed or immediate intention; but I certainly proposed to keep to the letter every promise I had made for her happiness."

"You would have taken her from Japan?"

"Yes, surely."

"Clandestinely, I presume."

"Is this line of inquiry necessary, Doctor Charwell?"

"I must see my way, sir. I have no desire to say disagreeable things. I will try to avoid them. But we are on a new track now, and I must have a clear course before me."

"Certainly I could not have taken her otherwise than secretly."

"And what was your destination?"

"Oh, that I cannot tell. Any place in the wide world where she would have wished to go."

"And for how long?"

"For how long? I don't understand you."

"I wish to know at what time and place you would have proposed to desert her."

"Desert her! You are trifling with me, Doctor Charwell. Desert her! I wish you could read my thoughts.

She should never have ceased to be cherished and protected. I would have assisted her to realize every desire of her heart. Her lightest fancies should always have been gratified. I have abundant means, for that matter; more than enough, most persons will say. She should have asked for nothing on earth a second time, as long as she lived."

"Ah, as long as she lived," I repeated, drawing my chair close to him, and looking him steadily in the face. "Well, then, since you would not have deserted her, and would have devoted yourself to her as long as she lived, at what time and place would you have proposed to marry her?"

He started violently, knocking from the table a set of bronze ornaments, which he immediately stooped to pick up, keeping his face averted from me as he did so.

"Why — why — you know," he stammered, "as regards that, there is an obstacle; as matters stand, it is impossible. She is married already."

"I perceive, Mr. Milton, that you have not made yourself completely familiar with the phenomena of Japanese social life. You evidently know very little about the conjugal relation here; which, to be sure, is too repulsive, in many features, to attract ardent inquirers. It happens to be the case that for the most trivial causes—I might almost say for any cause, or, indeed, no cause—a husband can cast off his wife, and leave her to follow a separate course of life. He is entirely free; and, for all practical considerations that we need look at, so is she. Therefore there would have been no impassable barrier to marriage, at your earliest pleasure. But you will not imagine that I should approve any irregular proceeding. Nothing of that sort is in my mind. Nothing which might be deemed indecorous would satisfy my notion of what is fitting for Yone Santo. No running away for her; no law-breaking, bad as the law may be. She has a husband already, as you say, and you consequently assume that she cannot marry you. But now

let us suppose that I remove the obstacle; that I make it all clear and practicable,—reputably, and in perfect accordance with every conventional requirement."

He changed his attitude as I thus addressed him, and stared at me, as if suddenly bereft of his senses.

"You astound me, Charwell. I can't take in such a train of thought. How can you make it possible? How can it be done?"

"For that matter," I replied, "the best explanation is in the byword of our immaculate spinster, Miss Sophia Philipson,—'because we are in Japan.' For once in a way, a beneficent use can be made of a detestable system. It is absurd to imagine that Santo Yorikichi is capable of estimating the worth of a woman like Yone, and he never had an idea of deep attachment to any human being. He married her with the dim notion that he might thus 'get even' with the aristocratic class, to which, as he knew, she belonged. But he has outgrown that fancy, and I have little doubt that the constant proximity of a creature so delicate and refined, so antipathetic in all respects to his own coarse fibre, begins to weary him. Now, then, you see my drift."

Another set of ideas began to work in his unstable mind. He clutched nervously at the arms of his chair, grasped his head in his hands, and by divers signs and gestures indicated an extreme disquietude.

"I hardly think so," he said, hesitatingly. "No, not yet. All these things are so new,—so remarkable to me. I am not sure I understand you, even now."

"The sole difficulty is that Santo is a well-to-do man, for his station, and may not come readily to terms. He dotes on money, but he has already a fair amount of it. However, I will undertake to satisfy him in one solid way or another. The separation can and shall be effected. In less than a week, I trust, Yone may be liberated, without any deviation from proper and recognized Japanese practice.

She shall stand before you free from entanglement, utterly free from reproach, ready—unless she is more unforgiving than I can believe—to overlook what has passed, and to become your wife."

"My wife!" he cried, while an expression of blank amazement and incredulity settled on his face,—"my wife! In God's name, what are you raving about? Are you talking to *me* of marriage with the divorced wife of a Japanese mechanic? You must be mad!"

For a moment I was powerless to speak. Then my temper, never under the steadiest mastery, burst forth uncontrolled, and a blinding rage possessed me.

"By the Lord, I believe I am mad!" I stormed. "I swear I must have been out of my senses for the last half hour. I thought I was talking with a man, and I only now discover that it's a dog. Come, take advantage of the hallucination, you hound! Get out of my sight and reach, before I have time to think again what you really are."

XIX.

DIVERGENT PATHS.

MILTON stumbled forth, across the threshold and into the street, in a dazed and bewildered manner, and before the next evening he had transferred himself and his belongings to Yokohama, as I took sure measures to discover. This, then, was the end of the sorrowful drama, so far as that heartless miscreant was concerned. But for Yone, who could tell what the end might be? The day following the scene at my office was Saturday, when she usually came to me, if on no other errand than to ask instruction as to the treatment of some new invalid whom she had added to her private list of patients; but as she did not appear, I started on Sunday morning to walk to her residence, fearing she might have been prostrated by the excitement she had undergone, or by her endeavors to stifle and overcome it.

Near the Philipson school I overtook a small group of missionaries, including the ladies at the head of that establishment; Miss Gibson, the neophyte mentioned in the earlier pages of this narrative; and a few others, of both sexes. I was about to pass them with a silent salutation, but the leader of the party called me back.

"Doctor," she said, "I believe Miss Jackman looked in upon you the day before yesterday."

"She did, madam," I replied.

"I understand that she left you before she could explain the particular object of her visit. Do you know what it was?"

"It is not always possible to know what Miss Jackman's particular object may be. Her general object seems to be to make herself disagreeable."

"She knows her duty," testified the earnest spinster, "and she fulfills it, no matter what suffering it may cost her."

"Or anybody else," I supplemented, ironically.

"Or anybody else," she assented, with matter-of-fact composure.

The younger sister now pressed forward.

"Pray tell me, Doctor Charwell," she began, "was not Mr. Milton also at your house?"

"I was about to make the inquiry," said the elder, in a tone of mild reproof. "But first I would ask the doctor if his protégée, Mrs. Santo, was in Tsukiji yesterday."

"I do not know, madam; I have not seen her since Friday."

"Oh, Friday," she repeated, significantly; "dear me, yes. I am aware that you saw her on Friday. Many persons saw her; too many, I might say."

"I am convinced of that, madam," I responded.

"Oh, quite too many," exclaimed Miss Kezia, obtuse to my fling of sarcasm, and intent upon her own point only,—"altogether too many; there can be no doubt of that, poor creature."

"As to 'poor creature,' I am not so sure," said the sour senior. "But—well, yes; on the whole, as we are in Japan, we will say 'poor creature.'"

"Good-morning, ladies," said I, endeavoring to move forward, out of range of their pestilent tongues. But they were walking in the same direction, and I could not escape them.

"Excuse me, Doctor; one moment, I beg of you. I trust you will ease my mind on a serious matter. You cannot possibly know all that has happened, but I assure you we have learned sufficient to justify us in excluding that young woman from our habitation, hereafter."

"Indeed; and from whom have you learned it, madam, may I ask?"

"From the best authority, sir,—from her own self."

"Her own self," iterated the younger sister; "she confessed everything."

"Confessed!" I ejaculated. "That's an extraordinary word to use in connection with a stainless woman. Do you pretend to say that she confessed in the sense of having a fault to reveal?"

They both hesitated.

"Pray answer; did she not come to acquaint you with a heavy misfortune that had befallen her, and to ask your sympathy and assistance?"

"Really, Doctor, you put it in so singular a way."

"Was not that the way she put it?"

"I dare say she did; she was always a designing girl,—they all are," said the elder sister, who never lacked resources for a retort. "But what I more particularly wanted to say was, that I hope the severity we have found it necessary to exercise with her will not have the effect of depriving us of the service you have always so generously tendered."

"Oh, I will do what I can for the little ones," I answered; "but you have deprived yourselves of a healer

who can do more for your sick than a dozen men like me."

"Ah, Doctor, you do exaggerate so."

"Not I. Yone has kept life in many a drooping body which I could never have revived. She alone knew the secret of counteracting your"—

"Our what, Doctor, if you will be so kind?"

"Well, your carelessness, your neglect, your ignorant treatment, your improper food, if you must be told. You can't build up sickly infants on imperfect nourishment and bad temper. Yone kept their little heads above water, in spite of all, God bless her. In rejecting her you do more mischief to them than to the girl you persecute."

The exemplary lady was speechless with ire; not wholly to the dissatisfaction of Miss Kezia, whose opportunities for eloquence were few, and who promptly availed herself of the occasion.

"As to that, we do not know," she said; "that is in the hands of a higher power. Better, perhaps, that their sinful bodies should perish than that their immortal souls be corrupted by evil communication. We only know our duty. The inward monitor indorses our resolution not to receive her."

Murmurs of approbation affirmed the general confidence in so responsible a backer as the Philipsons' inward monitor.

"Not to receive her," I repeated. "That seems to recall a familiar phrase. 'Whosoever shall receive this child'—How does it run? I am a bad hand at quotation. You know all about it, Miss Philipson. It belongs to ancient literature."

Though still palpitating with indignation at my arraignment of her domestic system, she was not insensible to the flattery of being appealed to as a historical authority.

"To ancient literature," she echoed,—"to ancient literature. Let me consider. Classic, I presume"

An ominous whisper rustled through the procession.

Heads were bent together, and a subdued warning buzzed along the line, until it reached the ear of Miss Sophia.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried, as I suppose she might have cried if a scorpion had stung her. "This is too horrible! Much I could expect, and much I would endure; but that blasphemy should be thrown into my face, straight into my open face, on this sacred day, almost under the shadow of that sacred steeple at the next corner,—rank blasphemy, and in the public streets,—it is too much!" She sought relief, as was her frequent habit when unduly excited, in a maze of metaphorical confusion. "The line is drawn, Doctor Charwell. A gulf rises between us. Here I cross over to the Rubicon. We will turn now, sister, and friends. Miss Gibson, I think you will do well to come with us."

"You know I cannot, madam," replied that young lady, gravely.

"Oh, good-day, then; *good*-day!" exclaimed the others of the party, as they moved toward the little church which constituted their stronghold.

"This is odd," I remarked, on finding that Miss Gibson and I were left standing alone. "May I ask if you are not taking their course?"

"There's a double meaning in that question, I imagine," she said, smiling faintly; "but at any rate, I am not taking their course now."

"If you are walking toward the river," said I, "I hope you will let me accompany you a little way."

"Certainly," she answered; and indeed I think I shall ask you for some information, if you please."

I was so perplexed by the circumstance of her separation from her customary associates, and on a Sunday morning, too, that I failed to respond at once; but, presently recollecting myself, I said abruptly:—

"Yes, yes, by all means. Pray excuse me; I was taken a little aback by your sudden secession from our friends

yonder. It's no affair of mine, Miss Gibson; I am well aware of that, and I won't offend you by referring to it again."

"There is no offense, Doctor Charwell; I may find it expedient to refer to it myself, rather openly. But I am more especially anxious to learn if Yone Santo's visit to the Philipsons occurred as you just now stated it."

"How do you mean?"

"Did she really go there in trouble, to ask for consolation and sympathy?"

"That is precisely the case. Will you tell me why you wish to know?"

"Certainly I will. I have no idea of concealing that, or many other things. Those ladies have been telling everybody that she came in a wild, despairing state, to make a confession of depravity which she could no longer keep on her guilty soul; and that she then ran away to rejoin her—her lover, I believe they said."

"Meaning Mr. Milton, no doubt."

"Yes, Mr. Milton, my fellow-townsman. But you are not to think I accepted the story as unvarnished truth. I am sorry to say I know the Philipsons better than I did."

"If I were not afraid of making a breach between you and the heads of your mission, I would tell you exactly what occurred; for it all came authentically to my knowledge."

"There is no longer any question of making a breach," she began, sadly; but changing suddenly, she added: "No harm can come from my learning the real truth, provided there is nothing that ought to be left untold,—as to which Miss Philipson expressed many doubts."

"You shall judge," said I; and as we walked to the river, crossed the bridge, and proceeded toward Santo's house, I laid before her the incidents of the past few days, reverting also to a few details of Yone's earlier life, illustrative of her candor and simple uprightness. More than

once, the warm-hearted American girl's handkerchief was lifted to her eyes, and I began to hope that my lonely sufferer would at last win a friend better suited to her wants than a grim, rugged, and stormy-tempered bachelor, more than thrice her age.

XX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"PERHAPS you are going to her now?" suggested Miss Gibson, when I had ended.

"I am; she did not come to our part of the town yesterday, and I am anxious about her."

"You have reason to be, Doctor. Will you let me go with you?"

"Gladly—joyfully," I replied; but, thinking of Santo's rough ways and Yone's uncongenial surroundings, I considered it necessary to enlighten her on these points. This involved further allusion to Yone's undeserved misfortunes, to which Miss Gibson listened with amazement and indignation.

"The unhappy child!" she exclaimed; "her life seems to have been one continuous sorrow. But surely the case is most unusual."

"Do not think so," I said; "it is only too common. The mass of the Japanese women are condemned to similar mental trials, if not to equal bodily hardship. It is true that those who are utterly untaught escape the worst misery. They accept their degradation without inquiry or complaint, as the natural accompaniment of their lot."

"But I have heard nothing of these things before," she said, with startled eagerness.

"You have not been here long," I answered; "and as for the elders of your body, I conclude that they are dumb and blind because they have no wish to be otherwise."

"This is dreadful, Doctor Charwell; if you are correct, the more we try to educate them, the more they must suffer."

"For a time, unfortunately, yes; it may be for a long time. But that proves nothing against continuing to educate them as thoroughly and rapidly as possible. It is a tangled question, Miss Gibson, which we cannot unravel in a hasty conversation. You shall know, however, that my judgment is totally against the system of missionary culture ordinarily attempted with Japanese girls. It is more likely to lead to their ruin than their redemption. But I am teaching you rank rebellion. What would those best of ladies say, if they knew where I am leading your thoughts?"

"They would have nothing to say," she replied, sadly; "when I left them at that corner, I left them forever."

"Indeed; was it so serious a matter?"

"The matter itself was not serious. You would probably smile at it. But it was one in a series of difficulties which, sooner or later, would have worn me out. They were determined that numbers of Japanese laborers and mechanics —mostly of a low class, but none the worse, I dare say, for that—should join, each Sunday, in the musical part of our church service. Now I truly hope these converts are well meaning people, and as full of good purpose as they say; but their adoption of Christianity does not make musicians of them. They do not know, and in most cases never can know, one tone from another. To me, who have very strong feelings about religious music, it is an awful mockery that they should be allowed to turn the service into such utter ridicule as they do, merely to gratify some strange vanity of their own, or to indulge a wild fancy for making a senseless noise. It is profanation to think that the Deity can listen with approval to such barbarous uproar.

I fancied that the young lady might not have taken the matter so much to heart if she had not herself been a musician of no mean ability, and thoroughly qualified to direct,

without interference, the performances of the choir. But her objections were sensible enough, as might be attested by any listener to the vocal burlesques which she condemned.

"You are quite right," I said. "Martin Luther protested against devoting good music to the devil. He would have flung his inkstand at anybody who said bad music was fit for the Almighty."

"Doctor, it may not be a very solemn subject, but I hope you will not laugh at it, for all that."

"By no means, my good young lady; you will never find me laughing at anything genuinely religious. I understand your feelings, and respect them; and I also understand the proceedings of the church managers, who in this instance desire to call attention to the increased number of Japanese in their congregations,—attendants whose sincerity, they will claim, is proved by their energetic participation in the singing."

"Energetic, indeed. But still it seems curious that these rough-grained Japanese should endure the tedium of a whole service—that is" (she corrected herself, with haste and blushes), "it must be tedium to *them*—solely for the sake of gratifying themselves in their extraordinary way for a few moments, now and then."

"It is not agreeable to break up your innocent illusions," I replied; "but you must remember there are many rival carpenters, shoemakers, grooms, applicants for domestic labor, and the like, in this neighborhood; and the missionary corps is large. Now, one way, at least, to secure patronage"—

"Say no more," she interrupted; "Pray say no more. Can you discover *nothing* good to speak of the missionaries here, in Tokio, and those whom they strive to convert?"

I was silent.

"Tell me," she persisted, have you not one friendly word to say of them? You would not, surely, venture to pronounce against them all."

"Miss Gibson," I said, with as much earnestness as I could command, strongly desiring to allow no cause for suspicion that I was capable of sharing a certain vulgar tendency among numerous foreigners to revile and discredit missionary enterprises, "I will tell you more on this head than I have latterly thought it desirable to tell any other person. During many of the years I have lived in Japan, I sought, with an assiduity I could hardly make you realize, for missionaries whom I could hold in honor, whose characters I could unqualifiedly respect, whose methods of dealing with the Japanese seemed to me worthy of approval. It was for a long period that I pursued this investigation, with unswerving persistence. My objects were not always such as you would sympathize with,—at least not now; but I think they were disinterested and humane. I could have experienced no gratification equal to that of meeting a few good men, and especially a few good women, of your calling, in whom the loftier spirit of devotion, unselfishness, and willing sacrifice might be found. It seemed incredible that of all who came in this cause, none should be conscious of the broad and comprehensive duties that lay before them. But the inexorable fact was always staring me in the face."

"Do you mean that no single one of them equaled your hopes and wishes?"

"Not one, Miss Gibson, not one. If I sometimes thought I had encountered a simple, upright, well-meaning soul, I soon learned that it was steeped in ignorance more befitting the rudest peasant than a pretended teacher of religion. It is humiliating to think of the carelessness and indifference with which illiterate men and women are sent to the East charged with functions demanding the highest learning and wisdom. I could not ask coöperation from persons of this stamp, or seek to coöperate with them. Then there were many who came plainly in pursuit of gain, and with no other view. They were not of the stock I wanted. Once

or twice, indeed, I have believed myself approaching a point of contact with individuals who seemed fashioned in a nobler mould; but they shrunk before such tests as I felt bound to apply, and their falling masks revealed the selfishness, or cowardice, or conceit which pervaded and dominated them. Hard disappointments, many of them, for me. It may be that I demanded greater virtues and capabilities than mankind is commonly endowed with. I certainly looked for qualities which I knew I could not, myself, even approximately supply. But I must acknowledge to you that some years have passed since I hopelessly abandoned my efforts to make friends with any missionaries, except those that come to do medical work, whose studies have in most cases enlarged their understanding and endowed them with broader human sympathies. Those who appear here as clergymen only have long ceased to attract my observation. It may therefore be true that a different and worthier class has taken the place of those among whose ranks I searched in vain. I can only say that, in my time of exploration, I never caught a glimpse of success. The good material with which I might have wished to ally myself was completely nullified by the superstition, ignorance, prejudice, vanity, and presumptuous arrogance that stood in the way. You are a later observer than I. You can say whether the same obstacles still bar the way to substantial missionary progress."

In her turn, Miss Gibson was silent.

"Let us hope, then," I added, "that a change has taken place. But it is too late, in any case, for me to begin my labors over again. They must be resumed by other hands, if at all."

We were now drawing near Santo's work-shop and dwelling.

"Reflect, now," said I; "if you once go in, you break with the Philipsons for good and all. They will never forgive you."

"I will go," she answered.

"I should be sorry to persuade you to any action which might injure your prospects, and this may be serious."

"Have no fear," she rejoined; "I risk nothing. I am not irrevocably bound to them, like most of the others. I am only a volunteer,—quite free to leave and return home, if I find the work distasteful."

"Ah, then you are safe. And so, you will soon be going home. Poor Yone!"

"Thank you for saying that, Doctor; but I am not sure about going home, just yet."

"My child," said I, unconsciously adopting the paternal style of address, and not exactly understanding why she began to laugh, "this is not the place for you. The real work that remains to be done in Japan is to emancipate the women and give them their rights, or a satisfactory share of them. All other tasks that women can take part in are now fairly provided for. Indeed, the Japanese have no claim to look for any more outside help, until they do justice to their own wives and sisters."

"Why cannot a woman like myself aid in bringing that about?"

"No, no; not for the present. The reform will hardly begin in my days. The most I hope is to see the foundations laid. Your youth can be given to other things,—perhaps to similar undertakings at home. When you reach a sturdy old age like mine, you may come again, and take on with the enterprise as it stands then."

"Doctor," she said saucily, as we entered the gate, "I do believe you want to do it all with your own hands, and get the whole of the glory yourself."

We were received by Santo, who had seen us drawing near, and was ready with gruff greeting at his threshold.

"You have come for Yone," he said, as soon as the ordinary salutations had been exchanged. "I will lead you to her. It is a new place, Doctor-san; you cannot find the way. The house is turned upside down. I do not like it at all."

He guided us through a passage with which I was unacquainted, and drew aside the door of a little chamber, at one end of which Yone lay upon a bed of cushions. Excusing herself for not rising, she begged us to occupy a couple of cane chairs, to which she pointed with an air of peculiar satisfaction, at the same time inviting our attention, by a significant glance, to the unusual adornments by which she was surrounded. A table, covered with English books, was within her reach; a tiny desk stood in a corner; pictures hung upon the walls in what looked like profusion for a Japanese interior, and a mirror, ingeniously set in a silken frame, reflected a variety of dainty objects seldom gathered together in an Oriental dwelling.

"What part of the world are we in?" I exclaimed, perceiving that a recognition of all this grandeur was expected.

"My husband allows it," she remarked, sedately; "I have not thanked him enough. Indeed, he gives me no opportunity. Will it please you to enter, danna-san?" she added, addressing him directly.

He stood at the entrance, a statue of stolidity, his countenance exhibiting various shades of doubt, distrust, and defiance. For a dull man, he certainly possessed a marvelous faculty of twisting his features into combinations of disagreeable expression. Before responding to Yone's invitation, he cast his eyes about the room, surveying the details with what I conceived to be an air of scornful superiority.

"Where shall I put myself?" he demanded. "Do I look like a man who has learned to dance among eggs? If I go in, I shall break something. It is like a foreign furniture shop. I suppose there was never such foolishness since the gods were on the earth."

"If you object"—I began, nettled at his manner.

"He does not object," Yone interposed, hastily. "If he objected, it would not be so. Why, Doctor, is not that easy to see?"

As I was not ready with an answer, she looked inquiringly at her other visitor, between whom and herself some signal of intelligent appreciation was probably exchanged. It was too subtle for my capacity, but I observed that the girls smiled confidentially, without a shadow of annoyance at Santo's roughness. When I turned, in some bewilderment, to speak with him again, he had disappeared, and his heavy footsteps presently resounded, as he hobbled away, along the dark corridors.

"Joy go with you!" I cried; at which the young folks smiled more contentedly than before.

"You take things very amiably," I grumbled.

"There is nothing to complain of, Doctor Charwell," said Miss Gibson,—"nothing at all."

Since they saw no cause of offense, it was not for me to incite sedition. Giving heed to the serious purpose of my call, I speedily discovered that Yone had fallen into a sad state of depression and feebleness. She had not left her couch upon the matting since her return home, two days before, and this unusual suspension of her active pursuits proved the severity of the shock she had undergone. But the coming of Miss Gibson was a better remedy than I could have provided for her. These two young persons were in closer acquaintanceship with one another than I had imagined, their meetings at the school having been frequent and their association almost intimate. For a little while I watched, with unspeakable gratification, Yone's reviving glow under the cheering influence, and then, leaving them together, I went into the boat-yard, where Santo was superintending his laborers with severity of language and gesture. It was his pleasure to assume a bearing of extreme and indiscriminate bad humor.

"This is a fine piece of work," he shouted, as I approached him. "Where is the young American man, and what am I to do with that?" He pointed to the unfinished boat.

"Well, Santo, the American young man has gone to visit his mother in China, like a dutiful son; and the boat is to be finished with all the taste and skill and experienced judgment which distinguish the products of Santo Yorikichi's renowned manufactory."

"Yes, that is very ticklesome to the ear; but who is to pay for it, I should like to know?"

"He is to pay for it, Santo of the strong and dexterous right hand; he is to pay for it, through me, your humble servant, in good paper money, which will be very ticklesome to the fingers."

"But he kept ordering alterations, which will make the bill very high. Do you know that?"

"I know it very well. Everything will be paid."

"He is a strange man, that young American man. I do not understand him."

"As you say, Santo Yorikichi, he is strange, and probably it is not worth while trying to understand him. Therefore, the less we say about him, the better for us all. But everything will be paid, and if he does not return to take the boat, I shall know what to do with it. So I hope you are satisfied."

"No, I am not at all satisfied," he retorted. "There is my wife. She has been sick for a week, and the house is going to destruction."

"Pardon me, she has been sick only two days; which I know particularly well, because I am her doctor. As to the house, it is, as usual, the neatest and cleanliest house in the empire of the Rising Sun."

"Why should she be sick, even for two days? It is the most ridiculous thing."

"Of course, of course, Santo; sickness is always a ridiculous thing. You were sick yourself, you know, desperately sick, not very long ago, and nothing could be more ridiculous than you were then."

The cross-grained fellow gave no other response than

one of his comprehensive grunts, charged, in his estimation, with as much meaning as a nod of the approved Lord Burleigh pattern. On this occasion it appeared to signify that while it might be perfectly legitimate and defensible that men should sometimes fail and droop in health, no justification could be pleaded for similar eccentricity on the part of women.

"Well, she *is* sick, Santo; and she must have rest and change of some sort. Don't interrupt me; I say she must. Now I know a party that is going to Hakone and thereabout, and Yone can go with them. She talks English excellently."

"And what good is that to me?" said this pillar of contumacy.

"Why, she will be paid, no doubt; you know she always is."

"I know she is not paid much, and I know she always wants half the money for children's reading books, or medicine for strangers."

"This time," I urged, "she shall have double payment; and I guarantee that she shall not ask for more than one-third of the money for the frivolous and unwarrantable purposes which you mention."

"I do not understand," he persisted, "why you all make so much disturbance about my wife. Look at the American miss,—what is it to her? I might be on my back several tens of weeks, and nobody would be anxious for me, or cross the Sumida to inquire."

"You are entirely wrong, Santo, my friend; it is undoubtedly out of respect to you that so many persons are interested in your wife. And you should consider that you might, indeed, fall ill again. What would happen to you, in that case? Yone is in no condition to take care of you, as she did before. On your own account, you had better let her go and get well."

"There is reason in that. I do not altogether like it, but

I will let her go. I should get no good of her, anyway, lying idle there," he grunted, in what might be the tone of a deeply injured and reluctantly resigned bear.

XXI.

AMONG THE WOODS AND MOUNTAINS.

THE party of which I had spoken, in a sudden inspiration, was intended to consist of no others but Miss Gibson, Yone, and myself. I found less difficulty in putting it into practical shape than I had expected, since Miss Gibson was not sorry to have a reason for abruptly leaving her associates without apparent ill-will, and Yone needed no persuasions to cause her to cling with tender affection to the first foreign friend of her sex, and proximately near her age, whom she had ever known.

In the lovely groves and valleys which lie at the base of the Hakone hills, my poor child passed the first hours of peaceful and unbroken enjoyment she had ever known. Miss Gibson, too, was delighted with her new companion, and set herself to playing a semi-maternal part with immense enthusiasm. For a beginning, she insisted that Yone should lay aside the garments of her people, as being cumbersome and ill-suited to intricate sylvan explorations, and invested her with a loose robe of her own; protesting that the transformation was in the highest degree improving. Convenient it certainly was, but harmoniously becoming it did not appear to me, until the progressive American wrought a more complete change by abolishing the elaborate capillary structure which surmounted her friend's head. Intending at first to replace this by a foreign coiffure, she was restrained by the sight of Yone's descending rush of dark hair, which fell quite to her knees, and enveloped her like a mantle. Then the decree went forth that, during the country sojourn at least, the wavy

mass should flow loose and unconfined, without subjection to any of the fetters of an artificial civilization.

"Now, Yone," said Miss Gibson, "at last you *are* a pretty girl."

Yone accepted the eulogy with demure complacency. She had received similar assurances, on various occasions, from the same source, so that the value of the qualification implied by the words "at last" was not distinctly apparent. She was always pleased that those whom she liked should think her pretty. As a rule, she was not much interested in the question of her personal appearance. The women of Japan, for various reasons, give less heed to such matters than their sex in Western communities. The trivial consideration she had bestowed upon the subject probably led her to the conclusion that she was not, in strict truth, especially comely. It is next to certain that she had never been told so by any of her own race; and, indeed, the style which belonged to her was not at all in accordance with the Japanese traditional type of beauty. Even her hair, which just now called forth Miss Gibson's encomium, was slightly curly,—a defect which any Japanese girl who wishes to think well of herself will employ all sorts of expedients to remove. And it was not densely black, as it should have been by the native standard, but in certain lights exhibited the reddish under-tinge which so often puzzles foreign observers. As to her features and the outlines of her face, she conceived that it was necessary only to compare them with the ideals of feminine loveliness depicted by skilled Japanese artists, to discover that her endowments were not of a kind to merit approbation. On the other hand, she knew that her friends from afar must find some quality of fairness in her, as otherwise they would not put themselves to the trouble of saying so; and she was frankly gratified that anything about her was attractive to them. If we really liked it, she would be delighted to wear Marian's dress, and let her hair swing free, until we should return to re-

gions where conventional propriety exercised its critical sway.

It was with no superficial purpose that Miss Gibson desired to effect these changes of external appearance. She wished to make use of every expedient by which the afflicted girl's thoughts might be turned from the channels in which they had recently run, and to divert her, by various devices, from the contemplation of her past identity. The energies of the zealous American were presently devoted to awakening new interests in Yone's mind, and persuading her to look upon pure recreation and amusement as entitled to occasional consideration. In course of time she succeeded in developing a sense of humor in her companion, who, I presume, had never in her life before emitted a hearty laugh, and who, being incited thereto by her instructress, first fell into reflective astonishment at finding herself capable of such demonstrative mirth, and subsequently yielded unreservedly to the merry contagion, her voice ringing lightly through the woods, like the soft-toned bell-bird of the Japanese wilds.

But she could not be led to forego entirely the pursuits for which nature seemed to have designed her. Wherever we wandered, she found means of making herself acquainted with objects upon which to lavish thoughtful and kindly attention. Many of her busiest hours were passed in the village schools, and there was scarcely an afternoon when she was not called upon to administer solace to invalid pilgrims, who were quite as eager to secure a listener to the recital of their woes as to submit themselves to the healing influences of the baths. As we made the round of the watering-places it was not long before Yone came to be regarded as the informal adviser and consoler of each little sojourning community; and I was sometimes under the necessity of organizing excursive expeditions, solely to get her beyond the range of the popular sanitary resorts, and

to free her from importunities which she was wholly incapable of resisting.

The days went blithely by, and we saw with delight that as our patient gathered bodily vigor and animation, her spirits rose to an even placidity which encouraged us in bright hopes for the future. I think that she was more clearly aware of our solicitude than we then supposed, and that some part of the vivacity which gratified us may have been assumed; but that was all to her advantage, in a way, since the consciousness of affording pleasure was sure to act upon her as a direct restorative. She enlivened our intervals of rest and leisure, often making them exuberantly merry by describing her personal adventures among the rustic populace and her interviews with health-seeking tourists, whose selfish garrulity did not by any means impose upon her good sense, though she was always tolerant of even their imaginary tribulations. Sometimes she had matter of graver interest with which to entertain us, for the region in which we traveled was rich in historical associations, and enabled her to recall many a tale of mediæval gallantry and daring. With all her gentleness, she was not insensible to the warlike glory which was once the revelry of her race, and the flash of her eye, the thrill of her voice, as she repeated the ancient legends of heroism and devotion, told us that in the depths of her quiet little spirit there were still some sparks of the fire that had burned in the souls of her ancestors.

While in the vein of martial reminiscence, she narrated, one evening, as we sat in the garden of an old inn at Dogashima, the story which for nearly three hundred years had been the pride of her family, and in which the valorous traditions of her forefathers had culminated. Through many centuries the house of Yamada had held conspicuous rank, its foundation and rise being authentically recorded in the remote ages preceding Nara. It was from an offshoot of this ancient stock that our Yone was directly de-

scended. Her own pedigree dated from the memorable battle of Sekigahara, in 1600, when the privilege of creating a new line was conferred upon a cadet of the name, in reward for an act of precocious bravery. The Yamada of that day, a captain of prowess, on setting out at nightfall for the field upon which the fortunes of the illustrious chieftain Iyeyasu were to be finally established, left his youngest son at a village hard by, in charge of the few retainers who could be spared from the coming engagement. The lad had pleaded for permission to follow and observe the conflict, if he might not join in it; but his tender years —he was but thirteen—forbade the expectation that he could possibly be of service, and made it probable that his presence would be an incumbrance. His entreaties were disregarded, but as a solace to his disappointment he was authorized to proceed cautiously, on the following day, starting after the noon meal, to a point at which he might hope to meet his sire, returning victorious.

In the early hours of the eventful morning, the neighborhood was excited by divergent rumors from the scene of strife, but as the sun ascended, reports of unvaried disaster began to spread dismay among the adherents of the Tokugawa champion. When these grew more darkly ominous, the child's anxiety became uncontrollable. With all his youthful energy he urged the little body of attendants to anticipate the time of departure, and to advance with him at once to the fighting-ground. Their inclination was as keen as his own, but the word of the master was their law, and they dared not stir. Still the portentous tidings continued to expand, until, in desperation, the boy flung out reproaches and taunts, accusing his loyal servitors of selfish indifference, and inflaming them with vehement appeals to the loftier sense of honor, beside which the merit of tame obedience was a dull and spiritless virtue. He pictured their lord in an extremity of peril from which a single bold stroke might rescue him, and warned them that if

calamity should result from their inaction the shame would rest upon them and their memory forever. At last his passionate prayers prevailed. Mounting their horses in haste, they rode forth with shouts of fierce acclamation; and long before the tide of combat had finally turned, the chivalrous stripling had led them to the heart of the fray, where, with a silent obeisance, he placed his small reserve at his father's disposal.

The relief came at a critical moment, when the strength of half a dozen fresh men-at-arms was eagerly welcomed. An hour later, the enemies of Iyeyasu were flying in disorder to their strongholds, and numbers of his officers were directing the division of the spoils, and distributing rewards among their deserving followers. In the centre of a sombre group stood Yamada, his countenance wearing an expression of sorrowful dejection, in place of the proud exultation that had lighted it in the moment of triumph. Before him knelt his son and the four survivors of the party who had come to aid him in his greatest need. To them he owed perhaps his life, and assuredly the augmented glory which the issue of that day would bring to his house. But the rule of domestic discipline was not less rigorous, in that stern age, than the military law which governed public actions. Both had been violated when the parental injunction was set at naught. The fame of the youthful hero and his gallant band would descend to the latest generations, but their bodies must be sacrificed to the immutable decree. They had known, even while starting upon their errand of devotion, that, whatever service they might render their master, they were riding to their own doom. Death thus encountered, and inflicted by their own hands, had no terror for them. It was inevitable, and they asked only for authority to immolate themselves upon the field of valor, that their renown might be mingled everlastingly with that of the mighty victory. Already the swords were bared, when a messenger dashed into the circle, bringing orders from the

supreme commander to arrest the proceedings. Seated on his camp chair, at a little distance, and exchanging pleasantries with the nobles, as was his habit after each successful contest, the conqueror of all Japan had caught the story as it flew from mouth to mouth, and, with the impulsive generosity that nobly distinguished his character, resolved to interpose his fiat against the exaction of a penalty which, though demanded by conventional usage, he had the undoubted power to remit. At his command the harsh ordinance was suspended, and it was proclaimed that the four samurai should be held guiltless of the sin of insubordination; while the daring boy was further distinguished, after the manner of the times, by the award of a separate crest, and by elevation to independent knighthood. From this incident sprang the secondary branch of the family, whose sole remaining representative was now our gentle friend.

XXII.

ONLY A WOMAN.

"LOOK at her!" cried Miss Gibson, as Yone stood erect in the moonlight, her whole aspect and bearing animated in an unusual degree by the emotions which her recital had kindled. "Look at her! She wants only a suit of armor to be the living image of the young cavalier, I do believe."

"You must not say that," Yone objected, in a tone from which all the vibrant resonance was suddenly banished, and smiling in deprecation. "I am only a woman.'

"Only a woman, indeed! And what am I, Madam, if you please?"

"You, Marian? Oh, it is different. You are an American. If I were like you"—

"Listen to her, Doctor," laughed the cheerful Bostonian; "it sounds vastly like ambition, that little 'if.' The world s moving swiftly in this part of Asia."

"Ambition," repeated Yone, softly,—"may such a word be spoken by a Japanese girl?"

"Why not, my dear,—why not by you as well as by me?"

"Can you ask that? If I felt in my heart the wish to rise a little from the earth, how could I ever do it? You do not know, but I think the doctor has sometimes guessed—for he sees everything that is in me—that I have had my foolish dreams, my pictures of a real life, perhaps a useful life. Yes, I have thought what it must be to feel truly free, to have the right to be fearless, to look for a path of noble action and try to walk in it. You will not chide me, Marian; I know it is only my wandering vain fancy. You would not tell it to anybody.

Understanding her character and her present needs better than her new companion, I took to myself the privilege of intruding.

"Who can say?" I suggested, in a matter-of-fact strain. "Your chance might come, some day. If you wait patiently, we may find a way for you to do something of the kind you wish."

"Why, Doctor, I shall be provoked at you!" exclaimed Miss Gibson, impetuously. "What is she doing now, from morning till night, wherever she goes?"

"Playing, surely," said Yone, opening her big eyes. "I think of nothing but to enjoy myself, all the day long."

"Playing, you dear child!" was the warm response. "Oh, Yone, I would be more than content if my whole existence were made up of such play as yours."

"Yone is all right," I interposed; "she has her fashion of amusing herself, and she is satisfied, I presume. She will have to be satisfied while we are here, for there shall be no hard work if I can prevent it."

But now our patient chose to be afflicted with compunctions.

"No, Marian, it is not fair," she protested. "How can

you speak so of yourself? Think of where you are, and what you are here for. You have come thousands of miles from your American home to labor for the good of strangers who can offer you nothing in return, and who hardly know how to thank you. It is beautiful to do that. No woman of my country can have such happiness."

She reflected a moment, during which we said nothing.

"I am sure it must be a happiness," she presently continued. "Why should so many come, if it is not their best pleasure to bring wisdom and learning from distant lands, and plant them among our people? And to give all so graciously,—what is there more noble in the world?"

I did not care to oppose her, and it was not easy to acquiesce in these ardent eulogies, so I bethought me of Santo's inarticulate vocabulary, and, borrowing his method, evaded responsibility by grunting,—a form of expression not at all satisfactory to Miss Gibson, who turned upon me with vivacity.

"If it gratifies her to believe so," she remonstrated, "why should we seek to harden her? For my part, I am thankful that she is willing to shut her eyes to unpleasant things."

"As you like," I replied, not in the most lenient humor. "Let us make a Juggernaut of the entire foreign system, and prostrate ourselves before it. How many would you wish to see crushed?"

Miss Gibson perceived that further discussion would vex me, and was considerately disposed to abandon the topic; but Yone's mind had long been overcharged, and, with a fervor which betrayed itself in the unsteadiness of her utterance, she presently broke the silence, addressing her words more directly to me.

"It grieves me," she said, "that any troubles of mine should cause my best friends to differ, even in the smallest trifle. I would far rather have them all forgotten. Nothing would make me speak of them but the fear that they

are too harshly remembered by you who care so much for me. It is not right or respectful to set my judgment against that of one who has been my teacher and protector since childhood, and I should not dare to do it in any case; but as he is always indulgent, he will let me ask if it may not be that his generous affection—which is the most precious of all his gifts—makes him more pitiful to me than he is just to others. These are bold things to say; I am not used to be so forward. Do I displease you, Doctor?"

"No, child, no; but this is holiday time. I wish you would bear that in mind."

"If I do not displease you," she resumed, "I hope I may tell you how I feel. It seems that you mean never to forgive those persons who have been severe to me; that your anger will not die, but burns stronger every day. And I am the cause. If it were another who had been unkindly treated, you would not be so unrelenting."

"Come, Yone," I expostulated; "if we must talk about them, let us keep within reason. There is no justice in straining charity so far as to cover the misdeeds of the Philipsons. That is my conviction, at any rate. You'll not expect me to overlook what they have done."

"That is not to be expected, truly," she admitted. "Have I not said that I should enter their house no more? It is a great support, it gives me courage and strength, that you do not overlook what they have done to me; and if I ever ceased to be grateful I should not be fit to live. But I am only one. Though they did indeed harm me, they have helped others. Many I know whom they have sheltered, and fed, and taught; lifting them from ignorance and wretchedness; nursing them when they were sick; saving them from suffering, sometimes from disgrace. Shall I make myself blind to what has been done for them? I look often with great wonder at those ladies, and all like them, who come across the oceans to offer comfort and knowledge and happiness to our poor and humble. You have no

need to wonder, you and Marian, for you also are here for the same purpose. It is not marvelous in your sight, but it fills me with amazement and reverence. They may make mistakes; oh, yes, who is there that can be always sure of doing right? I am not likely to forget what has happened to me, but you would be the first to reprove me if I denied the charities and the blessings that they have lavished upon the children of my people. And yet you will acknowledge none of them now, because I have been hurt. It is as if I were to blame."

"I could answer you in many ways," I rejoined; "but you are an obstinate infant, and I might never convince you. Certainly I shall not permit you to convince me. Cruelty is too ugly a thing for me to countenance or commend."

"Doctor, are you quite fair to me?" she pleaded. "That is so much more than I have ever said or thought. To commend cruelty! I do not know what it means. But for many actions that cannot be commended it is possible to find excuses,—to explain them in ways which make us judge them more mercifully. I do not wish to oppose you. It is not becoming that I should doubt anything you tell me, but you must let me believe that those who seem to show too little feeling for others are often moved by their ideas of duty, and not by a desire to cause injury or pain."

"Oh, if you reason on that line, you can trace most of the crimes of history to false doctrines of duty."

"I have heard so; and does not that take from them their worst sinfulness? If duty governs, perhaps there is no crime. The wickedness should be in the intention."

"We know pretty well what wickedness is, Yone, and we can recognize suffering when we feel it or see it. I shall not tolerate the notion of a duty that goes against my honest convictions."

"If all people could be of one mind, it would be plain and simple," she proceeded. "The laws are so unlike in

different cases. Yet if we may not trust the sense of duty that is strong within us, what is to be our guide? There was Miura Kitasaburo. I did not tell you about him, the story was growing so long. He was the leader of the little guard that remained with my ancestor, and who left the place where he was ordered to remain. Will you listen to what befell him?"

We cried out against the suppression of any part of the romantic legend, and Yone then went on to relate the sequel:—

"Miura was a hardy soldier, and had followed the flag of Iyeyasu through many wars. He was famed for his loyalty, and it was the habit of his companions to measure their constancy by his example. His friends boasted that he had never suffered a rebuke, and that, of all the retainers of Yamada, he was known as one whose faith had been as spotless as his sword and as unswerving as the thrust of his lance. Until he rode, that morning, to Sekigahara, his face had never turned from the line of strict obedience, and for the first time his courage fell as he advanced to meet his chief, who received him with words of flaming anger, casting reproofs at him for bringing the last son of the house into deadly peril, from which it might happen that the proud family name would be blotted from the roll of living samurai. 'To you, Kitasaburo,' he cried, 'I gave the keeping of my hopes for future ages; and you have betrayed me!' Then Miura knew that his honor could be redeemed only by a solemn and terrible expiation. He fought with strength and skill, and all men saw that his arm was mighty in hastening the hour of victory. With a heart free from care, and eager to repair the fault that had been charged upon him, he made ready to offer his life in atonement, knowing that he would thus regain the favor of his lord, and win back his place in the world's esteem. When the command of great Iyeyasu came, relieving him and his comrades from the penalty, forbidding them to shed their

blood, and declaring them free from guilt, he alone displayed no satisfaction. He stood apart, like one bearing a weight too heavy for mortal endurance. Throughout the afternoon he moved as if in a dark dream,—joyless, oppressed with gloom. At the moment of his expected doom his face had shone with cheerfulness and content, and it was only when the fatal decree was set aside that his spirit drooped and languished. For an hour, perhaps more, he disappeared into seclusion; then as the day was about to end, he came to the front of his captain's tent, and kneeling, with his eyes turned to the setting sun, he bowed his head, and swiftly passed from this earth, to join the brotherhood of stainless warriors whose renown could be dimmed by no breath of reproach, and whose glory would last unsullied so long as uprightness and fidelity should claim the homage of mankind. It was an act of rare nobleness, judged by the unflinching precepts of those days. Iyeyasu himself came to gaze upon the body, and the tradition says that tears were on his cheeks as he stood speechless beside it, for his soul was touched at the proof of such true manliness,—as it was then regarded. A scroll was found fastened to the dead man's sword, upon which, in accordance with the practice on these grave occasions, he had written his last words, in poetic measure. The lines have not the form of Western verse, but this is their meaning:—

The steel corroded by poisonous vapors is cleansed with the blood of repentance.

Let the rust of a moment be forgotten in the lustre of a thousand ages.

Thus, in giving up his existence, the sturdy soldier left to his descendants a legacy which they have never ceased to cherish as their most glorious possession. The name of Yamada, which is my title to respect in my own province, had no surer foundation of merit than that of the more lowly born clansmen who served our house through all the years of peace, until the great earthquake of change came,

a little after my birth-time, and the old ties of fellowship and vassalage were destroyed. While the feudal beliefs lingered, it was a custom in our part of Owari to connect my family with the remembrances of daring bravery which belonged to the past; and Miura's was associated with the sentiment of staunch and steadfast duty."

"Thank you for the tale, Yone," I said, when she had finished. "These recollections of old Japan give us plenty of matter for meditation. Are we to apply the moral to suit ourselves?"

"It is only that the influence of duty is too powerful for any of us to resist. In the sight of foreigners the conduct of Miura would seem extravagant and strained, and even among my countrymen the spirit which prompted it is said to be fading away. Nevertheless, it was the highest chivalry three centuries ago, and it will be long before the principle is wholly forgotten. The message which the faithful samurai left did much to mould the character of those who succeeded him. The sword, which they have sacredly guarded, has been their symbol of integrity and devotion. I have myself known them to put it to fearful uses, in preservation of the family honor. No one has questioned the motives of their acts, and no suspicion of an unworthy purpose has fallen upon them, yet I have heard them condemned for carrying their convictions of what is right and needful to tragical extremities. I am an ignorant child; I have moved in narrow circles; my experience has no value. I can only think, and think again. I, too, must hearken to the bidding of my conscience, and submit to its instructions. Then, tell me, am I to say that others whom I meet in my little world are less honest or true, or sincere than I? Would you be content with me if this were my belief? Dear Doctor, you are learned and wise, and I look to you for the laws that rule my life; but it will be an affliction if you gainsay me in this, for I do not feel that I can here be wrong."

Her voice fell as she uttered these last words, and, for many minutes after, no sound but the gathering murmurs of the autumn night followed her pleading, tremulous tones. I did not attempt to answer her; I could not. The faint rustle of the forest trees, the ripple of hurrying streams, the hum of the busy insects, the plaintive breathing of the winds, all the intense and thrilling whispers of the wilderness, seemed, in my softened imagination, to echo and prolong the tender human appeal with touching and persuasive eloquence. Miss Gibson, who had taken but little part in the conversation, rose without speaking, and folded her companion's slender figure in her arms. It was with a strange mingling of emotions that I at length roused myself to give the reply which was awaited.

"Let it pass, Yone. If I think you are wrong I shall not try to change you. Your own way is the best—for you; and for me it does not matter. Follow your way, my dear, while you can. All I wish is that you shall be happy. You know that we depend upon that a great deal, Miss Gibson and I. You must not lead yourself into excitement and worry,—that disturbs me. You are discomposed because you fear I am tempted to be revengeful with the Philipsons. Well, I promise that I will do nothing in revenge, either on your account or mine. That ought to satisfy you, and, in return, you will drive away all your anxious thoughts as quickly and completely as you can."

She came and knelt by my side.

"I was afraid, dear Doctor, that I had made you offended with me, and now you are more kind than ever before. I think no other woman in the world has had such friends as I have, in you and Marian."

"When I first met Doctor Charwell," said Miss Gibson, in little broken fragments of phrases, striving with very imperfect success to be firm and coherent, "when he told me of you, Yone, what you were, what I should find in you, what I should learn from you, I did not dream how speedily and surely his prophecy would be fulfilled. He has been my best friend, too, in this land, for he has given me you, to love me better than I deserve, and to be loved with all my humble heart, my own true darling."

XXIII.

YONE AT PLAY.

Among the numerous villages which glisten and sparkle upon the breasts of the Hakone hills, Miyanoshita claims distinction as the most popular of holiday resorts. Accident, rather than superiority of natural charms, has given it this preëminence; for, although the entire region is so bounteously endowed that no single spot is without its share of loveliness, the attractions of the prosperous watering-place are by many degrees less rare and exquisite than those of its more modest neighbors. Fashion, however, has favored it with constant and steady approval, and the preference awarded it by dignitaries of the court has conferred a social lustre to which none of its rivals has attained. The season was early when we arrived at this centre of activity and gayety, yet we found the place thronged with visitors of all grades and nationalities. In the spacious and showy European hotel, divers phases of Western idleness were plentifully represented. The state apartments of the honjin, or leading Japanese inn, were occupied by a lady whose rank and exceptional position in the imperial household were regarded by the foreign circle as inviting and authorizing the most intrusive scrutiny. The retinue of this lofty patroness was distributed among the first-class lodging-houses, and the humbler grade of taverns, of which the hamlet is chiefly composed, were so overcrowded that we were glad to take refuge in a quiet Buddhist temple, from the privacy of which we were enabled, for a while, to gaze with the interest of unconcerned

spectators upon the human kaleidoscope that briskly revolved before us.

But only for a while. First through our hosts, the charitable priests, and presently by other agencies, the youngest of our party was drawn into participation with the living interests around her, and was soon engaged in the pursuits which best accorded with her inclinations, and which, remembering her characterization of them at Dogashima, we began to describe as "Yone's play." At the outset she gave no heed to this pleasantry, but its frequent repetition gradually attracted her attention, and appeared to touch her in some sensitive spot. Being asked by Miss Gibson, with a peculiar intonation, at the close of one of her busy days, if she had found plenty of partners to play with, during the afternoon, she regarded us earnestly, and said, in a manner implying a shade of anxiety,—

"Am I absent too often, Marian?"

"What an idea! How can you imagine such a thing?" was the reply; whereupon Yone addressed herself to me:—

"Have I been neglecting you, Doctor?"

"Not that I know of, my child. Perhaps Miss Gibson is afraid you will tire yourself."

"It is impossible to be tired with nothing but"— She checked herself at the familiar word, which seemed to be assuming a new significance, and again looked at us inquiringly.

"You need not be so solemn," observed Miss Gibson; "you shall enjoy yourself as you like, if you will not try to do too much. But I am not sure that you can be allowed to have any more acquaintances to look after. Who was the young man that spoke to you, on the bridge?"

"Did you see him? I wanted to tell you. But he is not an acquaintance; he is a stranger. He gave me a compliment."

"Gave you what?" I exclaimed, astonished.

"A compliment, Doctor,—a delightful one."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I suppose he was puzzled by my dress. He said he had seen me walking with many sick people, and thought I was a nurse."

"Do you call that a compliment? Then you probably told him how wonderfully kind the sick people are, to permit you to go about taking care of them."

"Now the doctor is pretending to be severe," she retaliated, lightly. "No, the strange gentleman wished to know if I would go and see a young girl, who is ill at Fuji-ya inn.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Gibson. "I hope you did not promise."

"I did not quite promise, for I thought you might not like that, but I said I would ask Doctor Charwell to go to her; and if she really is ill"— She looked wistfully at us, leaving the phrase unfinished.

"Who is she?" I inquired,—"a foreigner?"

"The gentleman is a foreigner," she answered, with a little hesitation. "I believe the young girl is Japanese."

"Oh, pray be cautious!" said Miss Gibson. "Think what it means: a foreigner, you do not know who, asking you to visit one of your country-women. There is that spiteful Miss Jackman watching every movement you make, from the balcony of Nara-ya, like a"—

"Like a guardian angel," I hinted, as she seemed at a loss for a comparison. "But I did not know Miss Jackman was here."

"She came over from Hakone, three days ago," explained Yone. "This is her vacation time. Yes, she is very watchful; but can you indeed care, Marian, for what that lady does or says?"

"I ought not, perhaps; yet it harasses me to have her near us. I wish she had stayed away."

"She might annoy us by one device or another," I remarked; "but we certainly are not bound to consider her, and she must not stand in the way of anything that Yone seriously wishes to do."

"It is only in case I am really needed," said Yone. "If there is no illness, I do not wish—I prefer not. You will see the young girl, Doctor?"

"I will see her. What is her name?"

"I have not heard. The gentleman's name is Roberts."

"Does he know who you are?" asked Miss Gibson.

"Not at all. He spoke to me, and I answered, in Japanese. But I will not think of it any more, since there may be an objection. I was inclined to consent, because I had refused, a few minutes before, to call upon another person, and I did not like to say 'no' twice."

This surprised us. It was a novelty to hear that Yone was able to reject any demand upon her attention, and we at once prepared ourselves for an interesting disclosure. But she appeared reluctant to pursue the subject, and for the moment our expectation remained unsatisfied. At a later period of the evening, she seemed on the point of enlightening us, and had gone so far as to say that she wanted our counsel in a difficult matter, when we were startled by a voice from without, loudly calling:—

"Is Doctor Charwell anywhere about here?"

"It is he,—Mr. Roberts," Yone whispered hurriedly.

"He chooses his time oddly," I said, not too well pleased; "and he has an original way of announcing himself."

"The young girl may be worse," our peacemaker suggested.

"He shall come in, but I will see him alone, if you please;" and I went forth, while my companions retired to an inner chamber.

I found the visitor engaged in a noisy colloquy with the simple priests, and led him to the apartment which served as our drawing-room.

"Beg pardon, Doctor Charwell, for shouting so," he commenced volubly, "but they told me you were in one of the temples, and gave me no other clue. If I hadn't sung

out, I should never have got at you. Allow me, my name is Roberts; 'Fitch, Burgess and Roberts, Number Four Hundred and Seven.'"

He was easily recognizable as belonging to the middle shopkeeping class of Yokohama,—a forward, unpolished, self-satisfied man, about thirty years of age, with signs of a somewhat quicker intelligence than is commonly found among his order, and with an alertness of speech and bearing which showed at least that he had thus far kept himself out of the torpid stagnation into which the majority of aliens sink, after a brief experience of Oriental inertia, and through which their existence in Japan becomes a prolonged and sluggish hibernation. His accent betrayed Scottish birth, and the squareness of his jaw indicated that he possessed no small share of the national stubbornness; but there was a pleasant gleam in his eye, and the harshness of his features was tempered by a smile in which a kindly humor seemed to contend with an assumption of shrewd conceit. In rapidly forming these impressions, I was doubtless influenced by the circumstance that his countenance, otherwise an ordinary one in his sphere, was notably free from signs of the hard brutality which the average British trader acquires by contact with what it is his habit to call the inferior Asiatic races. Still, his appearance was not on the whole attractive, and I waited to learn his errand without much predisposition in his favor.

"I'm sorry to intrude at this hour," he said, as he stood, hat in hand, "but I couldn't help it,—I really couldn't. My little girl is in great trouble. I suppose you have heard about her?"

"I have heard of a case of sickness at Fuji-ya," I answered, "and that you spoke of it to Mrs. Santo, this afternoon."

"Yes, Mrs. Santo,—that's it; Yone Santo is the name. I came to see her, if I can."

"You had better speak with me, if a physician is needed."

"But I want her," he persisted.

"Indeed!" I replied, with growing disapproval. "The ladies of my party are not accustomed to this sort of summons, Mr. Roberts, nor odinarily subject to the call of strangers."

"Precisely, yes,—no, I suppose not," he responded, slightly abashed. "Naturally you think you should be asked first, but it's a peculiar case, Doctor Charwell. It isn't illness alone, but low spirits, miserably low. I don't mind telling you the whole story. There's a parcel of missionary women in this town, and they've got hold of my poor girl and set her just topsy-turvy, unbeknown to me. I brought her here because she was pining, and, instead of mending, she has been drooping all the time. They have been persecuting her every day, when my back was turned, and I tell you, sir, they have worried her so that she is nearly off her head. An excitable little thing she is. As for her position, she—it doesn't matter about her position. I won't have her sat on and torn to pieces by a pack of hyenas,—heartless hyenas I call them. You agree with me, I am sure."

"Not in the least, sir," I rejoined, more and more dissatisfied; "and I do not see how this concerns me or anybody in my charge."

"Why, Doctor Charwell, I thought you and I were passengers in the same boat. I was told that you had your own good reasons for wishing the missionaries exterminated, root and branch; that you knew, better than most of us, what a low-lived, useless crew they are."

"I don't care to discuss my opinions, or the reasons for them," I retorted curtly, "and I am very far, at this particular moment, from regarding the body you speak of as low-lived or useless. If you have no other business"—

He stared at me as if I had propounded the most startling of paradoxes.

"I—I didn't reckon upon this," he stammered; "I don't take it in, at all. This is the last thing. In the name of Dai Butsu, will you tell me what use they are, on the face of the earth?"

"Since you ask me, I will. They are useful, extremely useful, in setting a pattern of social cleanliness and decorum, which foreigners generally would do well to copy. They are useful in showing the natives of this land that domestic life is possible without looseness and irregularity. You know well enough what the conspicuous vice of the country is, and you ought to know that the Japanese people are singularly susceptible to good examples. They cannot help remarking that the missionary element is disfigured by none of the licentiousness which is their own bane, and against which they take too little pains to guard themselves. The lesson is a sound and wholesome one, and I am not aware that it is taught by any other section of the foreign community. To that extent the missionaries are in a high degree useful. They preach the virtues of morality, and in their practice they offer a model to be respected, if it cannot be followed by the laity."

The color mounted to the young man's face, and he twisted his hat nervously in his fingers.

"That is one for me, I presume; red-hot, with dynamite attachment. I see I have given offense, though I didn't mean it. That was not in my calculations, I can assure you. Out I go, sir, as quietly as I can." His speech was fantastic, but there was no trace of boisterousness or bravado as he turned away. "No use, now, to ask you to see my poor baby; put my foot in it too deep for that. Good-evening, sir." He paused at the threshold. "Do you know—can you tell me if there is another doctor in Miyanoshita? I may ask that much, I hope."

A rustling noise in the adjoining room apprised me that the dialogue had been overheard, and a jarring of the loose partition led me to apprehend a sudden incursion.

"Why do you say that?" I demanded quickly. "I will go to her; if she is ill I will go at once.'

"I thought, from the way you turned the missionary hydrant on me, that I had no chance. There was something else, but you knocked me out of time before I could get to it; drove everything I had to say clean out of my head.'

"Say it now, if you like."

"Yes, it isn't much." I didn't know who the Japanese lady was, but she mentioned your name, and when I repeated it to my little girl she almost went wild. 'It must be Yone who is with him!' she cried out. 'Do beg her to come and help me;' and she told me all about Mrs. Santo. Then I had to give her a warning. I hated to do it, for you know how thin-skinned these poor creatures are; but I was obliged to tell her that the young lady, or her friends, might object, under the circumstances. Well, sir, she wouldn't listen to me. 'I know she will come,' she kept saying; 'she will surely come to Shizu Miura'"—

In the flash of an instant the door was thrown aside, and Yone was with us.

"Shizu! my playfellow, my schoolmate! Why did you not tell me at the bridge? Doctor—Marian—she was my dear friend when I was a child, in Nagoya."

Mr. Roberts surveyed her, and Miss Gibson, who had also entered, with astonishment. He had never before heard a Japanese girl speak English with such fluency, nor seen one upon such terms of equal intimacy with an alien of her own sex.

"Perhaps, then," he ventured, "you will go, after all."

"Indeed, yes," said Yone. "I am ready now."

"It is getting to be very late," observed Miss Gibson, with an anxiety which Yone would have been unable to fathom. Is it not better that Doctor Charwell should make the first visit? If he finds—if he consents, you can go to-morrow."

"But she is in trouble. Oh, Marian, did you not hear? It is hard to stay, if she needs me."

"Miss Gibson is right," I felt bound to declare. "If there is nothing in the way, you can go early in the morning, Yone. And for you, Mr. Roberts, that ought to be sufficient."

"It ought, sir; certainly it ought. It isn't the fair thing for me to insist, but to tell you the truth, although Shizu is really ill, the young lady can do more for her than the doctor. She has been in a wretched state all this day, grieving and fretting to the depths, until she took the notion that her friend was here; and then—you never saw such a change. She brightened up as if a sunbeam had struck her; actually thought of leaving her bed and coming out herself, to hunt for—for a little womanly kindness. It was nothing but 'Yone,'—'I must go to her'—'Yone will help me,'—'Yone knows,'—and the like, until I undertook to get a message for her, even if I had to go back alone."

He gazed eagerly at each of us in turn. Yone said nothing, but laid her hand beseechingly on Miss Gibson's arm.

"I do hope you will give permission, Miss," resumed the Yokohama merchant. "She shan't get an atom of harm. There's nothing—I pledge you my word, there's nothing very bad about Shizu; she's just a child. I beg your pardon," he went on, almost breathlessly, noticing that Miss Gibson averted her head with a movement of repulsion; "I've made another mess of it. I'm not fit to plead the case,—that's the truth. But it is my fault; don't let my stupidity set you against the poor girl."

"I will go with you, Yone," said Miss Gibson, in a low tone and with evident effort. "You must have me by your side. Whoever sees you shall see that we are together."

"It's amazing kind of you, Miss," broke in the irrepressible stranger; "not like those—Excuse me, Doctor; I'm so confused, I believe I have lost my wits. I'll tell you

what I will do; walk ahead to show you the road, and leave you to go in by yourselves. Then I'll keep myself out of the way entirely; you sha'n't be bothered by another sight of me."

His uncouth awkwardness was more to his credit than he was aware of, and altogether preferable to the bold assurance with which he had set out, and which one of his grade might have been expected to maintain to the end. But the situation was disagreeable, however viewed, and I was fully conscious that Miss Gibson had taken upon herself a difficult and distasteful task, out of regard to Yone, whose thoughts were exclusively bent upon giving relief to a fellow-being in distress, and to whom the embarassment under which her companion labored, was not, for the moment, perceptible.

"We will do this," I announced. "The hotel is close at hand. Mr. Roberts shall take me to the invalid, and I will see what is needed in my way. If everything is as I anticipate, I will return by myself for both of you."

"I may be with her alone?" entreated Yone. "I have known her all my life, until a few months ago. We were infants together."

"That is what I meant," I replied. "Miss Gibson and I will wait for you in the hotel dining-room. We will give you half an hour to-night, and to-morrow—well, to-morrow shall take care of itself."

XXIV.

A PITIFUL DISCLOSURE.

So it was carried out. Within five minutes I was at the bedside of a sweet-faced, slenderly framed girl, whose physical ailment, due apparently to over-exertion, was increased by a mental strain she had recently undergone, the nature of which I was able to conjecture from Roberts's vindictive allusions, although the sufferer showed no disposition to enlarge upon it. Her yearning for Yone's comforting presence was uncontrollable, and it was plain that little could be done to relieve her while she was kept apart from the friend of her early days. I saw no reason for opposing her wish. The considerations which would naturally weigh heavily with Miss Gibson, and possibly compel her, as an obligation of duty, to resist the exposure of our protegée to what she conceived to be a contaminating association, had no force with me; for I knew that the evil of this young creature's life was undoubtedly a burden imposed upon her by a cruel fate, and that her soul was free from the guilt, if her body was not free from the shame, to which others had condemned her.

After instructing Roberts as to the course of treatment which I deemed expedient, I sent him into banishment, and brought Miss Gibson and Yone from the temple. To the hapless victim of an odious Japanese usage our gentle ministrant carried the consoling sympathy and charity which instinct enabled her to impart with ineffable delicacy, and which was more urgently needed, as it was infinitely more welcome, than the service it had been my province to render. While waiting in the dining-hall, I endeavored to engage the unsophisticated Bostonian in conversation upon matters concerning which she was imperfectly informed, and which required to be presented to her judgment in a new light. It was essential to her peace of mind that she should divest herself of some prejudices inseparable from her Western training, before confronting the painful social problems which cannot long be concealed in Japan, and the solution of which, even in individual cases, demands a courage, a luminous impartiality, and a rigorous renunciation of commonly accepted traditions, of which many of her sex are incapable. But she was too profoundly absorbed in her own reflections to respond to my advances. At the end of the stipulated half hour Yone re-

joined us, also grave and thoughtful, and we quietly returned to our temporary quarters. Roberts was standing at the hotel gate as we passed, but he made no attempt to accost us, and offered no sign of recognition beyond a formal salutation; which exercise of self-restraint was noted to his advantage by at least one of our party. It was about ten o'clock when we were again seated in our little brevet parlor. Without direct declaration of her desire, Yone made it obvious that she had intelligence of some importance to communicate, and we allowed the customary hour of retirement to go by unobserved.

"This has been a strange meeting," she said, when she saw that we were ready to attend,—"very strange, very unexpected, very sad. You know who she is, Doctor?"

I shook my head in denial.

"You have heard me speak of her: my schoolfellow, Shizu Miura, whose uncle adopted her, and saved her from a marriage which she wished to avoid."

"I remember now. I thought all was well with her."

"All has been ill, since that time. The marriage would have been easier to bear than what followed. Her uncle had made himself an akindo [merchant,] and his business seemed to prosper for a short while; but the samurai of my country have no cleverness in buying or selling. All they have ever learned about trade was to despise it. The unskilled gentleman could not stand against the men of ingenious craft. He became poorer than his brother, and Shizu went back to her old home, knowing that her selfishness had brought difficulty to two households. By accepting the husband provided for her, she would have lightened the cares of her family, and perhaps given them a new hope of support; but now she felt herself to be a heavier load than before. No one reproached her; only her conscience told her that she had added to the misfortunes of those whom she could have helped, and ought to have helped. I cannot describe to you how poor they were.

Marian, you would not understand it, but the doctor does, for he has seen the calamities of our feudal gentry,—those who were thrown upon the world when the great change came, who were ignorant of every kind of industry, who could earn no livelihood, who knew nothing, not even how to beg. In one day they saw their incomes taken away, and themselves, with their kindred, cast down to ruin. There was no warning for them, no gradual loss. They fell, millions of them, I have been told, from comfort, ease, perfect content, to the lowest depth of despair. Yet they endured their lot patiently, and without much complaining, for they knew that their rulers were not to blame. They hid their griefs, so far as they could, even from the strangers whose coming had brought the disasters upon them, and who, we have always believed, have kept our people in poverty for their own gain."

"Yone, it cannot be," cried Miss Gibson; "it is incredible. Tell her, Doctor, that she is—that they are deceived."

"It is God's truth," I answered; "the governments of Europe and America are indeed responsible for the direst woes of this country. But you have promised me, Yone, not to agitate yourself by brooding upon these things."

"Forgive me; it is Shizu's sorrowful story that has brought them to my mind. I will speak of them no more. You have made me comprehend that they are too awful for a child like me to dwell upon." She shuddered, as she sat silent for a moment, and seemed to struggle against the perturbing and oppressive recollections which had suddenly overwhelmed her. When she resumed, her thoughts were once more centred upon the immediate object of her compassion.

"For a long time Shizu watched the frightful contest of her family with the penury which was wasting their flesh and blood, and prayed for the relief that would not come. Everything they owned was sold; of all that had once been

theirs, only one article of value remained in their possession. Even this was pawned, though they would rather have given up their lives than part with it forever. Oh, the torture of those days of hunger, and sickness, and death!—for death came to more than one of them. The first to leave them was a little sister. I knew that I had no cause to lament her; the pain of her existence was ended. Then the aged brother of her grandfather fell ill; his voice grew weak, his eyes were dim, all his strength forsook him, for want of food,—nothing but want of food. I could send them only a small portion'—

"You speak as if you had witnessed these scenes," I interrupted. "Did you know, at the time, how they were situated?"

"I knew, but we also were poor, Doctor, and my hands were not free, as you can remember."

"For Heaven's sake, why did you keep it from me, my child?"

"Ah, Doctor, do you think that they alone, among my friends, were in that terrible condition? There were hundreds whose suffering was as great, perhaps greater. I never doubted your goodness, but I could not tell you of all who were afflicted. It was not in your power to save them, much as you would have wished it."

"You should have told me of this case, if, as I fear, the girl was driven by desperation to sacrifice herself."

"Not then; that happened later. I tried to do what was best, but I lost sight of them before the darkest days came. There were other deaths; not slow, like those which I knew of, but hasty and violent enough to distract a helpless girl's mind. The fading lives of all who were left depended upon her; they were famishing, and she could rescue them. Knowing what the people of my country are, I dare not judge her, but I may ask Marian if I have not the right to love her still."

"Don't ask me! Miss Gibson cried, recoiling from her

appeal. "I am horrified at everything I have heard. I don't know what to say or think. I never dreamed that such enormities could be. You tell me, Doctor Charwell, that the Christian nations have combined to desolate this feeble and burdened race, and that is bad enough; but the picture which Yone is drawing has a background so hideous that I cannot bear to look at it. Are these things true? If they are, don't ask me to pronounce upon them. The worst I have dreaded was trivial in comparison. I never have believed —I only guessed—faintly—a little part"— Her utterance was choked by a hysterical flood of tears, as she turned aside and covered her face with her hands.

Yone sat motionless, striken with consternation, uncertain how to meet this unlooked-for outburst, which had been evoked by her possibly abrupt disclosure of one of the shocking realities in the domestic system of Japan. To me it appeared that the abruptness of the disclosure was of little moment. It could scarcely be called premature, inasmuch as a person coming to the country with Miss Gibson's definite purpose might reasonably be accounted familiar with the notorious fact that the women are often expected and required to degrade themselves for the material benefit of those to whose authority they are subject. In any case it was inevitable, without much delay, and was not especially to be regretted. I was convinced that a few decisive words would be effectual in allaying the present disquietude, and providing against future misconceptions.

"You will be calm, Miss Gibson," I said, "and will not prolong Yone's distress, which is greater than you ought to inflict upon her. I did not know you were so ill prepared, but since you have been unwisely left in ignorance, I have some satisfaction in assuring you that you have no further revelations to apprehend. There is nothing, in all Japan, beyond what you have now caught sight of. You know the worst that you will have to contend with as long as you remain here. Of course there is no palliation for it,

but I shall try to-morrow, to show you how to place your condemnation where it is merited, and not to apply it where commiseration alone is due. To-morrow, if you please; to-night we will all rest, as tranquilly as we can."

XXV.

THE HELPING HAND.

BEFORE leaving the temple, on the following day, Yone took me aside, and questioned me with respect to the possibility of finding a means of livelihood for a young person who had precisely the qualifications which she herself possessed, and was equally capable of serving as interpreter or copyist.

"I have no secrets from you," she said; "I am thinking of Shizu. She was a good scholar at Jo-gakko, and understands English well, though she has had but little chance to speak it—until lately. If I have been of use, in my poor way, I am sure she could gain enough for her needs. A very little would support her."

The difficulty of extricating this friend from her present mode of existence was greater than Yone could divine; but if the experiment could be tried, I was willing to coöperate, and to provide occupations, in case of need, which should be sufficiently genuine for the purpose in view. In addition to my habitual desire to encourage and participate in her benefactions, this particular scheme was in direct accordance with a project I had long entertained, and promised to supply an instrument essential to my operations. I therefore assured her that the employment should not be lacking, if the girl were disposed to devote herself to it.

"There is no doubt of that,"she answered; "I know her well. If I had told you all, you would have no fear."

Miss Gibson declared herself again ready to proceed to

Fuji-ya, but I explained that an escort had been desirable in the first place only because we had no knowledge of the invalid's surroundings, and it seemed possible that Yone might be drawn into a false position. As there was now nothing to be apprehended on that score, it was better, all points considered, that she should go alone. She was absent several hours, and on her return informed us that she hoped we would be pleased with what she had done, although she foresaw that Mr. Roberts would soon be with us, and that his visit would perhaps not be an agreeable one. She would not ask Miss Gibson to be present at the impending interview, as he would certainly bring up unpleasant topics, and Marian had already been made too uncomfortable and unhappy. The doctor knew what was likely to occur, and he would give all the assistance that was absolutely needed, in arranging matters with the gentleman from Yokohama.

"I will do whatever you wish," said the Boston girl, not without signs of contrition. "Do not think so meanly of me as to suppose I would desert you at a difficult moment. I am ashamed of my behavior last night. I should at least have had more consideration for you, my dear. I see things more clearly now, and if you want me with you, my place is by your side, no matter what is to happen."

"Indeed I want you," replied Yone, glowing with satisfaction. "To have you near me will give me strength, if I grow timid, and your presence will produce a great effect upon Mr. Roberts. Simply to see you with me, and to know that you are supporting me, will make him listen carefully to what I say. If he understands that you trust me, he will believe that he also may trust me. Am I not right, Doctor?'

I told her she was entirely right, and that we both would assist her to the limit of our power; for I thought it injudicious then to acquaint her with my conviction that she alone could exert an appreciable force in the enterprise to

which she had addressed herself, and that her influence would be far more effectual than ours in carrying it to a successful issue.

We had not long to wait. About the middle of the afternoon Mr. Roberts presented himself, flushed and agitated, and proclaiming defiance in demeanor, tone and gesture.

"I have called to settle accounts, Dr. Charwell, and close the connection. I don't propose to be rude, but I can't allow any interference in my private affairs. I didn't look for it, sir, from you. However, that is neither here nor there. I'll pay your bill and thank you to keep away from me and mine hereafter. You understand me, and that is enough."

"Not altogether; it may be that Mrs. Santo does," I answered, feeling instinctively that I could not do better than entrust all the proceedings to Yone's tact and discretion.

"Mr. Roberts means that I have endeavored to induce Shizu to leave him."

"That's what I mean, and I take it extremely ill, I can assure you. Her relations with me are nobody's business but mine."

"Hers, surely," said Yone, with perfect gentleness; "and perhaps mine, since I am her oldest friend. May I not call it my business to think of her welfare?"

"That's what those—the others always say. No, I thank you, I can take first-class care of her welfare; and if Doctor Charwell will be good enough to hand me his bill, I'll not detain you any longer."

"Doctor Charwell will ask you—we will all ask you—to wait a little, while I speak about Shizu. She is like a sister to me, my only sister. You will not be so unkind as to refuse. I beg you to be seated, and listen to me."

His eyes had been wandering restlessly around the room, but as they met Yone's clear and earnest glance he composed himself, and replied, with a perceptible abatement of surliness:—

"Oh, yes, I'll listen. I don't want to be rough, and I'll listen; but my mind is made up. I won't let her go."

"Not if she wishes it?"

"I don't wish it, and that's sufficient. I can't get on without her. Think of my children; it was mostly on their account that I took her. I never could manage them, never; and she,—I don't mind saying it,—young as she is, she's the same as a mother to them. They have no mother of their own, poor things."

"Ah, how old are they, Mr. Roberts?"

"Three, and four. I couldn't send them back to my people at home, you see, at their age."

"And when they grow up?" Yone still inquired.

"What then?"

"When they begin to be young ladies, what will become of Shizu?"

"Right you are! I must have her out of the way before that time. But you needn't fear. If she runs a straight course, she will never come to grief; I will look out for that."

"You mean that you will give her money, and send her away from you. What will her feelings be, then? You are thinking only of yourself and of your children, Mr. Roberts."

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Santo, what are *you* thinking of? If I provide for her, I am not bound to trouble myself about her feelings, half a dozen years from now. What claim has she upon me? I don't mean to give offense, not the least in the world, but do you know the position she was in before she came to me,—where she would have been in less than a week, if I hadn't taken command and towed her into a safe port? You'll excuse me, but I can't put much stock in the feelings of a girl of that kind."

Miss Gibson uttered an indignant exclamation, and

would have given her rebuke a more intelligible form, if I had not hastily taken upon myself the duty of replying to this last observation.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Roberts, that you are doing yourself an injustice, and assuming a callousness which is not at all in your nature, in order to make a conventional point of argument. You could not pass a single week in close association with any Japanese girl of gentle birth, and fail to discover that her sensibilities are exceptionally acute and tender. So we may let the question of 'feelings' go by without discussion. But if you expect to produce an adverse impression, or any impression but one of profound pity, upon Mrs. Santo by speaking of the position to which her unhappy friend was reduced, you will be disappointed. She cannot enter into your view of the matter. Women do not, in this part of the world, necessarily descend through successive stages of vice to the lowest level of abasement. The transition is often instantaneous from innocence and purity to a condition which in your estimation implies the abandonment of every virtue, and familiarity with every form of depravity. Here it implies nothing of the kind. You must bear in mind the distinction between guilt and misfortune, or you will be hopelessly at cross-purposes with this lady. Shizu's position, whatever it may have been, cannot be turned to her disadvantage in this conversation.'

"I know what her position was," said Yone sadly; "but no one would be so cruel as to believe it was her own choice, or that she looked upon it otherwise than as a heavy disaster. I am thinking less of it than of Mr. Robert's opinion that she has no claim upon him. Perhaps she has not. I would not myself say that there is anything that can be called a claim, directly, and she would be the last to remind him of one, if it existed. But I can show him, unless I am mistaken, that her great afflictions entitle her to more of his consideration than he has given, if not to his respect;

and that when he coldly speaks of her as 'a girl of that kind,' his judgment is wrong in every way."

"To be sure, I might have put it more mildly," Roberts rejoined; "but I have to go by what I have seen and heard. I know this much: that her father was the commonest sort of a servant in the house of the Tokio head of our firm; and she—there's no getting over it; I wouldn't be so blunt if I could help it—she was on the verge of selling herself outright when I stepped in to the rescue."

"And that is all you know? Have you not learned the truth about her father's death?"

"I always fancied that some part of that affair had been kept back; but Shizu was shy of referring to it, and I couldn't very well press her. It was a mystery how he came to be so desperately wounded, and no one else seriously damaged. Some of us would have been badly enough damaged, if he hadn't been on hand,—I, for example. I never was so scared in all my life. May be that is what you mean by a claim. I haven't overlooked that, I can assure you. If there is anything behind, I should be glad to hear it,—indeed I should."

"I must tell you, then, that my knowledge of all that touches Shizu is as certain as if she were a member of my own family. Her father, as my friends here will remember, was a faithful retainer of ours; and it used to be said in Nagoya, my native city, that the fortunes of Yamada depended upon the constant adherence of Miura."

"Miura?" repeated Miss Gibson. "Why, yes, Miura was the ancient hero whose adventures you related. Is it possible that this is one of his descendants?"

"You don't mean," I exclaimed, "that the rugged soldier of Sekigahara was the ancestor of this poor child? This is a rare surprise."

"She is the daughter of Miura, our vassal," answered Yone. "I thought you would have recognized the name."

"And so I ought; I heard it plainly enough. But I could not associate that fragile, delicate creature with the marvelous tale you told. I can't quite realize it even now."

"Nor I," said Miss Gibson. "It brings the Middle Ages close within our reach again. It is wonderful."

"Not to me," Yone responded. "In my youth, Japan had not stirred from the Middle Ages. Many of our people still belong to that time which seems to you so far away. Miura was one who might have lived in the very days of Iyeyasu."

Mr. Roberts rose, and advanced toward us, with bewilderment and curiosity in his eyes.

"If you could let me into the secret, I should take it kindly. I haven't an idea what this is about."

"Nor had any of us until this moment, except Mrs. Santo," I answered. "Shizu Miura is the lineal descendant of one of the stalwart old heroes of Japanese history. But I dare say you are not particularly interested in that. Go on, Yone, with what concerns Mr. Roberts."

"You shouldn't say that, sir. I am interested, extremely interested, in all that relates to her. It is strange she never spoke to me of her parentage."

Yone looked intently at him, as he drew his chair nearer and resumed his seat.

"She is not of the vulgar rabble; she belongs to a family of singular pride and reserve. Though their rank was not lofty, they were held in high repute, and had commanded the respect of the gentry in our province for many generations,—I can almost say centuries. Shizu is only a woman, but the blood of her forefathers runs in her veins. She has fallen very low, and in her degradation she has not the heart to recall the scenes of the past, or speak of the time when the name she bears was honored by all. I do not wonder that she has told you nothing of her people. In Owari they were prosperous; they had six villages assigned

to them by the daimio, from which their income came. Until the great revolution, when Shizu was seven years old, they were almost rich, as wealth is reckoned in Japan; then they lost all. They came to Tokio, thoughtlessly and blindly, and the change was fatal to the simple country gentleman. It was as if he had stepped from a forgotten age into an unknown land. He was as helpless as the children he brought with him. Two of his family died of hardship and privation while I was dwelling near them, and before my marriage took me to a distant part of the city. What happened afterward I learned last night. Crushed by calamities, Miura bent down his haughty head, and begged for employment among the foreigners whom he disliked and feared. He offered himself as a servant,—'the commonest sort of a servant,' Mr. Roberts; it was all he was fit for,—and in the house of your friend in Tsukiji he found a chance to earn a little money by the roughest kind of toil."

"It isn't my fault," Roberts remonstrated, "if your Japanese samurai, as you call them, never learned to make themselves useful. I spoke of him as I found him, when I passed a fortnight at our place in Tsukiji. How could I know? After all, he made a living, and he wasn't badly treated—as a rule. Have you heard that Mr. Burgess gave him an advance of wages, to get him out of some scrape?"

"I have heard; and also what it cost Miura to ask and accept that boon. He was deeply in debt; his mother was dying, and he could not purchase the necessities for her comfort, nor call a physician to restore her. More than this, to his mind, he was threatened with the loss of an article most sacred to him. It was to redeem this precious relic,—an heirloom, or perhaps a talisman, you would term it,—that he placed himself under obligation to his master."

"It was the sword!" cried Miss Gibson, in unwonted excitement.

"It was the sword with which his ancestor slew himself

on the battle-field. The weapon was dearer than life to its humble possessor. It cost him his life, indeed, to regain it."

"How is that possible?" inquired Roberts. "I don't see any connection."

"You do not forget the letter promising repayment, which he brought to Mr. Burgess?"

"Certainly not. Burgess had it translated, and thought the man was making game of him. He gave him a terrific cuff. Rather hasty it was, I will say, though Burgess is my senior partner, and a good fellow at most times, in spite of his hot temper. But it was a cranky document, you must admit. I got it by heart, and many a laugh I have raised with it, since. What do you say to this, Doctor Charwell? 'I, the inferior Miura Senzo, have borrowed twenty yen from you, the honorable Burgess lord, and if I do not repay, you have my full permission to call me a fool.'"

There was no laugh now over the eccentric acknowledgement. Yone's gravity was a check upon the mirth it might ordinarily have provoked.

"It was the only method of binding himself that he knew," she explained. "He was completely ignorant of business, and the best he could do was to make use of a declaration which was formerly in common use, and which he thought, in his simplicity, would be as satisfactory to a foreigner as to any Japanese who knew the ancient practices."

"But just conceive of it," said Roberts. "'If I do not repay, you may call me a fool.' Burgess took it for granted that he was chaffed, and he never could stand that, even from one of us. What do you make of it, Doctor Charwell?"

"I have seen hundreds of these old-fashioned bonds," I replied, "and they all seem to be based upon the peculiar Japanese sense of honor. A samurai would suffer anything rather than to submit to insult. Nothing worse could happen to him than to receive an opprobrious epithet without the power to resent it, and in these quaint pledges the signer put himself more absolutely at the mercy of the creditor than would be possible by any proffer of material security. The language, you should understand, is not so richly endowed as ours, with terms of offense. Miura selected one of the very few abusive words that it contains, —perhaps the most abusive. The whole proceeding was a survival of the feudal customs; quite incomprehensible, I take it, to the practical experience of Messrs. Fitch, Burgess, and Roberts."

"You may say that, and a good deal more. I never expect to get inside the heads of these people. But I was sorry Burgess hit him, and I didn't hesitate to say so when I picked him up,—for he was knocked quite flat. I took him to my room, and gave him a drink. He seemed to need it; his face was ghastly,—not white, but a sort of sickly green. His hand shook so that he could hardly hold the glass. I really imagined he was badly injured, until the next night, when he showed what sound stuff he was made of. He couldn't have felt it much."

"It was his death-blow," said Yone, in a tone that chilled us who knew her, and the solemnity of which quelled the rattling vivacity of the Yokohama tradesman. "The bruises, the hurts to his body, were nothing, but his manhood was destroyed. He could not avenge himself, for a samurai must not attack the master with whom he has taken service. If that were possible, there would be many tragedies in the homes of foreigners. Moreover, he had accepted and used the twenty yen, and with that obligation hanging over him his hands were doubly tied. But his spirit was utterly broken. He went to his little residence in Asabu, where his mother lay dying, and told her and his daughter what had befallen him; and then it was that Shizu resolved upon the sacrifice which the women of my country are expected to make, in the extremest need, on be-

half of those to whom they owe obedience. She would have taken this course before, if her education, by American teachers, had not given her new views of duty. Now there was no influence to restrain her, and she determined to avail herself of the last resource."

"In the name of reason," Roberts exclaimed, "how am I to take this? You wouldn't mislead me, but are you sure you haven't been misled yourself? What do you say, Doctor? This sounds like a horrid chapter from the Tales of Old Japan."

"Naturally it does," I answered; "the Tales of Old Japan are literally true. I should rejoice to believe there was anything extraordinary in what she tells us. You are amazed only because it is the first time that such facts are brought home to you."

"And to me," sighed Miss Gibson; "to me it is all as strange as it is terrible."

"I have little more to say," Yone resumed; "but to you who are unfamiliar with the habits and sentiments of my people, the end will be an additional surprise. You remember, Mr. Roberts, how the midnight robbery of the house in Tsukiji was prevented?"

"Every particular: it was Miura who gave the warning. Burgess didn't half believe in it, though the burglars had raided every third compound in the settlement, he told me. It had an odd appearance that a servant should know exactly what they were projecting."

"They looked to Miura for assistance. News flies with magical swiftness among the poor classes in Tokio, and the abuse he had undergone was talked of throughout the foreign quarter. The thieves, who had made themselves a terror to the neighborhood, were confident that he would welcome the opportunity. They knew the stock of which he came, and offered to make him their leader, but they understood only a part of his character. He had one rule of life, and he never abandoned it. Before bidding his

mother and daughter farewell, on that last day, he said, 'I shall leave no debt to be charged against me. That will be wiped away by the service I shall perform this night. If there is danger for my master and his friends, I will defend them. There is one among them whom I shall be glad to keep from harm, for he has a true heart, and he soothed me with kind words when I was beaten like a dog.'"

"Do you think he meant me?"

"It was of you he spoke. Shizu has never forgotten it."

"Poor fellow,—poor fellow! And she would not tell me."

"I have said that she has the pride of her race; and besides, we are always doubtful how foreigners will receive the things which affect us most deeply. But I do not hesitate to tell you. I wish you to know all: how Miura, with fierce hatred in his heart toward the master who had put deadly shame upon him, was steadfast to his honor; how by the courageous performance of a duty he freed himself, as he believed, from a burden of obligation which he had no other means of removing."

"Why do you say 'no other means'? It was only a few months' wages, at the outside. But there would have been no question of that paltry sum, if he had lived. He could have had anything he wanted from Burgess, or from me, after his gallant fight, that night. He settled the beggarly gang, and drove them away, almost single-handed; the other servants did nothing but run about and howl."

"They were not samurai," said Yone.

"We had no idea he was so much hurt; he was steady enough, to look at, after it was over, though he said he must go home. He even talked of walking, and declared the slashes in his side amounted to nothing, but I wouldn't hear of that. I put him into a norimono, and he thanked me with a smile. I don't think I ever saw him smile but that once; he was a gloomy sort,—well he might be, con-

sidering what he had gone through. When we went to look after him, the next day, it was all over. Burgess was very much cut up; he offered to do anything for the old woman and Shizu, but they wouldn't have it,—actually turned their backs upon him. The girl said she had plenty of money coming to her; but when I learned where it was coming from, and what it was for, I had to interfere. It was too monstrous."

"They did not refuse *you*, Mr. Roberts."

"No, no; I am thankful they didn't,—more thankful to-day than I ever was before. Still, they wouldn't let me do the half of what I wished to. I undertook to spend any reasonable amount in hunting down the murderers, but they went on their knees and begged me not to say another word upon the subject. That was one thing I never could make out."

"Murderers! There were none. The wounds which the robbers gave were trifles. Miura Senzo killed himself with the same sword that had ended Kitasaburo's life, nearly three hundred years before."

There was no response, and for a minute the dead silence in our little parlor was unbroken. The revelation was not unexpected by me, and I think Miss Gibson had partly foreshadowed what was to come; but Roberts was astounded. He stared straight before him like one bound by a spell, until Yone rose and approached him, apparently to study his countenance; for the sun had set behind the high Hakone hills, and the light was dim. Then he rose likewise, not without an effort, and leaned heavily upon the back of his chair, as if a sudden dizziness had overmastered him.

"Now, Mr. Roberts, you have heard the truth, all the truth, about my friend. You know what her father was, what she is, and by what fearful necessity she was driven to the position for which you despise her"—

"I don't despise her," he interrupted; "I never despised her. I was a brute to hint at it."

Yone lifted her hand to stem the torrent of protestation he was ready to pour forth.

"Will you now refuse to release her?" she inquired.

"I will do anything in the world; only let me be sure it is for her good. If you say so—if she says so"—

"We do say it."

"After all, you have no need of my consent; there is nothing to chain her."

"She cannot leave you without it; she is your servant. She owes you what she lives upon, from day to day. She is in your debt for the comforts you gave her mother, while that poor woman lingered, and for the graves in which her parents rest. She is bound to you for your kindness to her father, and for your benevolence in saving her from the lowest misery. She cannot break away, unless you consent."

"Don't—don't talk to me in that way," said Roberts, in a quavering voice; "I can't stand it. Don't you see there's another side to the bargain? Do I owe her nothing? I must get out of this. Doctor Charwell, is it too much to ask you to walk to Fuji-ya with me? I am still in the dark, here and there, and you can enlighten me."

"I have your promise?" Yone urged.

"You have; anything that is for her good. I will not keep her a day, if she wishes to go. Give me till to-morrow to think about it. I'll not disappoint you, Mrs. Santo; you are a good woman."

XXVI.

YONE'S TRIUMPH.

I WENT with Roberts to the hotel, but this did not content him, and in the evening he came again to the temple, eager to be made acquainted with the antecedent history of Shizu's family, of which he had caught only glimpses dur-

ing the afternoon interview. Although he had dwelt several years upon the soil of Japan, his associations, like those of his class in general, had been almost exclusively alien, and this was his first introduction to the realities of Japanese life and character. He was much impressed by finding himself enveloped in an atmosphere of antiquity which he had always considered to be far beyond his range, and which he had regarded as belonging, if not to the region of fable, at least to an ideal and insubstantial sphere, with which he could never be brought into relationship. Being a Scotchman, however, his imagination did not utterly revolt at the contemplation of extravagances which would probably have thrown the average mercantile mind of Yokohama off its balance. Familiarity with the legends of his own country assisted him to comprehend the clannish devotion, the exaggerated sense of personal honor, and the stern fatalism of the samurai, even though his faith in the solid proprieties of the nineteenth century forbade him to approve these qualities. His final judgment of Miura Senzo was summed up in a series of observations, to the effect that of course he was crazy, and it seemed impossible for a man imbued with the ideas of Japanese chivalry to be anything else; that his notion of rushing to suicide as the suitable solace for a bodily indignity was reconcilable only with a madness exceeding the proper allotment of an army of hatters and a wilderness of March hares; but his pluck was magnificent, even if wofully misapplied, and his respectability was guaranteed by a pedigree of the length of which a Highland chief need not be ashamed. Roberts made no attempt to conceal his altered estimate of the daughter, regarding her as the last representative of an ancient family, and the legitimate bearer of a hereditary crest, the significance of which he had never suspected, but which he now chose to consider a badge of aristocratic distinction, conferring upon its owner attributes not dissimilar to those of a titular nobility.

He announced, on the following day, that he was willing to accede to Yone's solicitations, being convinced that they were earnestly seconded by Shizu, but it was evident that the concession had cost him a severe struggle. "I couldn't have believed that any one would have brought me to this," he averred; "but I see she has the right to dispose of her future, and I'll not stand in her way. It will be hard on the children; they are mightily fond of her, as well they may be. And so am I. What a fraud it is for me to talk about the children! I shall be the biggest baby of the lot, when she goes." He at first insisted upon making her an allowance,—settling a pension on her, he termed it,—affirming that it was done every day, and that it would be shabby for him to permit her to go out into the world unprovided for; but this was resolutely resisted by Yone, to whose influence he submitted with remarkable pliancy. Upon another point, however, he was less tractable. He assumed that he and his offspring were to maintain friendly communications with the young girl so long as his affairs should keep him in Japan, and warmly resented the proposition that every tie should be definitely and permanently sundered. His perverse obstinacy would have worn out the patience of most people, but Yone had good reasons, as we presently discovered, for dealing gently with him, and allowing his irritability no opportunity to assert itself. After hours of ineffectual persuasion, at the end of which it seemed inevitable that she should either succumb or risk a rupture of the negotiations, she asked to speak with him privately, and led him to a far-off corner of the building, beyond sight or hearing of Miss Gibson and myself. Here, imposing secrecy upon him, and appealing to his humanity to keep her friend, especially, in ignorance of what she was about to impart, she put forward her last and most pathetic plea.

It was very simple and ingenuous. Ardent gratitude had been the first sentiment awakened in Shizu's heart by the

young man's generous intercession at the most critical moment of her destiny, but the unexpected sympathy which she received in her subsequent bereavement and loneliness had drawn her more tenderly to him, and the attachment she already felt promised to become intense and absorbing, if the separation were not made complete and absolute. It was for him to decide whether she should be subjected, in her new career, to a more painful trial than any she had yet endured, with the certainty of a perpetual and ever-increasing sorrow hanging over her, or be left free for time to efface all disturbing recollections. What forms of argument or exhortation Yone employed I never knew, but it was not long before their effect was made manifest in an unlooked-for way. The young merchant presented himself before us, with a bearing and aspect so diametrically opposite to those with which he had made us familiar as to suggest that he had undergone some radical process of moral transformation. Miss Gibson was later heard to declare that his attitude, at this crisis, was "most interesting;" but my more critical scrutiny detected nothing that could identify the pert, underbred, colonial tradesman, even in appearance, with a typical hero of romance. He was surprisingly subdued, however, and seemed for the moment to have forgotten that aggressive arrogance was one of the features of his rôle as a commercial civilizer of the far East. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten everything but his determination to show that there was a manly side to his character, and that he was capable of acting up to it.

"Do you know what she wants me to do?" he asked. "She hasn't proposed it, but I have seen it working in her mind for the last half hour. It isn't to jump down into the crater of Fujiyama: oh, no; that would be easy, in comparison. She wants me to make myself the laughing-stock of Yokohama,—don't contradict me, Mrs. Santo; that's just what it is: to walk into the British consul's office, and tell

him to draw up a matrimonial contract between Archibald Roberts, of Scotland, and Shizu Miura, of Japan. That's the upshot of it, Miss Gibson; that's what I must do to please her, Doctor Charwell."

He had commenced in a querulous and plaintive strain, but raised his voice as he proceeded, until the last words were almost shouted. Miss Gibson had nothing to say; she was too astonished. I was not less so, but the impulse seized me to conceal the fact, and to accept his announcement as a simple matter of course.

"If that is what you must do," I said quietly, "you had better set about it at once."

"I intend to," he replied, moderating his tone. "I won't disappoint Mrs. Santo; she is too good a woman for that. And she is one who will not laugh at me, no matter what everybody else does."

"Laugh at you!" exclaimed Yone, with a beautiful light in her eyes, "I do not understand what you mean. I respect and honor you, and it makes me happy to know you will be rewarded for your goodness and your courage. Ah, yes, you will be rewarded, Mr. Roberts; have no doubt of that."

"I have no doubt of anything, when you tell it to me. Don't I say you are a good woman? You look like the others, but there's a difference, is there not, Miss Gibson. I'm not so sure that she's a woman at all. You have put a European frock upon her shoulders, but I don't believe it fits them, any more than her kimono. You won't find the garment to suit her in your fashion-plates; no room for wings in any of them. I suppose they have wings, the Japanese kind, just the same as ours. Never mind, Mrs. Santo; you can't take in my poor jests, and you don't need wings to convince me how good you are."

After he had left us, to break the great news to Shizu, and to make ready for his own immediate return to Yokohama, Miss Gibson thought it expedient to dilate upon this farewell burst of rhetoric.

"He may not be the cleverest of men," she remarked, "but he has learned how to turn a compliment more gracefully than when he mistook our Yone for a nurse. Let me explain it to you, dear."

"It is not necessary," said Yone, lifting her hand to her face, and looking at us through her parted fingers with what was, for her, quite a creditable attempt at roguishness.

"Then you did understand him! How do you dare to know what such things mean? I thought that they were far beyond—that you were far beyond their comprehension."

"Why should you?" I demanded, with austerity. "The meaning of flattery is the first thing a vain girl learns in any language, and this is the vainest girl in all Japan. You will find it out in good time, Miss Gibson. But I beg you to believe that I never taught her such absurdities."

"They are very pretty, those absurdities," replied Yone. "We seldom hear them in this country, but it is pleasant to be praised,—in earnest,—even if not true."

"It is true enough," I rejoined. "I have been telling you, for years, what you really are. Witches have wings, you know, as well as other flighty supernatural creatures. No genuine, authentic witch would be admitted to practice without them."

"For shame!" cried Miss Gibson. "Yone, do not listen to him."

"Would you have me believe that anything short of witchcraft could take the conceit out of a Yokohama shopkeeper, a British shop-keeper in Japan, and convert him into the semblance of a human being? Come here, my little girl, and let me look straight at you. Hold up your head, like the best of small children. There, that will do. Now! Miss Gibson may give you what name she likes, and so may Mr. Roberts, but nobody can be more contented with you than I, or happier in your charming success. Shall I call it a miracle? Shall I say you are a magician? Do you want me to tell you what I truly think of you, at this moment,—the whole of it?"

"No, dear Doctor; I am afraid you would say something to make my eyes dim, and that is not the way to end this joyful day."

"I should think not. Tears at a jubilee? Never; we will hold high festival,—nothing less. You, Miss Gibson, shall hang out banners and lanterns, and ring the temple bells, if the priests permit, while I wend forth, and summon two guests to banquet in state this eve. Since Shizu is to join our party, we may wisely expedite her coming. Of course she will remain in our care until Mrs. Roberts's mansion is ready for her reception, in the foreign cosmopolis which she and her husband will inhabit. Let us go for them, Yone, at once. Miss Gibson will welcome our reappearance with salutes of grape and canister,—grape in fermented and other forms, and canisters replete with succulent viands. We will respond with detonating engines from the cellars of Fuji-ya, admirable for their explosive properties, if not entirely trustworthy with respect to the beverages they contain. We will celebrate with pomp and circumstance, to the utmost extent of Miyanoshita's resources, and the ides of May shall be recorded in our private annals, and commemorated forever as the anniversary of Yone's triumph."

XXVII.

THE CRAFT OF INNOCENCE.

FROM that time Shizu Miura was transferred to our care, under which she continued during the short remainder of our excursion. Upon the very day of her arrival among us, a subtle change was apparent in Yone's demeanor, the nature of which may be indicated by the circumstance that at the same time she put aside the foreign garments she had been wearing at Miss Gibson's desire, and resumed the native dress, with all its characteristic accessories. Her deli-

cate tact was so much a matter of instinct that I am not sure she could have explained with precision the reasons which prompted her to this proceeding. It needed but little observation, however, to discover that she was anxious to establish the closest possible connection between herself and the object of her solicitude, and to discard every outward sign or token that might convey the slightest suspicion of contrast. There was no great difficulty in accomplishing this end. Although unlike in countenance, the two girls were strikingly similar in bearing and manner. In all their movements, in their attitudes and gestures, there was a suggestion of perfect unity. Even in speech they appeared to reflect one another. But the insufficient development of many qualities in our new guest disturbed the completeness of the identity. She often produced upon us the effect of a shadowy and immature reproduction of the vivid reality with which we were familiar. Her gentleness could scarcely have exceeded Yone's, but the subdued reserve which seemed to impart a natural grace to the one took the form, in the other, of a shrinking timidity, that could be overcome only by strenuous effort. Her voice, when she spoke English, was so low as to be almost inaudible, and while her vocabulary was abundant and apt, like that of most Japanese who study foreign languages in earnest, her utterance was hesitating and slow.

In spite of the few points of variance, there were periods when Shizu was so nearly the image of her friend as to make Miss Gibson keenly, and not always agreeably, conscious of the resemblance. She would have been better pleased if the difference had been more marked. I must say, in her behalf, that she struggled valiantly to conceal every vestige of the disfavor with which she had originally regarded the hapless child, and to extend the charity and sympathy which she knew were due; but her judgment was controlled by the training and the associations of her whole life, and could not be easily moved to a thoroughly just

consideration of the question now suddenly brought before her. She could be pitiful, and she thought herself lenient, but she could go no farther. I had no right to blame her. Knowing as absolutely as I did that Shizu's sorrows entitled her to a commiseration far deeper than should be given to the less severely tried, I nevertheless felt myself incapable of viewing her in the same light as those who had been spared the most cruel ignominies; and if I, who believed my reason to be unobscured by pusillanimous prejudice, was forced to acknowledge this sense of treachery to my principles, it was clearly not my privilege to criticise the shortcomings of another.

It is satisfactory to remember, however, that no lack of kindly or hospitable warmth was perceptible, either by our visitor or by her young protectress. The idea that any human being could withhold the fullest measure of generous friendliness, at such a moment and under such conditions, would, indeed, have been beyond the range of Yone's comprehension. The slight disturbance in Miss Gibson's mind was manifest to me, probably, because I shared it, in a limited degree. In all that related to Shizu's future welfare the American girl's interest was zealous and unwearied. After Roberts's departure for Yokohama, on the day following our improvised banquet, she let fall sundry observations implying disquietude and doubt respecting his sincerity of purpose. I was glad to put her at ease on the most essential point.

"He will keep his promise," I assured her. "I have his signature to certain papers which are sufficient to bind him. But these will not be needed. He is a man to be trusted, when he has given his word, and he has pluck enough—or obstinacy enough, if you choose—to withstand the derision he will have to encounter. His jaw bears witness to that. I don't mean his jackdaw chatter, but his chin. He will not give up a thing he has set his mind to."

"I am rejoiced to believe it," said Miss Gibson: "it is a happy stroke of fortune for her."

If I agreed with her, as to which I was not definitely satisfied, it did not please me to avow it too cordially.

"Possibly," I replied: "she will be comfortably established, after a fashion, and I suppose he will not abuse her."

"Doctor, I think you really try to be unfair. As I view it, he has shown a fine spirit, and Shizu ought to be proud of the position he will give her."

"I dare say she will be, but I don't admit that she ought to be, by any means. What is he? A third or fourth rate colonial tradesman; a petty shopman and a snob. It is hard lines when we have to congratulate ourselves that we are dealing with a snob, but that is just our case. Nothing struck him so forcibly as the discovery that the girl belongs to an old family. You saw that his exaggerated notion of her former station influenced him more than any other detail. Our deft little mediator builded wiser than she knew, when she brought forward the family records. I am afraid it all turned upon that opportune revelation. Don't look so reproachfully at me. Let me test your real estimate of this worthy gentleman. How would it affect you if the circumstances were such as to allow an attractive and eligible suitor of the same stamp to honor Yone with his addresses?"

"Doctor! How can you *dream* of anything so horrible?"

"Precisely; that tells the whole story. Never mind; it might be worse. I don't deny that he is many heads and shoulders above the average of his tribe. If I were not convinced of this, and if Shizu's silly little heart had not somehow fastened itself to him, I should have opposed the whole proceeding. My plan was to set up the school that Yone has been longing for, and let the two take charge of it together. I do not like to see my sober, wholesome projects overturned by a juvenile match-maker."

"Surely this is better, in every way."

"Oh, well, he doesn't appear to be an utter brute, like the majority, and she will not be maltreated. What I hope is that he will shut up shop in that den of thieves, and carry her away to Europe. And that is what I expect. He can hardly stand the pressure of mockery, here, year after year. His associates will never forgive him for being a better man than themselves. He will be jeered at wherever he shows his face. The newspapers will print swinish paragraphs about him and his wife. They will call him 'sentimental,' and that breaks the back of any commercial camel in this part of the world. A foreigner in Japan may be guilty of almost any infamy,—he may lie, cheat, steal, forge, pulverize the ten commandments, and hold up his head in impudent defiance of popular opinion and consular law; but let him exhibit a spark of feeling for the natives of this land, and he is made the scoff of the 'settlements.' If he persists, he becomes an outcast. In the last extremity he is branded as 'sentimental,' and then his doom is sealed, for that means ostracism. I think our friend Robers has a good deal of the bull-dog in him, but he has other qualities as well, and, unless I am in error, it will not be long before an unappeasable homesickness takes possession of him. I trust he can afford to yield to it. Home is the place for him and his, hereafter. As soon as he gets there, he will begin vaporing about his high-born Oriental bride. Let him alone to make the most of that glory. Of course she will have a title,—princess, probably,—but he need not trouble himself with that matter; every Japanese girl becomes a princess the instant she touches European or American soil."

Yone entered the room while I was saying these last words. She looked searchingly at me, as if my observation had a special interest for her.

"May I ask if you were speaking of a princess?" she inquired.

"Not a real one," I answered; "only a princess of the

mind, a false creation, like the dagger of another distinguished Scotchman. Nothing to be in awe of."

"I wonder if it is the same," she continued. "Have you seen Miss Jackman?"

"No, indeed; has she turned princess?"

"You have not heard from her?"

"She has left us in complete ignorance of her presence here."

"That will not be for long. I must tell you she has been urging me, for several days, whenever I have met her, to visit Tanegasima-san, at Nara-ya. She wished me to go on the day when I first saw Mr. Roberts, but I did not think it necessary. Now she is very angry, and declares she will complain to you. She says 'the princess' is expecting me, and scolds me for neglecting my duty. She always calls her 'the princess.' I thought she had perhaps been here.'

"She has not; but why does she concern herself with Tanegasima? That is the last combination I should have looked for."

Yone smiled.

"Miss Jackman has been at Nara-ya ever since she arrived in Miyanoshita. It is said that she greatly desires to become acquainted with Tanegasima-san, but finds it difficult. An interpreter is needed, and she thinks that I should be useful. I am not very willing. I have told her she must excuse me.'

"This is delightful!" I cried. "The last time I had the luxury of conversing with Miss Jackman she could not devise epithets enough to denounce this lady, the mikado, and the entire imperial household. You, Miss Gibson, must have heard some of the reverberations of her wrath."

"I heard the original explosion," said Miss Gibson, laughing. "She came straight from your office to Miss Philipson's with the news—the news which inflamed her. I cannot imagine what she wants with the object of her former fury."

"Some magnificent programme of reclamation, it may be; or, more probably, she is fascinated by the aristocratic glitter of the society at Nara-ya. The subjects of her Britannic Majesty are not the only snobs in the universe. New England has as keen a scent for a princess as old Scotland."

"Why do you say 'princess'?" asked Yone. "She is the daughter of a kuge, I know, and her rank is high, but I did not think she could be named a princess."

"My dear, there is nothing so attractive to the people of the enlightened West as a lofty title. When they cannot get the genuine article, they console themselves with shams. If you and Shizu should go abroad, you would be hailed everywhere as princesses."

"I should not like that."

"You could not help it. When Mr. Roberts takes Shizu home, he will have a Japanese princess for a wife, mark my word. Think of that fellow married to a princess!"

"Pray do not speak of him so. He will never be anything less than a prince to Shizu."

"Ah, she is infatuated with him. You are right, Yone. I half believe you saw this when you first went to her."

"It is true; I did."

"Why, then, Yone," exclaimed Miss Gibson, "did you strive so earnestly to induce him to give her up?"

"Yes, why?" I repeated. "Expound that riddle, if you please."

Instead of replying, she glanced at us alternately, a little timorously, yet with an odd, mischievous light in her eyes which I did not recognize as habitual. Then she started to run away, but apparently reminded herself that evasion was not consistent with her ordinary practice, and again confronted us, silent and demure.

"How could you have the heart," resumed Miss Gibson, "to seek to separate them?"

"Perhaps," said Yone, thoughtfully and undecidedly—

"perhaps I did not. It was not my wish—I think it was not—to separate them."

"Why, you gave the man no peace for two successive days," I declared. "Be good enough to interpret yourself, immediately."

"No, Doctor, that is impossible; I do not exactly know how. But I did not intend that they should be kept apart, though I could not say so at the beginning. It was very difficult; sometimes I was deeply anxious; but it was always my strong desire that he should not let her go."

"That was your purpose, all through?"

"That was what I hoped."

"You are a wily conspirator; we shall never get to the bottom of your schemes. What do you say now, Miss Gibson? You had better accept my theory without any more dispute. Witchery is the only word."

Miss Gibson gave no response, but sat gazing so intently as to startle the little plotter with vague alarms. The gleam of playfulness vanished from her features.

"Have I displeased you? Was it wrong? I meant to do what was best. I did not say a thing that was not true. And it was not a scheme,—not really a scheme. I tried to watch him, to follow his thoughts, to make him see and feel how he should act. There are many ways to show people what is just and kind. Marian, she loves him. I wished to make her happy. I knew what it would cost her to lose him. I knew,—I knew. Who could know so well as I? Have you forgotten"—

I hurriedly checked her.

"Hush, Yone; you are all astray. What possesses you, my child, to suppose that we ever misconceive you? Why should you distrust us, or yourself? Would you rob me of my jests? That would be a more woful deprivation than any Shizu could have suffered. I believe you are resolved to remain a child throughout your life. Was it yesterday, or last week, that you came to me with your kitten and the

dictionary, in the garden at Yumoto? I wish you could have seen her, Miss Gibson; she was the best little girl in the world, with all her sly cunning, and was bent upon proving herself the worst. It is an old trick, you perceive. Yes, Yone, you look precisely as you did that afternoon. What, six years ago? You should have learned something, in all that time."

"I shall never learn to be anything but a foolish girl, Doctor; I have not changed in that. It seemed to me that Marian was offended because I had not been quite—quite frank."

"Miss Gibson is not such a goose, if she will pardon me for flattering her."

"I was only thinking," said that young lady, "how glad I should have been to do the very same, if I had known how."

"What beautiful things you say to me!" cried Yone, her face flushing with renewed confidence and content. "And the doctor, too, though I see that he laughs at me very often. That is what I like best, if I can be sure he is satisfied, and does not misunderstand me."

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the danger of misunderstanding her was not formidable, and that my assurances of satisfaction would have been frequent enough, had it not been my settled determination to drive all serious reflections from her mind, and give her thoughts a lighter and gayer tendency than they were naturally disposed to assume.

"Very well," I said, with fictitious moroseness; "it is you who will have to pay the penalty of your misbehavior. You have lost a chance of establishing the school which you had set your heart upon."

"That is hard," she sighed; "but perhaps another chance will come for me, while this was Shizu's only one. I had to think of her, this time."

"This time! Oh, certainly, you are quite right. This

time, to be sure. I am glad you are beginning to think of others a little. Cultivate the habit, my dear; make it your constant study. I don't know anybody who is in greater need of it.'

XXVIII.

PRINCESS-HUNTING.

Miss JACKMAN's visitation was not long delayed. After once or twice repeating, in casual encounters, her ineffectual attempts to secure Yone's coöperation, she presented herself at the temple on an afternoon when our party of four happened to be all united together. With massive stateliness she announced that the illustrious patroness of the Nara-ya hotel had for several days been ready to receive her, and was waiting only till the services of a suitable interpreter could be obtained. Miss Jackman was prepared to recommend Mrs. Santo as a competent medium of communication,—had, in fact, already done so,—and had tendered that humble member of society the brilliant opportunity of holding indirect converse with one of the pillars of state; but the proposition, instead of being received with grateful acquiescence, had been persistently declined,—possibly owing to an unwillingness to cross the barrier which, in the far East, separates the lofty from the lowly. That deterrent motive, however natural and becoming, need not prevail in the present instance, our visitor felt empowered to declare, and it was to be hoped that Doctor Charwell would exercise his influence and authority to bring about the desired result.

"This is a matter for Yone to decide," I remarked, at the conclusion of her exordium. "If she does not incline to go, you can doubtless find another assistant. I should suppose, indeed, that your command of the language would render an interpreter superfluous."

"The princess has signified her acceptance of Mrs. Santo," replied Miss Jackman, "and it would be awkward to introduce another name. As for myself, I do not pretend to be at ease in the dialect of the central provinces, from which the princess comes. Mrs. Santo has no occasion to be afraid; she will be under my protection."

"Afraid!" said Yone. "That would be singular. I used to know her well."

"Know the princess?" questioned Miss Jackman, lifting her eyebrows.

"Tanegasima-san studied with me, at Jo-gakko, for a long time. She was one of my own pupils."

"Utterly impossible!" exclaimed the astonished missionary. "I am speaking of the *Princess* Tanegasima."

"It is the same individual," I asserted, "whatever you like to call her. I don't see why you should be so very much surprised. The Emperor's cousins go to the public school, and a kuge's daughter may certainly study at the college for girls without disturbing anybody's serenity."

For a brief space Miss Jackman was lost in confusion.

"Then that accounts"—she began to murmur; but, recovering, she assumed a more ingratiating tone, and took up a new line of approach. "In that case, Mrs. Santo should be overjoyed to meet her distinguished school companion once more. It is most interesting. I am delighted to be the means of bringing them together. Shall we appoint to-morrow, Mrs. Santo?"

Yone was silent, and her countenance indicated a growing discomposure. I was anxious to shield her from further importunity, but at the same time desirous to prevent the conversation from taking a hostile tone; for I knew that, under provocation, I was as little likely as our caller to hold myself in judicious repression. While I deliberated, the proposal was repeated.

"I will send word at what hour it will be agreeable for the princess to grant us an audience. I suppose we may say to-morrow?"

At this point Miss Gibson was moved to participate in the discussion:—

"Really, Miss Jackman, I must beg you to desist. Yone objects to visiting that lady, and I respect her objection. So does Doctor Charwell. It is not to be thought of."

"Why not, Miss Gibson?" the stubborn "reclaimer" demanded. "Why should she refuse the summons of one of the most exalted personages in this empire?"

"I don't choose to go into that question," said Miss Gibson, "though the answer is simple enough. It seems strange that a Japanese girl should be aware of restraints of propriety which are not apparent to a foreign teacher of morals."

"Exceedingly strange," was the reply, loftily delivered; "and still more strange that the subject of morality should be brought up in this company, considering the associate that has been admitted here."

Miss Jackman's eyes flashed with the light of battle, as she stretched her arm toward Shizu, who sat trembling and terrified at the outburst, the cause and purport of which she but partially understood.

"Run away, children!" I cried, throwing open the sliding doors, and bustling the couple into the corridor with scant ceremony. "Get to your own quarters. This lady uses language not fit for young girls to hear."

"Young girls!" she scoffed; "young girls, indeed! I came in Christian charity, ready to overlook the misdeeds of that abandoned woman, and I am met with insult and vituperation."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Jackman, let us have peace! It is no pleasure to quarrel with you every month in the year. Why can't you let us alone?"

"I entered these walls," she responded, "with peace and forgiveness in my heart, bearing an invitation from one who sits in high places,—an invitation emanating from a source which makes it equivalent to a command. The princess"—

The incessant iteration of this fictitious title was too much for my nerves.

"Come, Miss Jackman," I protested, "you know very well that there is no princess in this neighborhood. It doesn't make a woman a princess to become the mother of the emperor's son. Why, it was only a few weeks ago that you were boiling with indignation against this identical person. You told me that the court in which she figured was a court of shame and infamy. Don't you remember wishing you were the empress, to give her a trouncing? You have grown wonderfully tolerant, of a sudden."

"I am not accountable to you, sir, for my judgments or my actions."

"Assuredly not; you may endure, and pity, and embrace, to your soul's content. But you must allow us our privileges as well. You have been informed a dozen times that Yone prefers not to call upon Tanegasima-san."

"I see where her preference lies, and it is not extraordinary that *you* should encourage it; but I confess I am amazed to discover that Miss Gibson, whom I thought a stranger to the vileness of this land, has been inveigled into a recognition of such a creature as I see flaunting herself in your circle."

"You can't affect me in the least by remarks of that sort," interposed Miss Gibson. "You cannot even make me angry. But it is right that you should learn that the young girl to whom you allude is about to marry a gentleman of good standing in a broader circle than ours."

For the second time in this short interview, our unbidden guest's self-confidence received a staggering blow.

"I don't believe a word of it!" she vociferated.

"That's a pity, for you are one of the first to hear it; and," I suggested, "it might gratify you to circulate so pleasant an item of intelligence."

"You refer to that Mr. Roberts," she continued. "If the thing were credible, he ought to receive a warning. I

have no high opinion of him, to be sure, but *her* I know thoroughly. I wrestled and pleaded with her day after day, and there was no grace within her. It may be my duty to admonish him.'

"I wish to goodness you would. You failed with her; now you can try your luck with him. You will find him in Yokohama, at No. 407. Do go. I dare say the princess can spare you for a week."

"I will go when it suits me," she retorted, in a state of combustion for which, I am bound to admit, I had not been backward in furnishing fuel. "Yes, I will go; but not before I hold up a mirror in which Miss Gibson may witness the precipice on which she stands. She shall know from my lips, before it is too late,—if indeed it is not now too late,—the character of this man who is luring her on the downward path, and dragging her in the mire with the refuse and dregs of Japanese iniquity; this man who, for his own base purposes, sets up a pretense of monopoly in humanity; who makes a mockery of us who labor for righteousness, and of all other sacred things"—

She stopped short, in the middle of her tirade, and fixed her gaze upon Miss Gibson, who had seated herself at a table, and was now writing with rapidity.

"What are you doing?" she asked, in an altered tone.

"I am taking it all down; I am something of an expert in short-hand. I shall publish every syllable."

It was an afternoon of surprises for Miss Jackman, upon whom this third unexpected statement acted like an electric shock. In her wildest flights of fantasy there was always a method which kept her from overleaping the uttermost bounds of discretion, and she was instantly alive to the inconvenient consequences that would follow the execution of the threat. It did not occur to her to doubt its reality. She had no time to reflect that it might be a ruse, extemporized with the sole view of stemming the torrent of her eloquence. She gathered herself together, and swept

forth without further articulate speech; breaking the silence only by staccato exclamations, which, though charged with belligerent significance, were of a nature to elude phonographic reproduction, and fulgurating in fierce glances the wrath which she did not venture to proclaim in words.

That same evening, before sunset, we had another glimpse of her ample form,—the last in that region,—as it was carried past our windows in a kago, along the road leading to Hakone. Our inference that she had definitely shaken the dust of Miyanoshita from her feet was confirmed, a little later, by a messenger from Nara-ya, who, previous to delivering a missive addressed to Yone, imparted the information that the innkeeper had for a considerable time been expecting the foreign lodger to bring a Japanese lady whom his principal patroness especially desired to greet; that the foreigner had been permitted to tarry at the honjin, which was uncomfortably overcrowded, solely because of her promise to satisfy this expectation; that she had just now acknowledged her inability to fulfill the condition, and had consequently been politely requested to vacate her apartment, and seek accommodation elsewhere.

The letter, which was from Tanegasima, expressed the pleasure with which the writer had heard that Yone was close at hand, and the hope that she might receive a visit from her friend and teacher of former years. The phraseology was intricate and affected, in accordance with the courtly forms prescribed for epistolary intercourse, but evidences of sincere feeling were discernible through the ornate verbal embroidery. Yone read it more than once, and pondered deeply before acquainting us with its tenor.

"If I thought that I were needed," she finally said, "if she were sick, if I could help her in the smallest trifle, I would ask permission to go. But she is busy with lively occupations, her hours passlightly from morning till night, and I truly know of no way in which I can serve her or give her pleasure.

It pains me to hold myself back from her, but I have no belief that I could be useful; and we are so far—so very far—apart.'

She slowly folded the paper, and looked thoughtfully at Miss Gibson and me.

"Are you willing to advise me?" she asked.

"Dr. Charwell knows better than I," the Boston girl responded; upon which I told her that it was not a matter to cause her serious concern, either way, and that she might safely trust her own instincts.

A few minutes later Shizu's voice was heard, speaking softly, but earnestly, in her native language. She saw that our attention was attracted, and reminding herself, apparently, that she could not be comprehended by Miss Gibson, drew nearer to that lady, and proceeded in English, her low, mild, measured tones sounding like a fine and delicate echo of Yone's clear accents.

"I ask pardon of everybody; it was not right for me to speak as if I had a secret with Yone. It was only that I am forgetful,—not my intention to be rude. I wished to say that perhaps she does not know all the reasons why Tanegasima writes to her. I can understand a little better. When I was very lonely, not long ago, I hoped each day that I might see a face that would look kindly at me, and hear such words as a friend would speak, to make me less sorrowful. I was always thinking that if I could call to my side some dear companion of the years that seemed far away, the years when I was a child, my sadness would be easier to bear. Then I heard that Yone was near me. Oh, I cannot tell you what I felt, nor what was in my heart, when she came and stood over me, with love and pity in her eyes. It is not the same with Tanegasima as it was with me,—no, all is different. She has faithful servants to obey her, she can be gay, she is powerful to do great things, there are many who will help to drive grief from her and fill her thoughts with pleasure.

But that is not enough; ah, Yone, it is not enough. Do you remember the school days when she was so happy? I do not forget them. I think she never can forget them. Now she is in the midst of grandeur; most things that she wants she has but to command, and they are hers. But not all. There is one thing that she does not command. She asks it gently and without pride. Her letter is like a sister's. She wishes to be led back, for a little while, to the time when you and she were close in friendship. She wishes to be made for one hour the same young girl that was given to your care, and to be carried to the old place by her teacher's side. Who can do this for her but Yone? There is no other. Dear Yone, you have been good to me in the greatest trouble of my life. Be good to her. You tell us she does not need you, but you cannot be sure of that. Do not refuse. It is not difficult; there is nothing to prevent you. I shall be so glad if you will go."

It was manifest, long before she had finished, that her supplication could not be resisted. Yone's answer was not immediate, but in her pause there was no sign of doubt or indecision.

"We will go together," she murmured; "early to-morrow, if the doctor and Marian consent."

"I shall go if you tell me," said Shizu, "but it is you that she wants."

When we separated, two hours later, Miss Gibson turned to Shizu with unusual warmth.

"Will you kiss me, dear, to-night?" she asked.

"To-night?" repeated Shizu, with a peculiar intonation which struck my ear curiously, but to which the American girl appeared to attach no especial significance.

"To-night, and every night, if you care for our foreign caress," she said tenderly.

"I do care, greatly," replied Shizu, with more than her usual gravity.

"I know it is not supposed to mean anything, here,"

continued Miss Gibson; "but Yone lets me kiss her, like one of my own countrywomen.

"To me it would mean much, our guest responded, again with a singular vibration in her voice, though the words were so softly breathed as to be scarcely distinguishable. She moved slowly across the room, and as she passed me I saw that she was contending with an emotion which she struggled to conceal. Dropping upon her knees, and bending forward, she lifted her new friend's hand to her lips.

"That is not what I wished, at all!" hastily exclaimed the recipient of this unexpected salutation, surprised and perplexed.

Without further remark, Shizu bowed and left us. Yone would have followed on the instant, but was checked by a demand for information.

"Why did she do that? I wanted her to kiss me as you do. I thought she understood."

"I believe she did understand," Yone answered, somewhat confused. "You will excuse her; you saw that she was agitated. I have told you of her sensitiveness, and she is proud as well. That is a fault she cannot put aside."

"Proud! Why, she is all humility. Surely it was not pride that made her kneel before me. I cannot let her do such things."

"That is not humility, in Japan; here every one kneels. She desired to show that she was grateful; but to be kissed by you,—she did not look for that. She was not prepared, and she could not accept it. I am afraid, Marian, that I explain very badly. You must not think there is anything wrong or vain in her pride. It is very simple, and I am not at all ashamed of her for it. Perhaps I should not call it pride; there may be a better word, though I do not know it. Sometimes it seems to me that pride and humility are exactly the same. But I can tell you in another way: if you will kiss her on the day when she is married to Mr. Roberts, she will thank you not only with her lips, but with her whole heart and soul."

Miss Gibson did not answer immediately. After a short delay she said:—

"I see my mistake. I should have taken her in my arms, without speaking a word."

"Ah, if you could have done that! But"—

"But it is too late now. You are right, Yone. I will wait."

"And you will think as well of her as before?"

"Have no fear; I shall think a great deal of her self-respect. My feeling for Shizu is all that you could wish; you shall see that it is. And so shall the doctor."

"You have been out of my depth for the last ten minutes," I declared. "I should be drowned, if I had not something more solid under my feet than your fanciful metaphysics. To tell you the truth, I was nearly asleep."

It was not telling them the truth, nor anything near it; but I imagined it would please Miss Gibson to hear me say so.

During the few remaining days of our inland sojourn, it was noticeable that this large-hearted American's intellectual activity was strongly stimulated, and that she was restlessly eager for opportunities to demonstrate the sincerity of her good-will toward all deserving mankind. Her succinct explanation of the impulse which possessed her was that she could not sit still and see those two little heathens doing all the good. She had been most effectively moved by Yone's phenomenal success in promoting the union of Shizu and the Scotchman; and, in a spirit of emulation, she set herself to the task of readjusting the destiny of more than one of her companions. The ardor with which she undertook the redress of Yone's wrongs often surprised and embarrassed the object of her advocacy. She began to construct elaborate schemes for rescuing her cherished friend from what she termed the present

thralldom, very few of which, I was obliged to inform her, had the merit of being practical. She went so far, on more than one occasion, as to propose, unblushingly, to my face, that the plan of divorce which I had suggested for Arthur Milton's acceptance should still be carried out, with the simple difference of substituting me, Charwell, for the runaway scapegrace.

"Not that abominable wretch; oh, no! But I will give her to you, Doctor; you shall take her, and make her free and happy."

She returned so often to this attack that I found it necessary to talk seriously to her.

"My dear Miss Gibson," said I, "you must not speak of this again to any person. You compel me to remind you that Yone is another man's wife. You would not think of such a thing, if you were not, as your recent guide and philosopher would say, 'in Japan.' Wait one moment. I think you are about to tell me that I overlooked the obstacle of her present marriage when it was a question of uniting her to Milton. But in that case I had in view the prospect—at least the possible prospect—of a life of almost unbounded happiness for Yone. She loved the young man with a love as intense and absorbing as it was suddenly inspired; and if he had been worthy of her, I could have reconciled myself to straining a good many points of conventional delicacy, for the sake of brightening and cheering her whole existence. But there is now no such object to be considered. Even if she were entirely unfettered, I should not ask her to take a step of the kind you suggest, unless it were absolutely necessary, to preserve her from great and otherwise unavoidable danger. Why, she is an infant, in my eyes. I have watched her growth since she was a little child. I have no feeling for her but that of a father. Her affection for me is simply a fond daughter's. It would shock me even to think of her in any other relation. I beg you never to reopen the subject, either with me or any one

else. It might lead me to forego or abridge the gratification I now have in watching over her as a guardian."

"A guardian!" she exclaimed, struck by the word; "and why not a guardian always? I heard something of what happened when you thought of adopting her, before; but what does that matter? If that old boat-maker could be brought to relinquish her for one purpose, he would certainly do it for another, and a better. Why, the trouble is ended already. Nothing can be easier, and it would make me—it would make us all so happy." The impulsive gir glowed with anticipative delight.

"You must not think I have neglected any inquiry that can be useful," I said. "I believe I have left nothing undone in search of methods by which Yone's chains might be loosened. Her marriage with a foreigner is possible. Her adoption, situated as she is now is, is impossible by the laws of the empire."

"That seems incredible," she replied. "Why one, if not the other?"

"There may be sound reasons,—or it may be only an oversight. But there is no chance of getting the rule relaxed at this day. I have served the State as well as many, but not for me nor any other will the rulers consent to waive a single legal right, while they continue bound down by the vicious and oppressive foreign treaties. They will yield nothing, until their independence is restored to them. They are thoroughly justified, though the individual hardships are severe. You will understand, however, that if Yone's grandmother had agreed to break off the proposed marriage, and had left her here, alone and unprovided for, as I hoped she would, then I should have taken her unhesitatingly; for I am sure the authorities would not have interfered to restrain me from following what they would consider a humane impulse. But the child was provided for, in a way, and now her transfer from Santo to me, as an adopted daughter, would not be sanctioned. If done at

all, it would have to be done in defiance of an usage which has all the force of law. Santo would never risk the consequences of such a violation of precedent, and I would do nothing to subject her to the discomfort of public notoriety, or discussion, or criticism; unless, as I have said, it were to save her from some greater evil than seems likely to befall her."

"How can you talk so about it?" Miss Gibson cried. "Have you so little— No, not that—forgive me, Doctor."

"I have no wish to talk about it in any way," I answered. "Let this matter rest forever. If, in time, I see a clearer path than now, you shall know of it, I promise you."

Then she desisted,—and to my great content, although it was impossible to remain unmoved by these evidences of generous and womanly sensibility. Her energies were thenceforward applied to the development of projects more consistent with the necessities of Yone's position; and in these she had no cause to complain of my lack of interest or readiness to coöperate.

One little incident occurred to cloud, though only for a moment, the cheerfulness of our excursion. At the end of the tour, we chanced to pass a night in the village of Tonozawa, at a house much frequented by foreigners, the landlady of which regarded us with an air of partial recognition, as she superintended the preparations for supper. She asked when we had honored her place before, and seemed perplexed on hearing that this was our first visit. Later in the evening, she submitted for our edification a collection of autographs, native poetry, ancient Chinese maxims, and more or less elaborate sketches, left with her, in accordance with a common custom, by travelers from near and far. Not appreciating the merit of the ideographic writings, Miss Gibson and I were glancing over them somewhat carelessly, when an exclamation from Yone diverted our attention. She had risen to her feet, and,

grasping a scroll in her hand, she bent upon the hostess a look of mingled pain and reproach, as if grieved by the idea that the woman had designedly inflicted an unwelcome surprise upon her. Immediately after, realizing the injustice of this suspicion, she resumed her seat, and with a faltering hand replaced the paper upon the table, not attempting to conceal it,—which, in fact, would have been totally contrary to Yone's open disposition. We, her foreign companions, hardly needed to look at it, knowing instinctively that it must be the handiwork of Milton, who had passed many days of the early spring in this neighborhood. It was a medley of disconnected drawings which he had contributed to the general store,—bits of landscape, figure groups, and a number of outline heads; among which latter, Yone's, mine, and his own were included. The likenesses were all excellent, though rapidly produced. That of himself was bright and spirited, presenting him in the best and happiest humor; while into Yone's he had, perhaps unwittingly, thrown an expression which seemed to show what the tendency of his feeling toward her had been, some time before he allowed it to become apparent. As I have remarked, she made no effort to put the sheet out of sight, but continued to keep it in view, until her lips ceased quivering and her eyes grew clear, and the composure which had briefly deserted her was regained. Then she turned to us with a plaintive smile, which would, I think, have touched the stoniest heart that ever hardened itself to human sorrow.

"You will buy it for me, Doctor"—she began; then paused, reflecting.

We waited with concern for her next words.

"And destroy it," she added, softly.

XXIX.

HOW THE PEST CAME TO JAPAN.

Our holidays were over, and we returned to Tokio, to encounter fewer changes than might have been expected. A correspondence had been opened between Miss Gibson and her former associates, the interlineal reading of which showed that it was hoped, on the Philipson side, that the credit of the establishment need not be injured by a sudden breach; the direct suggestion being that it might, on reflection, seem more judicious to continue, at least to outward appearance, the same terms of intercourse as before. This proffer was in no wise misconceived by Miss Gibson, but it indicated what was manifestly the most convenient course for herself; and so, pending her ultimate decision, she resumed her residence with the two sisters, this time as a boarder, and without especially defined functions. She busied herself much with the children, and took a deep interest in Yone's private projects of benevolence, the extent and elaborate organization of which surprised her, as indeed they would have surprised any one not thoroughly familiar with the extraordinary cheapness of food and lodgings among the natives of Japan, and the amount of wholesome instruction that can be imparted at infinitesimal cost, under intelligent and systematic management.

A culminating shock of astonishment was reserved for her in the discovery that, during our absence, a spacious edifice had been erected upon the open ground at the rear of my dwelling, and made ready for the accommodation of more than fourscore children,—to be chosen by herself and Yone from the humblest strata of the populace,—at a

total disbursement not exceeding two hundred dollars; and that the working expenses of this frugally administered institution, including the outlays for teachers, for books and other paraphernalia, and for occasional juvenile festivals, were estimated at twenty-five dollars each month. Here, at last, was something to live for! It was a wonder that Shizu could resist the temptation to renounce her matrimonial prospects, and dedicate herself to this matchless enterprise. What, in comparison, were the ignes fatui of Yokohama, or even the more substantial glories of the outer world,—Scotland, Britain, Europe, the broad continents of the West?

In the person of Mr. Roberts, however, a fact existed which neither argument nor imaginative sophistry could nullify or extinguish. Under his guardianship, now legitimately exercised, the young girl was soon transferred to the new position at her old home in the adjacent port. As I had foreseen, it was not long before the moral atmosphere became too oppressive to be tolerated by the adventurous merchant; and, to escape being stifled outright, he took rapid measures for transferring himself and his belongings to a healthier social clime. The little matron came several times, with her Scotch step-children, to visit us in Tokio, hoping, by gradual farewells, to soften the impending separation from her schoolfellow and friend. It was not known to any of us, then, that no words of final parting would ever be spoken.

Between Yone and her American coadjutor a charming and happy alliance was established, unimpeded by the difference in their ages, which was nearly ten years. It appeared, indeed, that in all their little joint proceedings the foreigner was generally ready to transfer to her younger companion the direction which the Japanese, on the other hand, would gladly have yielded to her older and more mature associate. One point of disagreement, however, always divided them. No earnestness, no eloquence of

entreaty, would induce Yone to visit Marian Gibson at her own dwelling. Into the house of the Philipsons she would not enter, even to meet the friend whom she loved. Those women had struck at her honor and good name, and the spirit usually so yielding and docile was for once aroused to a sharp and abiding sense of injury. She could not be turned from her avowal that she would never set foot in their school, except in the event of being called thither on some errand of charity or humanity,—a contingency of which she could foresee no possibility.

Marian regretted this resolution, but could not withhold the acknowledgment that it was just, and necessary for Yone's self-respect; and this position she hotly maintained whenever the Philipsons incautiously ventured an attack upon any single act of her comrade. She managed her contests with fine strategy, I was told, presenting an aspect of coolness which she did not really feel, and thereby provoking her antagonists into glaring general indiscretions of speech; immediately upon the utterance of which she would draw forth a memorandum book, and take notes with phonographic rapidity, murmuring, the while, dark and mysterious allusions to the work she was preparing for speedy publication, on the broad question of the fitness of missionary measures and men, with chapters especially designed for and applicable to missionary women. But the bold and courageous attitude thus preserved in presence of the enemy was by no means consistently adhered to in confidential intercourse with the children, who were always clamorous for news of their beloved Yone, and for messages of fond remembrance. These were invariably received, and not infrequently imparted, with an emotion which, if perceived or suspected by the heads of the establishment, might have seriously impaired the glory of Miss Gibson's dashing triumphs over her elders.

In July, 1879, occurred an act which, in due time, will take its place in history, notwithstanding all efforts to exclude it, as one of the most revolting and inhuman outrages ever perpetrated by superior force of arms upon a feeble nation. Cholera, the most dreaded scourge of the Far East, had already made its appearance in isolated cases, and the government of Japan was straining all its authority to annul the dangers of former years by establishing an effective quarantine at the most frequented seaports. In the midst of these laudable endeavors, a German merchant steamer arrived at Yokohama directly from an infected district. She was, naturally, ordered to comply with the quarantine regulations duly promulgated. Her captain, however, appealed to the German diplomatic authorities, who immediately sent a Prussian ship of war to the scene, under convoy of which the suspected vessel was brought into Yokohama harbor, and her passengers and cargo landed, in defiance of protests and warnings from Japanese officers of every rank, and from foreigners in their medical service. What may, perhaps, be regarded as aggravating the offense was the fact that the government of Japan was at that moment engaged in lavishing hospitality with singular and exceptional liberality upon two grandsons of the emperor of Germany; and a peculiar coincidence in the proceedings was perceptible in the active approval of the quarantine violation which was exhibited by a foreign envoy at Tokio, who represented a sovereign most nearly allied, after their own family, to the young princes in question. The German and British ministers boldly maintained that the interests of commerce must not be endangered on so insufficient a plea as the possible destruction of any indefinite number of Japanese subjects by one of the most horrible pests known to mankind. For some time, indeed, it was a matter of doubt whether British or German vessels had been mainly instrumental in importing the disease. The majority of the official delegates from European courts looked on in calm indifference. The diplomatic agent from the United States, on the contrary, viewed the per-

formance with unconcealed aversion and horror. One of the most illustrious soldiers of modern times, who was then sojourning in Japan,—an ex-president of the American republic, bringing to an end a memorable voyage around the world,—openly avowed his opinion that the Japanese authorities would have been fully warranted in directing the guns of their powerful ironclads against the invading ships, and straightway sinking them, if they stirred beyond the boundaries imposed by rules of quarantine.

But the government, fearing—no doubt with good reason—to incur the ill-will of the potent and unscrupulous Chancellor Bismarck, saw no other course open than to redouble its precautions, and protest with energy against the cruel outrage of which it had been the victim.

With quick and angry stride, the plague took possession of the country surrounding the open ports, and the most populous part of the empire was stricken with desolation. The circumstance that Europeans and Americans were not exempt from this inroad, as they mainly had been from previous attacks, gave it an importance, in foreign eyes, not usually accorded to such visitations. The democratic and impartial dealings of the destroyer struck alarm to the breasts of all aliens. Attempts, more or less efficacious, were made in various directions to impede the progress of the disease. In Tokio, particularly, certain well-concerted hygienic arrangements were organized.

As was naturally to be expected, though not entirely to my satisfaction, Yone presented herself at an early stage of the proceedings. Something must be given her to do; where and of what nature she would willingly leave to me. But I must appoint her to some line of service, or she would feel it her duty to seek a field for herself,—and these, unhappily, were already numerous.

I was not a little disturbed by this appeal. I felt that she had really not strength enough to go into regular hospital work, and it was only in a hospital that I could even

partially watch over her. I reminded her of her fragile condition, which she did not attempt to deny.

"It is very true," she answered; "I am not so strong as I ought to be. But my weakness is not unwholesome weakness. Why, cholera cannot come near me. I should carry disinfection into every room I entered. When I fan me, the odors of carbolics and all sorts of acids fly many yards about me."

This was not so convincing as she perhaps hoped, but it suggested the idea that if I kept her near me she might always be reasonably safe from infection; whereas in her own region, though not in her own dwelling, the provocations to disease were unnumbered. I proposed that we should ask Miss Gibson to give us her counsel, knowing that she would assent to everything for our dear child's advantage.

"Oh, surely," said Yone; "and if I can work beside Marian, I shall be so well pleased. What is she doing now?"

"She is under Doctor M——, one of the best of leaders. That is, she was yesterday; but she will tell us soon. It is close upon her hour to be here."

Soon, indeed, she came, entering in a state of no little excitement, which increased the moment she caught sight of Yone.

"This is a strange piece of fortune, to find you here!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad. It has saved me the trouble of sending for her, Doctor," she added, turning to me. "Would you ever believe it? We have cholera all over the school."

"Nothing easier to believe," I replied, "considering the notions of drainage, ventilation, food, and everything pertaining to health that have always prevailed there. Ah, well; having defied and disobeyed all my injunctions, I suppose they now want me to go and undo the mischief they have set on foot. If I succeed, it will be the happy result of their petitions to heaven; if I fail, it will be owing to my lack of skill."

"Don't talk so, Doctor," said Miss Gibson; "this is not a time for ill-feeling, and I know you cannot mean all that you say. Come and help us with good work, and let those poor ladies manage their fastings and prayers."

"What!" I shouted. "Fastings—and prayers! Have they forgotten what I told them upon that very point, and the reasons for my warning? Harken to me, Miss Gibson. go back at once, and take Yone with you. She will go, I presume?"

"Yes," said Yone, "I will go now."

"Very well; I will follow in half an hour. But unless you you can assure me, at the door, that there is plenty of nourishing food in preparation,—beef tea and chicken broth, above all,—and that the children are not to be harassed by praying panics, which will go far to take away their weak little capacity of resistance to the disease, I swear to you I will not go inside the house, nor move one step in trying to help you."

"I think, Doctor, you use your opportunity rather unfairly," said Miss Gibson dejectedly.

"Not so, not so; what right have you to imagine that I would oppose any practice which these ladies follow in the name of their faith, unless I saw peril in it? What I protest against is the resort to fasting at a moment when physical nourishment should be increased by every possible means, and the fatal error of allowing these timorous infants to believe themselves threatened by a danger which nothing but supernatural agencies can avert. I have told you repeatedly that I am an enemy to no man's religion. But I speak now as a practical physician. Some day you shall see the records of the epidemic in Scotland, a quarter of a century ago. You can soon learn the ghastly consequences of spreading superstitious terror among starving people at such a time. You can see, also, what the most popular and powerful of English statesmen thought it his duty to do, in the face of a fanatical demonstration which was intended to destroy his political life. But go—go! Every instant may be of vital importance!"

"Come, Marian," said Yone; "you know that the doctor must understand best. We will go at once, Doctor, and will do everything that is possible."

The impetuous Boston girl yielded to her calm and earnest companion, and they hastened to the scene of their new labors.

XXX.

CHARMS AND SPELLS.

Miss Gibson's quick and energetic temperament was not without distinct advantages, at times. On arriving at the seminary, the two girls chanced to be met, at the very door, by that notable reclamatory agent, Miss Jackman. This lady, it will be readily believed, had brought back from the country no increased tenderness for the Japanese girl whose fastidiousness had thwarted one of her favorite enterprises. She planted herself on the threshold and began to interrogate.

"May I ask, Miss Gibson, upon what authority you propose to admit that young person to this establishment?"

Miss Gibson, as I was afterward told, glared at her questioner for perhaps twenty seconds, expanding, the while, with gathering wrath. She then commenced to brandish her umbrella in a wild and irregular fashion, which the most practiced of French tambour-majors would have found it difficult to emulate. Presently, however, the movements took a more methodical shape. They seemed to menace the portly "reclaimer" from every possible direction, except the open way to the street. That was left clear, but on all other sides magical and supernatural passes weirdly threatened her, until, totally bereft of self-possession, she bowed her heavy head, and plunged toward the thorough-

fare; acknowledging her defeat by an inefficacious whimper, as incongruous with the body from which it emanated as a mouse's tiny squeak proceeding from the ponderous and ivory jaws of an elephant.

Slamming the door after her discomfited adversary, Miss Gibson turned, with a look of exultation which showed that the surrounding troubles were momentarily forgotten, and exclaimed:—

"There! I always knew our sword exercise would do me a good turn one day. I learned that eight years ago, Yone, dear; but, oh, it makes the wrist ache. I will teach it to you by and by."

Yone laughed, actually laughed, as in the forests of Hakone; but, soon remembering the needs of the situation, said:

"I will run to the children at once. And you, Marian, please go and get the prayer classes stopped, at least for to-day, as Doctor Charwell ordered us."

The two girls separated on their diverse errands, and, thirty minutes later, I found them able to relieve all my immediate anxieties. Miss Gibson had gained her point by fixing upon the mind of the elder Miss Philipson—who fancied herself hourly succumbing to the disease, although she had shown thus far no single symptom of it—that I would not set foot within the premises upon any other condition; and Yone, after a first hasty visit to the little people, and making them half delirious with the joyous news that she had come to take care of them, had flown to the kitchen, where, conquering the cook absolutely by the mere brightness of her salutation and the warmth of her sympathetic inquiries, she had been given complete command; had turned the storeroom inside out, partially converted all the available beef and chicken into soups, sent for more material, and made the house redolent with appetizing odors, so wholesome and invigorating as to drive away, for a time, the dire disquietude which was beginning to prevail.

Heavy cares soon descended upon us. The poor children, whom a false idea of sanitary economy had made ready victims to the pest, began to droop and die. I was obliged, before long, to run out to Santo's place, and to inform that irascible personage that he could not expect his wife's return for an indefinite period; whereupon, as was anticipated, he flung himself into a rage.

"Is it my wife, or is it not my wife, that you are plotting to keep away from me?" he vociferated, with flaring eyes.

"Undoubtedly it is your wife, my most amiable Santo; but for the rest, nobody is plotting to keep her away from you."

"I know all about it. She was with you in the country for the best part of this year."

"Less than a month, you will find, Santo, if you consult that admirable memory which is one of your finest possessions, and excites the envy of all your neighbors."

"And now she has been absent a week."

"Two days, if you please. Send for the soroban, and make the calculation with your own nimble fingers. You will see that it is precisely two days."

"It does not matter at all. I have had my eyes wide open. Now, look you, she is an aristocrat. Do you think I care for aristocrats? Not so much as a spark from my anvil. But it suited me to have an aristocrat for my wife. You need not tell me! I know she comes directly from the Empress Suiko, many ten thousand years ago. But she belongs to me, and I will not have her plotting to keep away because she is high born. Yes, yes; I know, I know!"

"Excellent Santo, did she ever tell you she was high-born?"

"No, no; but I am not a frog in a well. I know; yes, indeed!"

"Well, she certainly never made any boasts to me, and it seems you are the only one that talks about it. As for

plotting to stay away, she shall come home to-day, if you like, but she will perhaps bring the cholera with her."

The boat-builder staggered, as if he had received a blow in the centre of his thick forehead from one of his heaviest adzes, and for a moment remained speechless. The word "cholera" was invested with terrors too awful to be expressed in any language available by the class to which he belonged. He retreated from me, gasping for breath.

"Where, where"—he stammered.

"Where is she, do you mean? She is in my care, safe enough. You had better leave her with me until the disease has passed away from Japan. I have far too much regard for you, my strong-minded and warm-hearted Santo, to allow any risk to come near your person."

"Thanks; yes, thanks. You are always my friend. But you, Charwell-sama,—you yourself?"

"You are too kind," I answered, with some surprise at this unexpected sign of consideration; "but doctors are never in danger, you know. You need not fear for me."

"Why should I fear for you?" he demanded, having now made his way outside of the house, and put a considerable space between himself and me. "*You!* It is all in your business. I am not thinking of you. No; it is the danger you bring here, to me, Santo Yorikichi. I beg you to leave me. Perhaps already"—

His voice faltered, and his bronzed countenance took on an unwholesome bluish hue.

"Santo," said I, "it is singular that a marine architect of your reputation cannot comprehend that when a man is a brute it is not absolutely commanded by nature that he should also be a fool. The teachings of your earliest childhood ought to remind you that there are magical charms against which all the deadly diseases put together have no power. I have thrown one of these charms around you. I came to-day for that purpose. I have been doing it ever since I arrived. In fact, I have just finished. You are perfectly safe. But there is a condition"—

"Yes, yes—anything, anything," he palpitated; "only give me the charm."

"It is already in operation, though you cannot see it," said I; "a wave of my hand has fastened it upon your body, unknown to you. And the condition"—

"Ah, I will be true to it."

"It is merely that you should speak no word to any person of what I have bestowed upon you. You will give heed to this."

"Oh, yes," he answered, indifferently.

"But you must take great care," I added. "If you tell what has happened, others will apply to me, and the protection I give them will be drawn away from you. Be warned!"

"Not a syllable shall pass my lips!" exclaimed the selfish boor, with a fervor born of newly excited fears.

"Then all will be well. Live quietly, eat sparingly,"—I repeated a few maxims for his general guidance,—"and the cholera will leave you unharmed."

As I walked away, I endeavored to congratulate myself that I had made one human being—of a tolerably low grade, but still human—confident and reliant in the midst of a panic-stricken community. Santo felt himself entirely safe, with all the trustfulness of a believer in spells, incantations, and the mysterious potency of a science unfamiliar to him. No preventive, however skillfully compounded, no watchfulness of treatment, would have gone a hundreth part as far toward rendering him inaccessible to the epidemic. For such as he, a firm conviction that infection cannot touch them is an almost certain guarantee of exemption. I was reasonably sure, then, that I had made one wretched creature's life secure by appealing to his blind ignorance and superstition. After all, it is perhaps not only among the illiterate that medical craft finds it necessary to resort to such devices, and it might not be disadvantageous if intelligence and enlightenment could sometimes be wrought upon as effectively.

XXXI.

CALAMITY.

As I entered the school, the next morning, I was met at the door by Miss Gibson, whose countenance gave warning of new evils.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"The children are no better," she said, "and Miss Philipson has at last frightened herself into real cholera, I do believe.'

"Hardly that, I think; she will not be an easy victim. She has never subjected herself to the regimen of the establishment. Is that all?"

"Alas! that is not all, Doctor; I have been greatly to blame. I cannot understand how I could be so thoughtless. I mentioned it to Yone."

"Mentioned what?"

'I told her that Miss Philipson had been taken ill. It was late. The children were mostly at rest, and she—Yone'—

"I see," said I sternly; "you need tell me no more.'

"Don't, Doctor, don't!" she implored, covering her face with her hands. "Heaven knows I foresaw no evil. And even now"—

"Well, child, well,' I answered, as I led the way to the sick-room; "she would have had to hear of it from some one, I suppose. And then she is fated; I have always felt that. The long sacrifice of her life can have only one fitting end. So, then, tell me."

"It was about nine o'clock, Doctor. I had gone to watch with the children, meaning that Yone should have a good night's rest; and by telling her she would soon be fit for

nothing if she allowed herself so little sleep, I persuaded her to leave everything in my hands, until the morning. It was only by chance—a miserable, hateful chance—that I spoke of Miss Philipson's attack. The instant I mentioned it I saw the mischief I had done, and tried to make light of the matter; but Yone shook her head, and said, 'No, I must go to her.' I assured her that the younger sister was perfectly well, and could do all that was requisite, but again she said, 'Oh, no, Miss Kezia is not equal to it; I will go.' Then I promised to look after the old lady myself, watching half the night here and half with Miss Philipson; but she would listen to nothing."

"You should have known she would not."

"I ought, indeed. Oh, Doctor, do not reproach me. If any harm befalls, what shall I do,—what shall I do?"

"And did she pass the night there?"

"She did. I was there every half hour. When I first went in with her, the Philipsons made a pretense of refusing her aid, and then accepted it as if they were bestowing a favor. Yone said not a word, but set about caring for the thankless woman lying in bed. As for that useless Kezia, she sat comfortably in an armchair, taking great praise and glory to herself for staying and tending her dear afflicted sister, whom she never went near, contenting herself with ordering Yone about, until I told her plainly that if she spoke another word in my hearing, I would take her out of the room with my own hands, and lock her up somewhere."

"Ah, my child, if you could have done that with Yone!"

"I did what I could, Doctor; little enough, but my best. I gave her some beef tea, and made her rest at intervals, while I nursed and fanned that impatient creature. Doctor, not all the children together have shown one tenth of the ill-temper, selfishness,—oh, I can't say what,—of that one woman in a single night. At dawn, or just before, I

did contrive to get my darling to my own room, promising faithfully to call her if I found things going beyond me. But I fear"—

"What?"

"I fear that the real reason why she consented to go was that she felt her strength was leaving her, and that she could do no more."

"Come," said I, starting forward; "we have delayed too long."

On entering her chamber, we found Yone sleeping. I looked carefully at her face, and, while I saw enough to give me deep concern, I discovered no trace of that which was most to be feared. Placing on guard a quiet little scholar who was devoted to her,—as which of them was not?—with instructions to run for me the instant she saw signs of waking, I first went the round of the youthful invalids, having reasons for doubting the existence of the extremest peril on Miss Philipson's part, and finally made my way to that lady's apartment.

"Oh, Doctor Charwell," she cried, as soon as she caught sight of me, "at last, thank Heaven, at last. Twice have I been at the point of death, twice at death's very door. Save me, oh, save me!"

"Certainly, madam," said I. "I have come for that express purpose."

"I sent for you, sir, twice, last night," continued the excited spinster. "Two separate times, when I felt death stealing upon me, I gave orders that you should be summoned, but I suppose you were absent,—absent from home, Doctor Charwell, when the grim spectre was hovering over me."

"Well, Madam," I replied, "I am absent from home *now*, for that matter. The grim spectre is hovering over more sick people hereabout than you, perhaps, are aware of; but still, I do not remember"—

I stopped abruptly at a sign from Miss Gibson, who privately told me that Yone had taken it upon herself to countermand the order, knowing that the case did not then require my attention, and that I needed all the rest I could obtain.

"She thinks of everybody," I whispered to Miss Gibson, "except herself."

"Oh, Doctor, tell me, is there any hope for me?" moaned the occupant of the bed.

"I should be glad," I suggested, "to know who looked after you during the night."

"She was well cared for," said the younger sister. "I was here myself, from the moment the danger declared itself."

"Ah, then," I observed, examining the medicine phials, "so these were measured and administered by your skillful hands, Miss Kezia. Nothing could be more regular."

"Miss Gibson undertook it occasionally," was the reply, every syllable of which sounded like the snapping of a jackdaw's beak.

As the reader knows, I had been made aware of what had passed, but, since it suited my humor that the truth should be drawn from the reluctant couple, I pursued my inquiries relentlessly.

"Then you and Miss Gibson were the only attendants?"

"No, sir, not necessarily," rejoined the now angry Kezia.

"Who were the others, permit me to ask?"

"Is it important, Doctor Charwell, that you should know the name of every person who may have happened to be called in during the course of the night?"

"Doctor Charwell," interposed the elder sister, "I insist that you answer my question, instead of continuing this useless catechism. Is my life to be sacrificed in this dreadful devastation, or shall I be spared?"

"You see, madam," I responded, "it is desirable that I know what particular treatment you have been under; and

to learn that, I should be informed of the names of your attendants."

"Well, then, do let him know," said the invalid. "There was my sister; and there was Miss Gibson,—very kind, indeed, of her; and there was that Yone Santo, who seemed determined to come in,—I don't know why; nobody asked her."

"Then I will tell you why," broke in Miss Gibson. "It was because difficult and wearying and thankless work had to be done; and wherever such things are required, there you will find Yone Santo on the spot."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Miss Kezia; "and little enough return for the countless blessings that have been showered upon her from this house."

"Come, Miss Philipson," I remarked, taking my hat in hand, "I can afford to waste no more time here. Unless my questions are answered, I shall be obliged to leave you."

"Don't let him go," screamed the recumbent Sophia. "Tell him all he wants to know, I commandyou, Kezia. I slept so much that I remember nothing."

"Oh, well!" exclaimed the junior, while tears of spite stood in the corners of her eyes; "after nine o'clock, Yone Santo undertook a good deal of the work."

"After nine o'clock?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; after nine."

"And at what hour did the symptoms begin to appear?"

"At what hour? Let me see."

"Shall I tell you?" inquired Miss Gibson.

"No, miss; your interference has already been more than sufficient. It was about nine o'clock, sir."

"Then," said I, "Yone's attention began immediately upon the appearance of the disease. You are trifling with me, ladies. I bid you good-day."

"What do you mean, Kezia?" shrieked the terror-stricken elder. "How dare you disobey me? Tell him the truth at once!"

"Oh, if you wish me to magnify that creature into a saint"—

"Never mind what I wish. I wish to be cured. That is the first thing. Afterward, we can"—

"Very good," hastily interrupted Miss Kezia, whose wits were a little more manageable, for the moment, than those of her confused senior; "then, if you must know, Yone was here from about nine last evening, when the illness first showed itself, until sunrise."

"No one else touched the medicines?"

"N—no; unless, perhaps, Miss Gibson."

"I did nothing," said the young lady referred to, "but lend Yone my strong arms once or twice."

"And this excellent friend of ours," I continued, resolved, in my irritation, to push the matter home, "did nothing of any kind, I conclude."

"It was surely needful," Miss Kezia feebly protested, "that *somebody* should superintend the proceedings."

"Precisely, precisely," said I. "And now, Miss Philipson, I will answer the question I would have answered immediately, if your sister had obliged me with the information I have with difficulty extracted. From the moment that I know you were in the hands of Yone Santo, I know also that you are undoubtedly safe, without reference to your sister's capabilities of superintendence. Yone's experience was large, last year, as you ought to remember gratefully. She knows as well as I what needs to be done, and you may count yourself a fortunate woman in having secured a ministration which I don't mind saying, madam, you have not in any degree deserved."

I need hardly remark that the invalid's condition was not such as to excite the least alarm, as in that case I should have taken a more rapid diagnosis. Whatever danger there might have been in the beginning had evidently vanished some hours before; and I was simply enjoying my opportunity of probing for the conscience which these two ladies

might be supposed to possess,—an operation which may be pronounced heartless and unmanly, but which I shall not take the trouble to defend;—neither that nor any part of my subsequent conduct toward this earnest-minded and otherwise gifted couple.

Half an hour later, I was called, by her little guardian, to the chamber in which Yone was reposing. The child confided to me that her kindest of teachers was not so kind as usual, this morning. Instead of telling beautiful stories, as she always could, she kept interrupting the natural flow of her Japanese speech with long sentences in English, and would speak of nothing but furnaces, ovens, and such unpleasant things. I sent the child for Miss Gibson, and made all speed to Yone's bedside.

"You are there, Doctor?" she said, smiling faintly. "I was going to dress me, but the atmosphere is so heavy here that I cannot get my strength. It is so warm in this place, close to the stoves; I cannot bear it."

As I brought her some water, Miss Gibson entered.

"Why have they kindled all the fires?" continued Yone, speaking with great rapidity and a slight huskiness of utterance.

"There are no fires, my dear," said Miss Gibson; "there would be none in any case, on this floor."

"Hark, Marian; you will hear the roar of the blaze, as well as feel the heat. Oh, Doctor, it is terrible! What will the little sick ones do? I must go and stop it. And see," she exclaimed, glancing at the window, "the sun, the sun itself, is coming near us! What fearful sounds! Dear friends, what is threatening us? Look from the window. That angry, raging sun comes to consume us."

She made a sudden attempt to spring out upon the floor, but, being withheld, covered her face with the bed-clothes, shuddering violently. Miss Gibson gazed at me in speechless horror.

"Yone, hear me,' I said firmly. "I can free you from

some of your anxieties, but you must put great faith in me. Try to believe everything that I tell you, even if it is hard to do so. Doubt nothing that I say for a little while, no matter if you fancy I am mistaken, or am misleading you. And you, Miss Gibson, will think of the invalids elsewhere. You will go"—

"No, Doctor, no. I shall stay here. Could you think"—

I stopped her with a hasty and violent gesture, pointing also to Yone, whose face was still concealed by the bed-coverings, to indicate that my meaning must be hidden from her.

"You will go," I continued, "and order all the ice that can be purchased, to be carried to the place where you will understand it is *most needed*. Then run across, yourself, to my hospital, select a comfortable litter, send it—no, let my servants bring it, and come you also. But leave instructions to make ready the up-stairs room in the south-west corner. Be here again in less than five minutes."

She was off like the wind.

"Now, Yone, said I, "can you speak with me?"

"Yes, Doctor," she answered, cautiously drawing down the coverings. "Is the danger past? Did Marian bring it and take it away? But that is impossible; yet she is gone. Tell me, Doctor, what is this dreadful heat?"

She was again speaking rapidly and wildly. My hope was that I could keep my hold upon her reason until our friend should return with the litter, and Yone's rare docility and confidence enabled me to accomplish this, in good part. She realized, at least, that she had overtasked herself, and accepted my assurance that she must rest for a while, without work of any sort. I allowed her to think the interval might be short, in order to cheer her with the hope of speedily resuming her labors.

In less than a quarter of an hour, she was on the way to a more suitable place for treatment. While passing through the street, from one house to the other, she spoke once, in supplicating tones:—

"Doctor,—Marian,—must I stay in this burning boat, while you float beside me in the cool water?"

From that moment, for many a day, she uttered no word that could be understood by any listener. Miss Gibson at once dedicated herself to the sufferer, and at first resented the idea of sharing her task of affection with a hired assistant.

"My arms are strong, and my head is clear," she said; "there is nothing I cannot do."

"But your heart is not hard," I told her; "and some exercise of force will probably be needed. No, my child, you must have a professional nurse with you. There is no help for it."

XXXII.

DARK SHADOWS.

The cholera ran its course among us, desolating many a household, and filling the city with gloom. More than one hundred thousand victims were believed to have been sacrificed to the perversity and arrogance of two ruthless agents of foreign oppression. But all traces of the visitation had vanished long before our most cherished patient recovered her reason. And when the light of understanding returned to her countenance, it was with an anxious dread that I beheld the ravages which a violent fever had wrought upon her delicate frame. Marian Gibson, less tutored by experience, was able to contain her joy at what seemed to her the beginning of the recovery only on being warned that Yone must be kept in ignorance of the perilous state to which she had been reduced. Her intellect being fully restored, Marian now became her sole attendant. Indeed, excepting that devoted girl and myself, she saw no one. The thick-witted husband, still terrified by wild visions of cholera,—which disease had never touched

Yone at all,—would not come near her; and, indeed, his rough presence and coarse speech were not much to be desired in an invalid's chamber.

This was a time when the assistance of Shizu Miura would have been gladly welcomed, but she was already on the way to her new home in a distant land. Deep was the affectionate girl's distress at leaving the companion of her childhood in bodily pain and peril, but Roberts's plans for removal had been definitely arranged before the illness, and could not be set aside without injury to the interests of many parties. He was more touched than I had expected by the harsh necessity which compelled his wife to depart at a period when the mind of her friend and benefactress was clouded, and no intelligent farewell could be given or received. He promised without hesitation that Shizu should be privileged to return, after an interval; and though the pledge was undoubtedly qualified by mental reservations, the deception was kindly intended, and beneficial in effect.

As the days went on, bringing no gain of strength to Yone, I called for the opinions, one by one, of the fellow-members of my profession, whose earnest and unaffected concern was a true consolation in that afflicted period. The missionary physicians—a set of men loftily elevated, as a rule, above their exclusively religious colleagues in the extreme East, were foremost in proffering their aid, with the magnanimity which is developed, I make no doubt, by their humane vocation, and which rises superior to the intolerance that often accompanies imperfect education. Not a few of these were familiar with the fine spirit and character of my patient, and well knew that her loss would be a grievous bereavement to the sick and poor of her quarter. But they could say little, either in encouragement or the reverse. We could hope only for the healing touch of Nature's comforting hand, and those whose eyes were keenest saw that, to be effective, this must not be much longer withheld.

Presently we thought it wisest to allow her such simple diversions as befitted her condition, and, for several days, some of her little favorites from the school were invited to be with her, of an afternoon. She asked for others, who had not been able to struggle through the ordeal of the previous month; and when we could not answer, the effect was so painful that we deemed the experiment too severe for repetition. But she begged so piteously for her child friends, promising that she would no more be disturbed by the absence of any of them, that they were admitted again without further discussion.

"Why shall I mind missing those that are gone?" she said, with a strange expression in her thoughtful eyes; "it is for such little time. My doctor knows it will soon be their turn to come to Yone's arms, and then *these* will be the absent ones."

I think, from something which happened a little later, that she would not have spoken thus if Miss Gibson had been present; but she turned her face to me with a smile of sorrowful meaning, from which I learned for the first time with certainty what the near future had in store for us.

One day the Philipson sisters presented themselves, with an intimation that, if desired, they would favor the sick girl with an interview. I had then determined to defer in everything to Yone's wishes, and on finding that she made no objection, the ladies were admitted, though not with Miss Gibson's cordial concurrence.

"Why, Yone, child," was the salutation of the elder, "how shockingly you look! Have they taken proper care of you here, I wonder?"

"Shocking, indeed," said Miss Kezia; whereupon a sharp glance passed between the pair, foretelling a philological combat *à l'outrance*, at the first opportunity, on the question of employing adverbs or adjectives, here represented by "shockingly" and "shocking," in certain familiar forms of expression.

"Not quite such perfect care as Yone took of you, Miss Sophia," remarked Miss Gibson; "but still the best it was in our power to afford."

"I have been treated most kindly," was heard, in Yone's calm, sweet voice; "and of kindness only let us think, if I may ask it. You are welcome here, ladies; it does gladden me that you passed through all danger without harm."

"We are quite well, Yone," Miss Sophia replied, "as I am sure you will be, soon."

"Oh, we are all sure of that!" exclaimed the junior.

But to this our invalid did not incline to respond, although she regarded both the sisters with a pleasant smile.

"Well, we cannot stay long," said Miss Sophia, rising. "I hope, Yone, we are friends."

"I wish you well, Miss Philipson, with all my heart."

"You know, if I sometimes seemed a little harsh"—

"Do not speak of it, I beg; it has not a place in my thoughts," said Yone.

"It was my religion that compelled me to take a course toward you which I would often have wished to avoid; but you cannot understand that."

"Certainly not," affirmed the second Miss P.; "we do not expect you to."

Yone now turned her lustrous eyes upon them.

"No," she said slowly; "no, truly, I cannot understand that."

"Never mind," rejoined Miss Sophia, glancing quickly at Miss Gibson and myself; "never mind, we shall see you again soon, and meanwhile I will pray for your convalescence."

"Do not think of that, madam; there is no need, and your prayers would not avail."

A scared look passed over the elderly woman's face, and her thin, pinched lips trembled as she replied:—

"Why, Yone, you speak as if you hated me. I have always wished to be your friend. And why should my prayers be unheard?"

"I never hated anybody, Miss Philipson. I should be in despair now, if I could remember to have hated anybody. And I thank you for your offer. I should have done that before, but I was thinking how certain it was that no prayers could keep me in this world. And my mind was fixed upon another matter, besides. We are taught, in our faith, that those who are taken away to heaven are permitted to plead for those who are left behind; and if, hereafter, I am not unworthy to be heard, I shall have no such happiness as to recall all the good"—

She was interrupted by a sudden start from Miss Philipson, who, pressing a handkerchief to her lips, moved hastily toward the bed in which Yone lay. What her impulse might have been I never knew. It remained unfulfilled; for after two or three quick steps, she turned about, murmured something the sense of which was obscured by her handkerchief, and hurriedly withdrew from the chamber, pulling her sister after her. If it was a tardy impulse of tenderness,—as to which, indeed, I cannot be sure,—it was checked before it could declare itself; and I have more than enough reason to believe it was held in characteristic restraint forever after.

While Yone was speaking, the color vanished from Miss Gibson's face, leaving it of a death-like hue; and as the visitors departed, she quickly followed them, with an apparent pretense of taking leave outside. Being alarmed for her, I, too, presently followed, and found her alone, in a state of passionate and convulsive grief.

"It is not true, Doctor," she sobbed; "her delirium has returned. There was no meaning in those awful words. Oh, tell me, tell me"—

"If you can be calm, Miss Gibson, you shall know all that I know. But if I may not reckon upon you, where shall I look? To-morrow, I give you my word, I will tell you my true conviction."

"To-morrow! But I shall fear the coming of each day,

now. And I, also, have something to tell. Perhaps I should have told before; perhaps, I have thought, I should not tell at all. I have been greatly perplexed, but now you give me new and terrible reasons for deciding quickly."

"Does it concern Yone?"

"Yes, closely, intimately."

"Then I should say— But you will judge best, no doubt."

"Do not be offended, Doctor. It is a matter of much difficulty. I have had such anxious hours; but from this moment I am resolved. To-night you shall learn the whole. As soon as I can leave Yone, I will go to your office."

At a later hour she came, bringing news that was indeed unlooked for.

XXXIII.

LAST LESSONS.

"ARTHUR MILTON is here!"

My amazement was so great that for a while I could not answer, but stared speechlessly at her, awaiting further intelligence. As she likewise remained silent, I brought my mind to bear more clearly upon the strange announcement, and to consider what it portended.

"Arthur Milton?" I repeated. "Here again, to witness— Do you mean that he is in this city?"

"I believe so; certainly not far away. I received a letter from him, dated Yokohama, early this morning,—a truly mournful and penitent letter. Doctor, I do think it would move the most unforgiving spirit. Pray tell me, are you as sure as ever that he has no good quality in him?"

"He has ingenuity, at least. Why did he write to you, instead of me, do you suppose?"

"I have been wondering why."

"Then I will tell you. Because he knew his false

lamentations could no longer impose upon me, and he thought a woman might be more successfully deluded. Nothing could be easier than for him to learn how intimate you and Yone had become. He would have no difficulty in informing himself about our journey in the country. I'll warrant he urges you to conceal his return, and the fact of his writing, from me."

"You are not altogether right, Doctor. He asks me to see him first, and after one interview he is willing—he desires, even—that you shall be told. I wish to be guided solely by what is best for Yone. I think of nothing else. I will leave his letter with you, and to-morrow morning we will consider all its merits, or its faults. But I must ask,—more than that, I must demand—to speak and to be heard in this matter. Yone is a woman, my younger sister,—I feel her to be that, and nothing less; and there are things concerning which a woman's loving instinct is more to be trusted than the wisest father's sagacity. Doctor Charwell, we must think and work together in this."

"God bless you, my child; I ask for nothing better than your generous help; but I beseech you to build no flattering hope on so vain a foundation as Milton's honor or integrity. That is my only warning. And now, good-night."

The letter, as might be expected, was eloquent, pathetic, and eminently calculated to move the compassion of any person not familiar with the writer's loose and vacillating nature. Knowing him as I now did, I nevertheless was struck with its seeming grief and remorse. It was most difficult to distrust the genuineness of his emotion—at the time of writing. He had, moreover, some remarkable facts to communicate. He had met his party on their return from Peking to Shanghai, and after a series of vain endeavors to share their pleasures, and a futile struggle to accompany them on their journey through Southern Asia, had gathered together the members of his family, told them—unreservedly, he declared — the story of the past few

weeks, and proclaimed his purpose to return to Japan without delay, there to fulfill what he knew was his duty, and to insure the happiness of his life. With no little pains, but yet with less than he anticipated, he had obtained his mother's and his sister's assent, which was not, indeed, indispensable, but which would stand in proof of the honesty of his intentions. At this point, the idea appeared to be conveyed that Mrs. Milton and her daughter were profoundly conscious of the sacrifice about to be made, and had pressed entreaty and remonstrance upon him, until they found his resolution utterly immovable. This was the weak passage in an effusion of which the greater part was distinguished by a touching accent of humility.

In the morning I found Miss Gibson better prepared than I had hoped, for what she had to hear. She listened with all the control she could command while I told her the hour of separation was very near at hand, and found some relief from her anguish in my assurance that Yone's life would end as tranquilly as it has passed, and far more painlessly. We agreed that she should herself decide upon the question of permitting Milton to visit her, as her composure was greater and her judgment, we believed, clearer than our own. And when we submitted it to her, we found that our confidence was justified.

"I told you, Doctor, that he must never see me again," she said. "Yes, you remember that. But I did not know what would happen so soon. It is different, now. If you are willing, he shall come."

After a few words of explanation, Miss Gibson started for the place where he had said he could be found. Immediately upon her departure, Yone beckoned to me with the pretty Japanese gesture of invitation.

"Please sit beside me, Doctor, and let me hold your hand. I am glad we may be alone a little. One thing I wish to say which Marian, perhaps, would not understand;

but you, dear friend, understand everything. It is selfish,—oh, I can see very selfish thoughts, if I look to the bottom of my heart,—but it shall be confessed. I must tell you how happy I am to remember that you are not young. You do not need to show that this is not right. I know,—I know. I love Marian dearly; she has been like a true sister to me. How beautiful and good! But it is to you I owe everything,—all, all, all the brightness the world has ever contained for me. I can bear to wait for her; but you, my constant help and protection, the guardian of my whole life, the father of my soul,—ah, I have taken such pleasure in hoping we shall be so little time apart. If it is wrong, you will forgive me. You always have forgiven Yone's faults."

"Don't, Yone,—don't speak to me like that. You are stronger than I am, now, my child. Think what I am feeling and say no more, dear; not just yet,—not just yet."

She took her hand from mine, and, as if wishing to dispel the sad emotions she had awakened, held up the little feeble fingers for my inspection, smiling at the recollection they happened to suggest.

"Do you remember Mrs. Steele?" she said. "Mrs. Steele would not complain of *these* hands. How they once did vex her: She would not scold me, now."

"Nor would she ever, if she had a woman's heart."

"Oh, Doctor, forgive me, but I think you are hasty to say that. It was a great trouble to her, my untidiness; and she could not know the reason. No, no; I should never mind that. Only, when"—

"Go on, Yone."

"Yes, there is something else. When we were all three together, at Miyanoshita,—oh, those glad days!—I was never so happy, and my thoughts went out joyfully to everybody I had ever known. I wanted to tell them all of my good fortune, my pleasure, how grateful I was. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Steele. I thought she would not be unwilling to hear about the brightness that had come, as she knew something of my sorrows. I thought so, but"—

"She did not answer?"

"No."

"Perhaps she never received the letter, Yone."

"She received it, Doctor."

"Do not be too sure; I will make inquiry."

"That is not necessary; she sent it back to me."

"My poor patient darling. Why in God's name do all the women who come here leave charity and humanity behind them?"

"Not all, Doctor,—not all. I have Marian, and for her dear sake I will think no evil thing of any of them. You will tell Mrs. Steele, some day, when it is right to do so,—when she knows all the truth,—that Yone sent her a farewell message through you, and"—

"Forgave her?"

"Yes, if that word is not amiss, to my teacher and my elder."

Again she clasped my hand, and we remained in silence until the faithful messenger reappeared.

"He will be here," she told us, "very soon; but if he gets a warning, at the door, that he is too early, he will go away, and return after another hour."

"He must not wait too long," said Yone, placidly, "if he wishes me to see him."

"Dear Yone," entreated Marian, "you cut me to the heart. Do not grieve us so."

"But we are not to deceive ourselves in what we think or what we say. Let us look at what is coming without fear. Tell me, Marian, where has he been since I last saw him?"

"Mr. Milton? He has been in China and Siam. He came back on your account only."

"Does he know how ill I am?"

"I have told him—all."

"Yes," sighed Yone; "yes, that is best. It will spare him pain."

"But—what can I say? He will not believe me. He passes it all by as mere exaggeration or illusion. Would to God he were right! I hope he is right. Oh, I hope, I hope"—

The tender-hearted girl burst into tears, and her speech became broken and incoherent.

"It gives me great joy to know how much you love me," said Yone. "That was the last blessing I could wish for; and it came, dear Marian, when I did deeply need it. Now I shall tell you all the truth. You know what my doctor has done for me ever since I was a little, foolish, ignorant child. He alone is nearer to me than you, my dear, and for a while he must be; but early in the millions of happy years of our next companionship, our affection will become quite the same. Yone will have no cause to seem unkind in speaking of earthly preferences."

"You are never unkind," Miss Gibson declared; "but is that the belief of your people?"

"That is what we learn for truth," answered Yone.

"I did not know it," said the older girl. "And do you think,—forgive me, Yone,—do you think that in time your good-will may extend to all you have ever met—even those who have not cared for you,—even such as—those ladies of the school?"

"Oh, surely so!" replied Yone; "how can you ask me?"

"I will ask no more, dear love; your answers shame me."

Soon after, the dying girl requested me to move her bed near the centre of the room, so that one of us, her friends, might be on either side of her. As we sat thus upon the edges of the cot, she passed an arm around each, letting her thin, worn hands rest upon our shoulders, and raising herself by this means to a higher position.

"Now I am comfortable," she said. "Doctor, let my left hand hold your right; and, Marian, my right shall clasp your left."

Her pulse was feeble, though not alarmingly so; and I should have derived some satisfaction from her slight ability to exert herself, but that she remarked, a soft flush rising to her cheeks:—

"This is a great liberty for a Japanese girl; but for once you will not mind it. . . . Yet you are not to forget it," she added, smiling gently at us in turn.

XXXIV.

FAREWELL.

A SERVANT appeared, with the announcement that Mr. Milton was asking for me below. I was about to disengage myself, when Yone interposed, saying:—

"No, do not go; do not leave me, either of you. I am best in this way. Lifted upright, as I am, I speak more easily."

"Are you well enough to speak at all?" I asked. "Do not attempt too much."

But Miss Gibson had given orders that the visitor be brought to us, and Yone said softly:—

"I wish to see him. I need to see him now."

I doubt, nevertheless, if she could have been in any degree prepared for the agitating incidents which ensued. We heard his footsteps rapidly approaching, then saw his well-remembered form and face framed for an instant in the doorway. For an instant, only, he stood motionless. Then he tottered, caught vainly at the lintel above, with an outstretched arm, staggered blindly forward, and fell, with a sharp cry, by the side of the bed, where he remained kneeling, his head clutched within his hands, and crouching, half hidden, close to the body of the girl from whose life he had driven peace and happiness.

"My God, O my God, what is this?" he presently cried. "What does it mean? What have you done to her? Yone, for merciful Heaven's sake, speak to me! I don't dare to look at you, but give me a word,—just one word. Or you, Doctor Charwell,—are you here? For God's sake, tell me this is not the end."

There was a brief interval, and then Yone's sweet and plaintive voice was heard.

"It is not the end, Arthur," she said, "and I am more glad than I can tell, that you are here in time. I wonder that I am so glad. I thought I could have died without much grief if you had not come; but now I see how little I knew myself."

"Why does she talk of dying?" exclaimed Milton, partly raising his face, and giving a sidelong glance at me, but still averting his eyes from the wasted form beside him. "She shall live a life of such happiness as a man's best affection can give her. I am here with my hand and my name for her acceptance. Santo will consent to an honorable divorce, and Yone will have all the devotion that a true lover and an honest husband can bestow. Oh, Yone, don't speak of leaving me, my treasure; don't think of it. Come to me as I have come to you."

Yone had started when he spoke of the divorce, for the scheme had never been revealed to her; but his meaning was plain before he had finished.

"Then you did come to marry me," she said simply.

"I do, I do!" he cried. "You shall soon see. My mother and my sister wish it, too, Yone. They have sent their love to you, and many messages of kindness. As soon as you are better you shall learn everything."

"Arthur," she said gravely, "look in my face."

With slow and reluctant movements, as if afraid to confront again the sight which met him when he entered, he turned his eyes upward, and fixed them upon the features he had hitherto seen only in health and loveliness, but

which now revealed the fatal signs of a hopeless disease. Stricken speechless, he gazed upon the face which had once been lighted by a rare and noble attachment,—an attachment called into existence by him, but upon which he had trampled with the recklessness of a blind and unmanly egotism. And as she returned his gaze, there came back before our amazed view a strange and chastened reflection of the purity, the modest grace and tender delicacy, which had made all other youthful charms appear dim and dull beside those of Yone Yamada. At the summons of the only absorbing love she had ever known, the fairness of her brighter days revived and clothed her again with the unforgotten beauty.

"I see nothing to disturb me," he faltered. "You have been ill, very ill, I fear; but Doctor Charwell—who has been my best friend when I least thought him so—will soon restore you to us. Heaven only knows what I shall owe him then!"

It was a marvel, the power of this creature of impulse over our senses, when our judgment still refused to condone his baseness. As he knelt before us all, with a glow, hardly less fervent than Yone's transient flush, beaming from his eyes, and with his whole aspect betraying the most eager and intense solicitude, it seemed cruel to doubt that he realized, at last, the force of his former iniquity. In any case, this was not the time for suggesting doubts, and we—Miss Gibson and I—were grateful for even the briefest term of happiness which Yone could enjoy. As I caught Marian's interrogating glance, I almost allowed myself to disregard the sorrowful testimony of experience, and to imagine the possibility that the newly kindled joy might inspire with fresh vitality that fragile and exhausted frame. Alas, it was but a passing fancy, unsustained by any reality of hope.

"Come nearer to me, Arthur," said the fading girl; and as he moved forward, still kneeling, she disengaged her hand from my shoulder, and laid it upon his head.

"Regard him now, Doctor," she continued, appealingly; "he never thought to harm me. Marian, he meant no wrong. He did not know. I am sure he did not know."

"Yone, you crush me with your goodness," he answered, in half-stifled tones. "I *did* think to harm you. I *did* mean wrong. I cannot keep the truth from you. But now all is changed. All shall be well, my poor, wounded dove. I know how to love you as you deserve, now; they shall all witness it. I think of nothing but to make you my wife, if —if only you will forgive me."

"Forgive you!" she responded, in a tone which, gentle as it was, thrilled through us all. "Forgive you?—Oh, Arthur! But I think my two best friends, here, may not understand you as well as I do. This is what they will both do to please me. Doctor, you will forgive all his mistakes. Marian, you too, for my sake."

"I do not know Miss Gibson," murmured Milton, "and Doctor Charwell does not know me—as I am now. But if they will wait"—

"Oh, no," said Yone; "there is no need to wait. They will refuse me nothing. But I wish them to feel that you —that you deserve it. Therefore, in the days to come, when I can no longer speak for you, dear Arthur, let your actions, I pray you, always be such as to keep their friendship with you true and sacred."

He looked at us with a bewildered air, and again turned to Yone.

"Do not misunderstand me, Yone. I am sure you misunderstand me, for you could not be willingly unkind. I ask that we may never be separated. I shall always be near you till you are well, and from that time we shall constantly be together."

"Arthur, it is you who will not understand. Are you alone unable to see what all the rest can see? Speak to me no more like that, and remember that for me the time of sorrow is past. You cannot know the happiness I feel, except only for the grief I must soon give to you around me.

And now—but you will wait for me a little; I am fatigued. Marian, dear, please raise me again."

She was moved, as she desired, and as her lips were dry, I moistened them with a cooling cordial. She thanked us, and closed her eyes wearily, still keeping her hand on Milton's head.

"If this is real," he muttered huskily, "what is left for me? Must I wait for God's just vengeance, or will it strike me here and now?"

Yone heard, but did not comprehend. She opened her eyes, looked at us intently for a space, and then, more faintly than ever before, said, with an effort that could not be concealed:—

"Now I shall ask you each to place your right hand upon my breast, as I lie here. I wish to fold mine over them. It is only for a little time."

We did as she requested, and as she laid her slender hands upon ours, and pressed them near her heart, she added, with a smile of infinite tenderness:—

"This is my utmost power. It is all I have, and I give it to you to show the strength of my love for you."

Again the eyelids fell, and all was silence."

As we stood motionless, fearing, indeed, to stir, nor daring to look at one another, a curious sound came through the hall-way, as of heavy bodies moved or moving stealthily. We felt that the shock of a rude intrusion would be unbearable, yet none of us could stir to close the door.

Presently we heard rough whispering, yet still we were incapable of breaking that solemn circle.

The voices drew nearer. One of them, at least, could be recognized. Speaking in Japanese, that memorable "reclaimer," Miss Jackman, delivered herself thus, in an undertone, though apparently with little intention of concealment:—

"That is the door. Go in there: you will see what I have brought you for."

The next instant we heard her retreating footsteps, while Santo, the boat-builder, entered the chamber.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "The big woman—why, she is gone, now—she came to my place, with round eyes and a green face, and dragged me hither in a jin-riki-sha. She had two jin-riki-shas ready, waiting for us. She told me to be calm, and to be merciful, and to shed no blood. Why should I not be calm, and merciful; and why should I shed blood? Ah, ha! Is she crazy, more or less, that big one? Now here is nobody but the doctor, and the teacher-miss, and the young American buyer of boats. Yes, she told me he was here, very softly, making such awful faces as you never saw. Ha, ha! To be sure, she is crazy,—all crazy, every pound of her. And there is my Yone. Will it do me no harm to go near her? You think not? Well, cholera is a thing to keep away from, generally. How is she now, Doctor?"

Then noticing that we kept our heads averted, he drew nearer, and peered inquisitively at us. At the same moment, Yone's thin, attenuated hands relaxed their grasp and fell to her sides. Milton dropped to his knees again, and hid his face from sight. Marian threw her arms about the frail figure, trembling violently, though with slight audible demonstration of grief. I turned to the husband, who had been brought with such malicious design, and whose advent had been so strangely timed.

"What! is she, then, dead?" he inquired, subduing his harsh voice, and staring with astonishment at the unexpected sight before him.

I made an affirmative gesture.

"But this is stranger than anything in the world. Why are they crying? You, too,—I see you are crying. Is it because she is dead?"

"It is."

"Well, I cannot understand it. I should never think of crying. I may cry at the theatre, or when I listen to the hanashi-ka, but not in my own house. Is it a custom of foreigners?"

"Not always. But we respected and admired Yone very much, and loved her dearly."

"What, that poor little doll?"

"She was a good woman, Santo,—the best woman I have known in all my life."

"I never knew that, Doctor-san,—never thought of such thing. Are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure."

"Because that other, the big woman, tried to say— Oh, but she is crazy from head to foot."

"Entirely so. And now, Santo Yorikichi, if you will excuse me, we will not talk any more. You shall stay, or go; but you must allow us to be quiet."

"Yes, I will go. I have no idea of foreign customs. To think that my poor Yone was so good a woman! And I never suspected it. It is a pity I did not learn it earlier. I will go,—I will go. To-morrow we will make some arrangement about the burial. Good-day to everybody. Farewell, Yone; I shall tell our neighbors how good a woman you were. I wish I had known that before."

He went out, with an evident desire to maintain a decorous bearing, but obviously more startled and bewildered than touched by grief, and, I made no doubt, calculating in his mind the probable cost of the ceremonies which he would be called upon to pay for. His anxieties on this latter question were, indeed, turned to our advantage; for we found no difficulty in obtaining his consent that the interment should take place at Tenno-ji, a tranquil and not too sombre burial-ground, partly appropriated to aliens, where we were able to procure a tomb in one of the most silent and secluded corners. There, at last, this long-suffering white-souled little pagan saint found rest.

XXXV.

REST AND SILENCE.

We were sitting, Marian Gibson and I, beside Yone's grave, one afternoon, some weeks after the sepulture, when we saw approaching a species of irregular procession, in the centre of which we detected the monolithic figures of the Misses Philipson. Our familiarity with the neighborhood enabled us to retire unobserved, and take shelter behind a cluster of willows, which, while concealing us, left the new-comers open to our inspection. Their object in visiting the spot we could not at first divine, being confident that the sisters, at least, had no precise knowledge as to Yone's modest tomb; but we soon discovered that they were escorting a party of excursionists through the noted localities of Tokio, and had crossed over from the Park of Uyeno, hard by, to this sequestered retreat. Four or five of their most advanced pupils were with them, brought out, no doubt, to serve as guides and interpreters. As they drew near to Yone's little inclosure, these young girls detached themselves from the others, walked rapidly forward, and, falling on their knees before the gate, devoltly inclined their bodies until their foreheads touched the green sods. The astonishment with which the Philipsons regarded this proceeding proved to us that a revelation was awaiting them. First of all, however, a note of objurgation was sounded by the younger of the twain.

"Whatever does this mean, girls, getting on your knees in all this dust and mud? Explain yourself, Tama Yasuda. Come here, all of you; don't stay sprawling there when I call you."

"Be moderate with them, Kezia, I beseech you," said the elder, not disinclined to pose before the visitors in the character of a merciful intercessor, and at the same time to impart an erudite interest to the occasion. "These poor children are all familiar with the ancient shrines," she continued, "even when the landmarks are set aside, as in this neighborhood. Now I dare say that if we listen to them, they can tell us an impressive story of fortitude and heroism, or patient suffering, connected with this very spot. That, no doubt, is the explanation of the reverent prostration we have just witnessed."

By this time the younger Miss P. had drawn the facts from her scholars, and was advancing toward her senior, endeavoring, by facial contortions of the most extravagant description, to arrest the latter's flow of historical eloquence.

"What is it, sister?" was the gracious inquiry. "What is the object of veneration associated with this scene of classic beauty?"

A rapid whisper followed.

"Indeed!" said Miss P. No. 1, with portentous dignity. "You girls, you five, will report yourselves for punishment to-morrow, before breakfast. Such disgusting slovenliness! Such heartless disregard of the unhealed scars of our innermost wounds!"

Here some of the travelers, whose curiosity was excited by the sudden transition from benignant complacency to vengeful ire, made bold to ask for an elucidation; whereupon the too precipitate superior of the academy found it necessary to take in sail, and tack, and perform other manœuvres to which her skill and cleverness were not wholly adequate.

"The truth is simply this," she said, trembling with indignation and a fear that she might, in her confusion, mix herself up more ridiculously than was appropriate to a responsible elderly female,—"simply this: that these forward minxes seem to have engaged in a conspiracy to mortify us.

I now learn for the first time that this is the grave of a young woman, a Japanese, in whom we took a great interest both before and after her marriage, but who ill repaid our watchful care. She was respectable enough while under our eyes, but she afterward got completely corrupted by contact with a young American; and as she showed no shame, and would not repent, keeping up the improper connection to the day of her death, we believe, we were obliged, of course, to throw her off. She was a sort of leader among a certain set of native girls, and, as you have seen to-day, their obstinacy is incorrigible. There is no accounting for it, except by remembering, as we are constantly compelled to do, that we are in Japan."

We were listening, of necessity, to the chorus of asinine acquiescence which arose as the party passed on,—the silly echoes of "Quite so," "To be sure," "How truly dreadful," "So sad,"—when Marian uttered an exclamation of alarm, and, darting from me down a steep side path, succeeded in arresting the onward progress of a young man who was marching with great strides in pursuit of the retiring body.

"Let me go," he said. "There may be a man or two among them, to learn what it is to desecrate a grave."

"You shall not go!" exclaimed Marian. "Would you cast a blot upon Yone's perfect memory? Come with me; come with us. You surely did not see the whole. The beginning would have reconciled you to the end."

"The brutes—the devilish hags!" he cried passionately.

"Milton," said I, having now made my way down to the level where he stood, "it was as hard for me as for you, but I had to bear it. Reflect seriously; shall the poor girl's peace be broken, and by you, in this her only place of repose?"

"You are right," he answered; "and perhaps I ought not to be here when foreigners are likely to come; but it is not easy to keep away."

"We have not seen you since the burial," said I; "where have you been?"

"I have found," he replied, after some hesitation, "a little house in the priests' quarters, close by. It is very comfortable, and the people are very nice. Will you come and see?"

He led us to one of the daintiest cottages imaginable, built originally in the quaint old native style, but variously modified and adapted for foreign occupation. Observing that our attention was attracted by the evidences of care and expense which had been bestowed upon it, he remarked:—

"It was hardly habitable when I first came, and as I mean to remain, I had to put it in order."

Marian looked at him with innocent and admiring wonder. I saw no occasion for pursuing a conversation on the line suggested, and we presently left him to his unrestful solitude.

The day was not far spent, and we directed our steps toward Yone's recent dwelling upon the opposite bank of the river. Santo received us at the gate, as he had met us on Miss Gibson's first arrival, a few months before, and silently guided us to the chamber in which we had found the invalid of whom we were then in search. He threw aside the door, and we saw, to our surprise, that the contents were precisely as they had been left by the former occupant of the little apartment. Nothing had been removed, and the arrangement of the simple furniture appeared in all respects unchanged.

"Will you go in?" he said. "You see everything is the same. I have been thinking a little; perhaps she will be pleased to have it so."

"You are very good, Santo Yorikichi; we thank you sincerely."

"It is a small matter," he answered quickly, in a tone which seemed to protest against the imputation of undue

sensibility. "The house is spacious, there is plenty of room, it gives no trouble, and it costs nothing."

Observing that he remained in the passage, I asked him to come nearer to us.

"No, no," he objected; "I never go there. The servants do everything, very carefully. It is their duty, but I never go in."

"Since you are kind enough to let us enter," said Miss Gibson, "I hope you will join us."

I translated her remark, but without immediate effect.

"Ah, it is different for you," he replied. "You understood,—I never did. You did not tell me about her. No, I shall wait here."

"Beg him to come, this once, Doctor."

I told him that we both earnestly wished it, and then he yielded.

"Do you think I might? Would she like it? Truly, you ought to know. Well, I will do as you bid. The room belongs to her, and you are her friends. If you say it is right, I will come. Indeed, I do not keep myself apart from her always. I go to her tablet every day. Presently you shall see the tablet. I hope you will be content with the name that the priests have chosen. To find the best name is not an easy thing, they all say. It is a sorrow, Doctor-san, that no one told me she was so good, while she was alive. It is a great sorrow, but I have often thought about it, since she died."

He walked to the little bed on which she had lain, and knelt beside it, inclining his head as if in meditation. Miss Gibson was much moved. Approaching him, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, she said:—

"If you know it now, Santo-san, that is enough for you, and for her."

Without responding, or appearing to be aware of her touch, he raised himself slowly, and began to recite the opening line of a song which we recognized as one that

Yone had been used to sing. After a few unsteady syllables, his voice fell hoarsely to a dull, unmeaning sound. He flung out his right arm, as if to thrust away the unusual emotion which oppressed him, and endeavored, almost fiercely, to continue the familiar verse. Again his utterance was suddenly broken, and his heavy frame was shaken by three or four harsh, grating, gasping sobs. Then, dashing his hand across his forehead, he turned and ran headlong from the room, while we stood in shocked amazement at the unexpected, and to me inexplicable, outburst. A moment later we heard him in the boatyard, furiously berating the workmen for some hastily imagined offense.

"Let us go," said Miss Gibson; "he cannot bear to meet us after this. He will think he ought to be ashamed of his weakness, the dear, rough, honest soul."

"But he wished to show us Yone's ihai" (posthumous tablet), I suggested.

"Not now; we will come another time. You do not quite understand him, Doctor; Yone and I noticed that, not long ago, on this very spot. No, let us go at once, without speaking to him again."

As we made our way off the premises, we were obliged to pass near him, but he avoided us, pretending to gaze in another direction, and filling the air with fresh and more vehement vituperations of his astonished laborers.

"How he scolds, God bless him!" exclaimed my companion, with what I chose to pronounce the purest feminine inconsequence. But I was fain to admit that his scolding was more satisfactory to my ear than Mr. Milton's protestations of eternal constancy had been.

"Yet Mr. Milton declares that he means to remain in perpetual seclusion at Uyeno," said Miss Gibson, in a somewhat awe-stricken tone, as we walked toward Tsukiji. "Will he really never leave that place?"

"'Never' is a terribly long word," I replied.

"But to think that he should give up even the years of his youth so devotedly!"

"My child, he will not give up the years of his youth, nor yet a single year. Pray make no mistake about that."

"Doctor, you think him utterly incapable of truthfulness or good feeling. You are too hard upon him."

"Oh, no; I think he is a better man than he was, and that his experience in Japan has done him good. Whether the result was worth the sacrifice of such a life as Yone's I shall not say. But certainly it would do him no additional good to stay where he now is, even for a little while.'

"He said he should.'

"And he thinks so, undoubtedly, for the moment. But the fact that he is fitting up the little cottage so luxuriously —that alone shows he is not in the ascetic frame of mind suitable for a long term of isolation. No, indeed; we shall soon see the last of him,—or, rather, I shall. You will meet him in another season or so, as you go your social ways in Boston."

"Then I am to be driven out of Japan, also: is that your determination, Doctor?"

"There is not much to keep you here, Marian," said I. "At your age you can do nothing alone, and you have not the experience nor the patience to ally yourself with young women of Yone's stamp, even if you were sure of finding them. Yet I know you will never forget your little friend, and, far away in the future, when you have learned more of the world's lessons, you may be able to come back and give a helping hand to those who will then be struggling, as she did, and falling by the wayside, as she did *not*, for want of sympathy and charity. But I don't think it very likely. The odds are all against your ever seeing this country again, after you once leave it."

"Perhaps so; who can tell? In any event, Doctor, as you say, I shall never forget."

Nor do I believe she has forgotten, though I have heard but seldom from her since she sailed away, a few months after we had thus conversed together. Milton waited a little longer, and was then summoned home by that "necessary business" which is the convenient pretext of the habitual idler. He was fervent, on his departure, in protesting that he would rejoin me the following summer; but several summers have since passed, without bringing him. Not long after reaching Boston, he wrote to ask me if I would take charge of a fund—a truly munificent amount, I am bound to say—for the protection and education of deserving Japanese girls; or, if preferable, for the establishment of an academy in which young women should be harbored and taught, upon principles directly adverse to certain false and injurious missionary methods. The scheme had many tempting features, but no amount of attractiveness could induce me to coöperate in such a project with Arthur Milton. By no process so easy and simple to him could I be led to condone his crime, or to associate any act of his with the memory of the gentle creature whose existence he had darkened with grief and desolation.

In the execution of a more modest and unambitious trust confided to me, I have, however, found a satisfaction which time has never deadened or diminished. At the appropriate seasons of each year, packages of flower seeds, from Shizu Roberts, in Scotland, cross the seas, accompanied by small sums of money, which I am requested to apply to the embellishment of the inclosure wherein the dearest object of her love and veneration lies. An occasional line from her husband vouchsafes the information that nothing would gratify him more than to increase the humble contribution a hundred-fold, "in honor of that truly good woman;" but as Shizu has set her heart upon maintaining the supply from a little domestic fund which is "all her own," he can not oppose a wish expressed with such extreme intensity of feeling.

The elder Miss Philipson no longer enjoys the satisfaction of attributing the mischances of her declining years to

the circumstance that she is "in Japan." She was, in due season, relieved from the cares of school administration, and, with her sister, returned to illuminate the councils of credulous devotees at home. I have never heard that either of the ladies suffered in any form for the possible errors of their Oriental career. On the contrary, they flourished socially and prospered materially; the time not having arrived, in their day, for the application of such tests as should determine the trustworthiness of those who bring tidings from the unknown East. They were greatly in requisition for lectures and addresses on topics with which their extensive experience was supposed to make them familiar. For reasons satisfactory to their friends, however, they did not pursue a common path. It was deemed preferable that they should separately shine as examples of zealous and devoted service among the heathen. Keen observers had remarked that when they were brought together upon the same platform, a jarring lack of harmony was perceptible in the proceedings. Thus, when Miss Sophia would relate—"with due reservations, necessitated by political exigency," as she explained—the circumstances under which she had converted an illustrious personage to Christianity, sister Kezia would assume an expression of countenance which could hardly be called confirmatory of that interesting narrative. And when the younger lady told how she had once marshaled a host of promising pupils, "daughters of the aristocracy," and marched them into Yedo Bay, to be baptized in a body, sister Sophia was heard to whisper to those around her that the children certainly underwent the immersion described, but did so in the conviction that they were simply to be taught swimming in foreign style. When privately questioned as to these disagreements, Miss Sophia would declare, with a compassionate smile, that, notwithstanding her admitted seniority of age, it had been happily granted that *her* memory, at least, had never suffered from the strain of mental exertion

to which she had, for years, been subjected; and Miss Kezia would intimate that one of her chief sources of content was the reflection that a protracted sojourn in a land renowned for the romantic inventiveness of its people had not tended to an abnormal development of *her* purely imaginative faculties, however it might have affected others. Wherefore, although it was acknowledged, by the community they adorned, that the awakening stimulus of their recitals was too valuable to be sacrificed, arrangements were made by which they might, for the future, revolve in different orbits.

And Doctor Charwell? There has been little enough in his life to interest any reader, during the eight or nine years since the occurrences hereinbefore related. I dare say he is credited by his neighbors with an abundance of the morose eccentricity which distinguishes most foreigners who grow old in the service of an adopted country, and I am bound to admit that he makes few exertions to secure a more favorable verdict, either from aliens or from the people among whom he has cast his lot. I may mention that he undertook, last summer, not without misgivings, an excursion to a certain popular watering-place,—a favorite resort of his, a dozen years ago. But the place had lost its old attraction. The streams sparkled less brightly; the bloom of the gardens was dim; the songs of the forest birds and insects failed to charm again. It was not a successful expedition, and it will never be repeated. I must confess that, as the days go by, the doctor does little to dispel the gloom which, as he very well knows, is said to be gathering mistily about him. He cares for no companionship, except that of an aged cat, which he cherishes with much consideration, although the creature has long outlived all possible usefulness; and he consorts with none of his own species, unless it may be, upon odd occasions, with an uncouth and crusty old carpenter, who plies his trade of boat-builder near Yokoämi, on the Sumida river. For the rest,

his sole habit of recreation, if so it can be called, is as lugubrious as the character attributed to him. At frequent intervals he walks out to Uyeno, the city's gayest pleasure park, not to seek diversion in its noble avenues and shining lawns, but to wander among the graves of Tenno-ji, an adjoining cemetery. One of these, noted for its constant adornment of flowers at all seasons of the year, is said to be the object of his chief attention, though as regards the cause of his interest reports are uncertain. Time runs swiftly, for foreigners, in these islands of the Eastern sea, and the periods of their residence are, in most cases, so brief as to allow no extensive range of memory; and, as the modest burial-plot contains no stone or tablet to assist investigation, it is an unsettled question whether the ground is tenanted or vacant. As nearly as I can ascertain, the general opinion is that the doctor, who makes no secret of his intention never to leave the soil of Japan, has chosen this as his last tenement, and takes the same morbid pleasure in keeping it well prepared for occupation that is enjoyed by many philosophers who, in the prime of life, choose to surround themselves with coffins, skeletons, and other emblems of mortality. How far this surmise is correct few can learn with exactness, during his life, for he encourages no communication on the subject. That it will eventually prove well founded, to a certain extent, there is no doubt; for, whether his time for everlasting sleep comes soon or late, his resting-place will surely be by the side of the child whom he loved better than any other being in all the world.

THE END.